

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 potion 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-moded 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 cross 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 mamma of the Infant Prodigy smiles ingratiatingly as she shifts a sheet of photographs 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 interposes. "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 kiddie in the movies. I've 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 folds her hands in her lap. Her face assumes an expression that somehow makes me think of a tabby that has just jumped 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 Fool 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 holding to the highest ideals is 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. Coughs. Another advertising stunt, of course. They all pay."

"Oh, yes, my husband's still in business. But I've given up everything. I'm devoting my life to the baby. Because I feel she can give a great deal of good to the world through her career. Of course, the money is very acceptable—I'm not denying that. Isn't it astonishing the salaries they pay in the movies?"

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.

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 several machines waiting for street cars to cross the street. Some of these machines are held back by police, three machines abreast. Some one 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 a 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 speeding on the part of many drivers, especially mornings and evenings.

OBSERVER.

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 favors 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.

Heard in the Smoking Room

SOMETIMES the Kansas lawyer was saying to the other smokers, "Lawyers become so exasperated by the conduct of justices of the peace, who do not know the law, that they cannot refrain from expressing themselves in an indirect way. Jack Harrison, of the Beloit Gazette, tells a story of such a lawyer. The latter was trying a case in a justice court and he was repeatedly overruled by the ignorant judge until he lost his temper and quit his balance. Finally

on an important point of law, he argued valiantly and quoted Coke and Blackstone and Kent, and other big authorities, to emphasize and give added substance to his contentions. He quickly noted he had not made much impression on the justice and so he added:

"Your honor, I have not quoted these authorities and decisions to influence your judgment, but to show by a comparison with your ability and legal learning what a lot of damfools have got to say on the subject."

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. Cronwell 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."

TOM SIMS - - - Says

THINGS are getting brighter right along. Even the leaves on the trees are turning.

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 cut 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.

Hairdressers 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. Slicking yours where it doesn't belong often changes it.

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

Almost time for Thanksgiving turkeys to call hunker 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.

Indiana Sunshine

Pete Van Briggie held two jacks, an ace, a king and a deuce and was reaching across the table to rake in the pot of \$2.15 when a cop stepped up with the winning hand. Three other persons were arrested when Elwood police rudely interrupted a quiet Saturday afternoon poker game at the old sawmill.

A new species of gladioli has been propagated at Ft. Wayne by E. J. Kunderd. It was first shown to the public at a local flower show and has been named the Foster gladiolus in honor of Col. D. N. Foster, former chairman of the city park board.

Quite a sensation was caused in Kokomo when Nick Bowen, former turnkey of the county jail, was arrested charged with intoxication. Maybe Bowen wanted to see how the many prisoners he had locked up enjoyed themselves.

"Broke four legs—when a Ford ran into him—did this unfortunate steer," headline telling what happened in an accident at Union City. Wonder what would have happened had a big car hit the animal?

A band of seven young men have been terrorizing residents near Bluffton by raiding farmhouse cellars of fruits and wines. Wine seems to be the most coveted booty, the gangsters having taken it in quantities of from five to twenty gallons. All the raiding has been done while farmers are attending church.

CIDER LEGAL ON FARMS, IS RULING

Booze Isn't Booze as Long as Kept in the Country, Haynes Infers.

By C. A. RANDAU, Times Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—When is booze not booze?

Answer: "When it's down on the farm."

At least, so ex-farmers, now city dwellers deduce from an opinion of Prohibition Commissioner Haynes on the legality of city made, high-powered cider as compared to that which ferments down on the farm.

Haynes' recent letter to Representative John Phillip Hill of Maryland, saying it is all right for farmers to make their own booze, has raised the social status of the farmer about two miles, it is calculated hereabouts.

A lot of city folks who have spent the last twenty years trying to live down farm memories are now getting real boastful of their hick origins.

This Is How

It was this way. Representative Hill, a city dweller, had 200 gallons of fruit juice in his cellar in Baltimore. Nature was taking its course, and the fruit juice was breaking the Volstead act.

Learning farmers in Maryland, and other States, too, were making cider in the good old way without interference from the prohibition officers, Hill wrote Haynes for advice about his juice.

Haynes wrote back:

"To attempt to fix a definite prohibited percentage of alcohol for farm-made cider and fruit juices would confuse, hinder and delay the plain farmers of the country in the enjoyment of a long-enjoyed right; and one which it is believed Congress never intended should be denied them."

