

## The Indianapolis Times

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### WHY THE HOBBLE, MISS INDIANAPOLIS?

**A** WOMAN could never win a race wearing a hobble skirt. Few cities can forge ahead either if handicapped by economic "hobbles."

Indianapolis, these days, is feeling much like a victim of fashion. Her progress is now confronted with the fact that some large industries are refusing to locate here because of one "hobble," higher rates for electric power.

A survey made by the Chamber of Commerce has revealed the fact that rates for electrical power are higher in Indianapolis for many industries than those in many other cities of larger size. Factories prefer locations where savings can be made in power costs.

Read the following. It is only a part of the survey of electric power rates completed by the chamber.

"On the occasion of securing one prospect for Indianapolis, we had to admit that that plant operated in Chicago would pay \$131,200 less per annum than if operated in this city; \$130,350 less in Cincinnati than here; \$104,850 less in Detroit than here; \$82,980 less in St. Louis than here; \$70,250 less in Cleveland than here; \$58,530 less in Louisville than here; and even in Fort Wayne could operate for \$27,640 less than in Indianapolis."

If industries which could add to the wealth of the city are being frightened away by the higher costs here, the issue becomes not only one for the individual manufacturer, but one for the public.

The power companies are taking the matter under consideration. It is hoped that citizens will not have to appeal to the State in behalf of the city's progress.

### DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIABILITY

**L**AYING of the corner-stone of the new \$1,000,000 Elks' clubhouse at Meridian and St. Clair Sts. will be observed Sunday.

Prominent guests of the State and Nation will honor the order, which is thus marking another important milestone in the growth of fraternal organizations here.

The Connecticut Yankee taken by the literary genius of Mark Twain to King Arthur's court found the olden times strange and incomprehensible.

What would a caveman say if he could see the magnificent Elks' temple when it is completed April 1, 1924?

And yet the need for social life to the caveman prompted him in prehistoric ages to form "clubs" in caverns where protection could be obtained against wild animals and the elements. Crude pictures, found by archeologists on walls of caves, have proved this.

Social life isn't so strange, after all.

Every normal human being has a gregarious instinct—that of enjoying others' company. That is why men join fraternal orders and women enjoy social or literary clubs.

The growth of fraternal organizations in this city is interesting. The planned Scottish Rite cathedral and the new Indianapolis Athletic Club building, both of which will also face on the future memorial plaza, are further evidence that social orders are taking leading places.

Whether in a cave inclosed by stone and earth with primitive pictures on the walls or in a \$1,000,000 clubhouse furnished with tapestries and upholstered chairs, man has found the same satisfaction for his social desires.

Social life has evolved, of course, in the 100,000 or more years that have intervened.

### YOUR CAR AND YOUR COURTS

**R**EPRESENTATIVE CARL HAYDEN, talking to the Rotary Club of Phoenix, Ariz., likened the American Government to an automobile.

"The will of the majority," he said, "is the motive power of the American Government. Popular passion is sometimes even more explosive than gasoline, so that it must be made useful by some device not only to the end that the rights of the individual citizen may be protected from the whims of a temporary majority, but that the other functions of government may proceed with order and regularity. One can properly say that under the plan laid down by the Constitution, the Congress is the engine where the will of the majority generates the power, the executive department transmits the power and puts it to actual use and the judicial branch comprises the brakes and the other safety devices."

It is an interesting analogy. Everybody who ever has learned to drive has concluded at some time or other that the most wonderful thing about a car is the brake. The fact that you can readily control or stop the movement of the machine by slight pressure appeals especially to beginners who are constantly beset with the fear of running into something. It appeals to a certain sort even after the beginner's stage.

And yet, if you wished to get anywhere you wouldn't depend entirely on the brake to get you there, would you?

As Hayden sees it, along with some millions more, the Government brake too often seeks to perform the functions of the engine and the transmission as well as its own.

### A MULE, OR A HUSBAND, EH?

**B**ULLY for the Department of Agriculture! It costs millions, but it lays a strictly fresh egg every day. Its latest is a bulletin on psychology of the mule.

Just as everybody was sinking in despair over failure to safely and skillfully lead the family mule, comes the Department of Agriculture with a fine brochure on the morality and mentality of the critter. Listen:

"The mule will not be pulled. He will usually follow quietly, however, if a man will walk away in the direction he desires to go."

"Perfect," writes in "A Farmer Reader" of The Indianapolis Times, who has received the department's bulletin. "You can't pull a mule, because he can out-pull you. You can pull onions and beets and such, but no mule. The Washington experts are dead right. When you want to lead a mule, take him gently by the halter and walk quiet, poised-like in the direction he desires to go. It's the only correct recipe for leading either a mule or a she mule. God bless the Department of Agriculture for helping us farmers!"

## WILSON IS ALERT AND BUSY MAN

Friends Chuckle Over Former President's Controversy

With Senator Shields.

BY ROBERT TALLEY  
Times Staff Correspondent  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Close

friends of former President Woodrow Wilson are chuckling over the way he has handled himself in his row with Senator John K. Shields of Tennessee.

