

The Indianapolis Times

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McCRAY AND G. O. P.

AT a recent meeting of the Indiana Republican State committee here, that body demanded the resignation of the State G. O. P. chairman, Lawrence Lyons.

Mr. Lyons declared he would not resign. But he did.

The old guard committee now is called to meet again Monday with Clyde Walb as chairman for the avowed purpose of delving into the private affairs of Governor Warren T. McCray. The Governor has declared he will not resign.

Will he, as did Lyons?

The Governor has said if personal misfortune in the loss of his financial independence is not a reason for his resignation, then there is no reason.

On the face of things, the Governor has struck a popular chord and has received commendatory letters for his attitude.

Also, on the face of things, if there is no other reason why the Governor should resign, men of such political acumen as Harry S. New and James E. Watson and others of lesser ilk would be made to look ridiculous in voicing any demand for the Governor's resignation.

Watson and New, friendly enemies, are credited with political sagacity. While there has been a feud between these two gentlemen for control of party reins in Indiana, it is assumed they would not make a move that, if unsuccessful, would weaken the machine power in the State.

Is there any other reason, besides personal misfortune, for the suggestion in political circles that Governor McCray step down?

GOLDEN WEDDING HAPPINESS

WHEN the average home-loving Indianapolis citizen reads of a golden wedding anniversary he says: "Here is a stanch house. Here is a couple that has built well. After fifty years they celebrate their success. Loving children honor them. The grandchildren gather about them with tokens of love."

These thoughts come when we read that Peter Leser and his wife celebrated their golden wedding at their home, 1326 Hiatt St.

The happiness of the Lesers and other Indiana couples who have been married many years is a potent the Imp of Divorce does not relish.

ON MURDERERS' TRAIL IN ARCTICS

OUR local police department, which has made no tangible progress in its investigation of the Robert Watson murder mystery, may be interested in how justice speeds up in the far North.

A jealous white fur trader killed an Eskimo woman who preferred the affections of an Eskimo man of her tribe. This Eskimo man shifted his love to a married Eskimo woman and killed her husband with his spear so he could marry the widow.

This started a blood feud. The final reckoning showed seven killings—the white trader, a royal mounted corporal, three Eskimo men, an Eskimo woman and an Eskimo child.

The whole affair was the most blood-curdling, melodramatic crime wave in Arctic history.

It out-moved the movies, the "color" including a band of stranglers led by an Indian sorceress.

This Eskimo crime wave was staged beyond the outskirts of civilization. But murder is murder in the jurisdiction of the royal mounted, whose members are indifferent to distance or time.

The surviving murderers were rounded up in a log jail. By radio, word was flashed southward to Edmonton, Canada.

Judge Dubuc of the Alberta courts made a 3,500-mile round trip into the far North, presided over the trials, passed sentences. In making the trip, his conveyances included train, motorboat, steamboat, scow and canoe. At one point in the journey, machinery eclipsed romance while his boat was portaged ten miles by auto tractor.

When the long arm of the law reaches out, grabs criminals and sends a judge 3,500 miles to try them in court, we realize how small the world has become for the individual criminal. The law now blankets nearly every part of the earth—as far as the individual law-breaker is concerned.

A long way to go before law-breaking nations will be held to accounting with similar unrelenting severity. But it'll come, in time.

ETERNAL HOKUM—ANOTHER

ABOUT 200 years ago Richard Bradley published a "Family Dictionary" in which he said, "To attain to an advanced and even extreme old age, take three pounds of rosewater, five ounces of orange and lemon peel dried in the shade, nutmeg, clove and cinnamon, of each three ounces; a pound of red rose that have been gathered two days, a pinch of laurel leaves; put all these together with some rosewater, bed upon bed, into a glass of limebeck, distill them very gently with a Bath-Mary, and keep the water that comes out for your use."

This concoction, according to Bradley, would prolong life and meantime effect all the cures for infirmities and disorders ever claimed for any patent medicine by a street faker.

There are many home brewers ambitious enough to attempt to manufacture Bradley's formula, no doubt. He had other formulas for living to a ripe old age—and played them up so strongly that it is evident the folks of 200 years ago were as keen for long life as we eager observers of monkey gland experiments.

Life is a merry-go-round, the same old things over and over again in different disguises in succeeding generations.

Death and trouble seem to ignore the campaigns against them.

The trouble with these attempts to find a method of making people live 150 or more years in that, even if scientists discovered how, no one would live up to the rules.

It's like going to a doctor. We want him to give us a pill and send us away magically cured. If Doc prescribes starvation diet, a long course of bitter medicine or hard physical exercise, the patient is apt to consider the cure worse than the disease.

After all, we're kidding ourselves about wanting to live 200 years or so. Most of us are ready to quit at 70, tired, bored.

A WIRE-HAIRED terrier has become the official White House dog. A terrier, with Henry Cabot Lodge's whiskers crossed the White House lawn almost daily. Wow!

PARENTS OF PRODIGY PAT OWN BACKS

Mamma Devotes Life to Infant Movie Star as Fat Checks Roll In.

By DON RYAN

THE scene is laid in Hollywood. "This is my daughter. Come here, dear. Here she is. Baby Muriel Frances Dana, aged 5."

The making of the Infant Prodigy smiles ingratiatingly as she shuffles a show of photographers and spreads them out before me like a poker hand.

"What parts do you like to do best in the movies?" I ask of the infant.

"Boy parts," she responds promptly.

"They get to play around more."