Not Nearly So Bad

Anyway, it's not nearly so bad when farmers do break the law as when city people err, because Haynes continued, "Compared with the abuse arising from the manufacture of distilled spirits and fermented liquors, violations of the national prohibition act arising from the practices of farmers, and of manufacturers of cider and fruit juices, are practically inconsequential."

So Representative Hill learned his 200 gallons of juice would be all right if he lived on a farm, or could qualify as a farmer. But as the Congressman was born in Annapolis, it now appears he will have to go out and buy a farm, or hinder nature in its course.

Pirate Treasure

By BERTTIN BRALEY

(Pirates were really more sea sneak thieves whose usual loot consisted of nothing more than grain and other food stuffs.—Sir Basil Thompson.)

Oh, Captain Kidd was a pirate bold Who sailed the roaring seas, On many a trip he scuttled a ship For the sake of a peck of peas.

With his pirate horde a ship he board And battle from stem to poop For some garden stuff and some canned plum-duff, And a gallon or two of soup.

Old Blackbeard, too, with his evil crew, All scoundrels of bloody ilk, Would fight, perhaps, for a cask of schnapps Or a cargo of malted milk.

They were steeped in crimes, and at various times They battled in manner rash For a mess of greens and some Boston beans And a dinner of corned-beef hash.

They would fight a fleet for some devil meat Or some real blackberry jam, And die for the sake of a chocolate cake Or a slice of cold boiled ham.

So the treasure hid by Captain Kidd Or any old pirate bold, Would prove, no doubt, if you traced it out, To lack any sign of gold;

And when you'd dug like a doodle bug Led on by pirate's plans, You'd find alas! some figs in glass, And a lot of sardine cans.

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Bet

Three years ago a lawyer bought 15,000 German marks at 7½ cents apiece. Paying for which, he sent \$1.25 to bankers in Bremen, Germany. Recently he wrote to the bank to inquire about his investment. The bank, answering, informed him that his account with them was "balanced," the present value of his marks barely covering the postage on their reply to him.

The lawyer, realizing that his case is one of many, probably is wondering how much indemnity has been similarly collected by "beaten" Germans.

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Where was the exact location of the "Cripple Institution" in Indianapolis several years ago, and in what year was it destroyed by fire?

The Dr. Allen Surgical Institute for cripples was located where the Roosevelt Hotel now stands. It was destroyed by fire, February, 1932.

Name some of the most famous authors of the world?

Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Cervantes, Dante, Virgil, Plaut, Homer, Tolstol, and Racine.

What does the Indian name Osowana mean?

"Place for fire."

What is the per capita consumption of wool in the United States?

About six and one-half pounds. Americans use more wool than any other people.

Can you tell me how to make a good wall paper varnish?

Dissolve equal parts of borax and shellac in ten times their weight of alcohol; strain. Give two coats. For a very light-colored paper use sandarac instead of shellac. Paper treated with this lacquer can be washed with water, and even with soap, if necessary.

Who is president of Liberia, and where can he be addressed?

Charles D. B. King, Monrovia, Liberia, Africa.

What is an easy way to disinfect water?

One drop of ordinary 7 per cent iodine will destroy all bacteria in one quart of water in twenty to thirty minutes. Shake the iodine and water well. This mixture is tasteless.

What is the average length of life in the United States?

Fifty-three years.

How did the loss of life in the California earthquake compare to that of Japan?

The loss of life in California was only about 500, and the earthquake was comparatively light contrasted with that in Japan. The chief damage was caused by the fire that followed the quake.

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Family Fun

Mother's Economy

"What you spent on that hat would pay the grocer's bill."

"But, dear, that just shows how economical I am in the marketing!"—Judge.

Had One Himself

A man was driving his wife through Lake County recently, and ran onto a bridge before he saw that another automobile had started across first. It was a narrow bridge, and his plain duty was to back off. But his wife seized the gear lever so he couldn't reverse, and proceeded to give the driver of the other car a tongue lashing for daring to try to cross at such a time. When the offending driver was convinced of his criminality and general unfitness to live among civilized people, he backed off the bridge and let the woman's husband proceed. As the first driver passed the culprit he said: "Sorry, old man, and thank you."

The other replied: "Oh, don't apologize. I've one at home myself."—Argonaut.

Read to the Waiter

"I suppose people who dine here carry off quite a lot of silver."

"Yes, sir; we can't get all their loose change."—Boston Transcript.

A Thought

The poor man is hated even of his own neighbor; but the rich hath many friends.—Prov. 16:21.

A