Shields, one of the strongest Democratic enemies of Wilson during the League of Nations fight in the Senate, is now a candidate for re-election. Just the other day, in furthering his campaign, he gave out a statement lauding Wilson to the skies.

"His high place in history is secured," Shields said, "and the adulation and mouthings of weaklings and demagogues can add nothing to or detract anything from it."

**Praise Unappreciated**

But Mr. Wilson evidently didn't appreciate this belated praise from a Senator whom he felt had failed him in his greatest hour of political need. His reply, in a letter to a Tennessean, was quick and decisive.

"I regarded Mr. Shields," the ex-President wrote, "as one of the least trustworthy of my professional supporters."

The letter caused a sensation all over the State. Senator Shields waited nearly a week before replying and then came back with a statement inferring that the former president is no longer responsible for his actions.

Dismissed Mr. Wilson's mental alertness as something that needs no defense, friends point to the fact that he is still able, despite his physical handicaps, to give personal attention to his business. Frail health may have left him with a shattered body at the age of 67 years, but his mind is as keen as a razor blade.

**Reads Every Letter**

He reads every letter that comes in. On trivial matters, he advises his secretary how to reply, but to the more important letters he dictates a personal reply.

He receives visitors nearly every day; mostly old political friends and those who stood gallantly by him during his darkest hours.

Keenly alert to world problems, he spends an hour each morning at reading the newspapers and magazines and another hour or two for the same purpose in the evening. Every afternoon at 3:15 he goes for an auto ride, and once a week he attends a theater.

Perhaps one of the greatest of the old man's recent joys was the visit last week of his little granddaughter, the youngster of his daughter, Mrs. Francis B. Sayre. Like any other grandfather, he had the time of his life with the tots.

**Eggs and Bacon Smell Better**

Eggs and bacon smell better than roses, poems Berton Braley. Also, we add, they eat better.

**Chicago boxer reads Shakespeare, Homer, Milton and Dumas.** Well, Dumas carries a wallop.

**Gene Sarazen, big golf champ, is an Italian, so we would like to hear him cuss a golf ball.**

**Jack Dempsey, according to reports, has refused to play the winner of the world's series.**

**Coolidge has been married seventeen years. We refuse to say this is why he is noted for silence.**

**Bruce got seventy-five Philadelphians in eight months. Sometimes it gets them in eight hours here.**

**An Oak Grove correspondent contributes the following: "The inhabitants of our town are wishing for cold weather so that the spoony motorists who pass through will be compelled to do their spooning behind the curtain. We have grown sick and tired of such conduct as has been seen on our highways this summer."**

**Trapped on a roof of a church at Ft. Wayne, a cat jumped thirty-five feet to the street rather than submit to being carried down a ladder by city firemen when the department came to its rescue. After lying apparently dead for half a minute, it jumped up and ran away, seemingly unharmed.**

**March Willis, 70, former well known lawyer at Greenacres, who disappeared many years ago, is said to be living the life of a hermit in a dirt-covered hut in a ravine in western Iowa. He has cleared a little patch of ground, raises his own food and tobacco and traps for the little cash he needs. "And I'm contented," he says.**

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**When Dad Wakes**

"Do you think woman in politics can awaken men to their sense of duty?"

"No doubt about it. You ought to hear how Henrietta wakes me to a sense of duty when I forget to feed the canary bird or water the rubber tree."—Washington Star.

**Sister's Feller's Slip**

"Do you always think of me?"

"Once I forgot, when I was at the baseball game."—Judge.

**Daughter's On Vacation**

"I'm afraid that daughter's vacation is proving detrimental to her spelling."

"Do tell!"

"On a postal I received this morning she writes: 'Dear mother: Help out here wonderful. Worth millions.'"

—American Legion Weekly.

### Heard in the Smoking Room

**T**HE negro porter had just left the smoker, when some one looked after him and laughed and began letting the rest of the fellows in on it.

"I had a negro barber and he had a friend at the next chair in the shop. While shaving us, these two constantly argued and the shop was often in an uproar, as the subjects were, nine times out of ten, above their heads. One day they began an altercation about prayer. Says my barber to his neighbor:

"What you sayin' bout prayer? Bet you dunno one prayer straight."

## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

### UNUSUAL PEOPLE

#### Betrayed by High Heels

By United Press  
ICHITA FALLS, Tex., Oct. 13.—A dahlia pinned on the lapel of her khaki jacket at a suspiciously jaunty angle and bright red sandals put on half an hour before to rest her feet" betrayed pretty 19-year-old Katherine McGoodwyn of Rhome, Texas, to motorcycle officers when she was "hobbling," it home from Montana last week.

Katherine went to Montana to work a year ago, but when she decided to return home, money was low. So she donned overalls and a khaki jacket, grabbed the rods of a friendly freight and started on her way. She had gone more than a thousand miles in nine or ten days by the "sidewalk pullman" route before her apprehension.

A wire to her parents in Rhome brought railroad fare and the jaunty "hob" was sent home by the conventional carrier.

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