"Where do you go to school?" I inquire.

"She doesn't go," the mamma hastily interpolates. "She's taking piano and dancing so she'll be really accomplished. We're trying to make a real artist out of her."

Free Lancing

"She's gaining great recognition in the pictures, now. Don't put this in, but they all say she's the cleverest kid in the movies. Once wanted to give her a two years' contract, but we thought we could do better with her free lancing. As a matter of fact we did—much better."

Mamma holds her hands in her lap. "The face assumes an expression that somehow makes me think of a tabby that has just supped well on the richest product of the creamery."

"What pictures has she been working in?" I inquire.

"Oh, she's had some wonderful parts. She worked in 'Desire,' 'A Foot There Was,' 'Hail the Woman—' and her last release is a picture with Ethel Clayton, 'Can a Woman Love Twice?'"

"No wonder she's precocious!"

Fully Grown, Mentally

"Yes," agrees the mamma, "all the directors she's worked with declare she has the same mental age as a full-grown movie actress."

The mamma gazes at me earnestly as she continues:

"We are holding certain ideals for her. We are determined to keep her strictly high-grade."

"We are convinced, her father and I, she will show more real artistry and capability if we stick to these high ideals."

"Yes, indeed. We are convinced

of the greatest thing we can do. For as long as we stick to high ideals we can demand really wonderful salaries. Isn't it astonishing how much a child artist can earn?"

Advertising Stunts

"Oh, let me show you this picture illustrating the Baby Muriel bob. The chain of beauty parlors named it after her and the baby can get free service now in any of these beauty parlors. That means a lot."

"And here she is with a Dr. Codd. And here she is with a Dr. Codd. Another advertising stunt, of course. They all pay."

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of the greatest thing we can do. For as long as we stick to high ideals we can demand really wonderful salaries. Isn't it astonishing how much a child artist can earn?"

Winter is coming pretty quick. Lay in some more coal and take a few more baths."

Dempsey whipped Firpo so now Firpo wants to fight again. He may be out but never down.

One cause of trouble is fall is so pleasant you have to cuss other things besides the weather.

Boys are back in college again. Some get there by day coaches, some by football coaches.

Many a small boy is kept in after school because his father worked his arithmetic wrong.

Barbers say bobbed hair must go. Their cry is, "The hair, long may it wave."

Since oysters came back nine million pieces of shell have been mistaken for pearls.

In spite of rumors during the summer women are not getting their fall styles from Scotland.

Doctors are changing people's noses. Sticking yours where it doesn't belong often changes it.

Monkey gland business continues. Operation is simple. Gland goes from monkey to monkey.

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Almost time for Thanksgiving turkeys to call hunger strikes.

Better start letting your whiskers grow now as preparedness against Christmas neckties.

Great success is a doubtful prize. To get it you either work too much or too many.

To the Editor of The Times:

There is too much reckless driving of automobiles, especially by young men driving light trucks, as well as some older persons. I have often seen where several machines waiting for street cars to cross are held back by police, three machines abreast. Some would drive around in order to get ahead of those waiting for the signal to cross. Time and again I have seen three drive clear over on two street car tracks in order to try to beat the others across the street.

Another very dangerous habit is great many have, and that is turning corners at unreasonable speed, not slowing down while rounding street corners.

There is a great deal of unnecessary spending on the part of many drivers, especially mornings and evenings.

OBSEVER.

Editor's Mail

The editor is willing to print views of Times readers on interesting subjects. Make your comment brief. Sign your name as an evidence of good faith. It will not be printed if you object.

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Science

Bacteriology is making great progress and is cutting down the death rate. This is the science that deals with germs.

Microbes that cause disease are one-celled creatures belonging either to the animal or vegetable kingdom. The germ of malaria is animal; the germ of diphtheria is vegetable. All germs are not injurious to man. Some are necessary to his existence. There are germs of vegetable nature not only in the sea, by countless millions, but in the soil of the earth.

The reason new diseases arise is because some accidental factor suddenly gives the spread to man of some germ to which he has not acquired immunity.

Sister's Joy Ride

She was so innocent! Jack had taken her riding in his car and just as he kissed her a tire blew out.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured. "How lucky that we didn't stay at home. Father is such a light sleeper." —Am. Legion Weekly.

It's like going to a doctor. We want him to give us a pill and send us away magically cured. If Doc prescribes starvation diet, a long course of bitter medicine or hard physical exercise, the patient is apt to consider the cure worse than the disease.

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THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

UNUSUAL PEOPLE

Marbles Draw Boys to Books

By NEA Service
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 28.—

When Purd B. Wright, head of Kansas City's public library, decided recently to get more boy readers, he turned to marbles as the means.

How he "sold" the library to boys is told by him.

"The boy problem is one of the biggest issues with many an institution," he said.

"How can we interest and hold the boy, is the question.

"First, I figured I must find what boys are most interested in. I went back to my own boyhood and one of its pastimes—marbles.

"I prepared a list of library books on how marbles are made, how the game is played in other countries, and so on.

"I called one shelf the 'Aggie' department because there were placed books on agates.

"The boys called me the 'Aggie man,' and I was proud of the title.

"When a city marble tournament was organized I got Mayor Frank H. Cromwell to meet me in a marble game and I beat him. That convinced the boys I was interested in marbles and knew what I was doing when I was telling them about the marble books in the library.

"We are holding a large per cent of the marble players as readers of other books as they grow older."

"No wonder she's precocious!"

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