

The Indianapolis Times

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HANDING OUT BUNK

As an example of the blah and bunk being sent out from the national capital by the Coolidge promoters, take a dispatch telling of the clean-up that is now going on to land the necessary number of delegates. Among other things, this dispatch says:

"In Indiana, the Postmaster General, Harry New, will put his shoulder to the wheel and try to do for President Coolidge what he did for the late President Harding." Oh my!

As a matter of fact, Harry New did nothing at all for Harding in Indiana, because he couldn't. There is no doubt that both New and Senator Jim Watson favored Harding's candidacy, but they were utterly unable to commit their State to their favorite.

General Wood was mostly favored here for the presidential nomination, and Hiram Johnson was a good second. Harding was favored not at all.

When the State convention met to elect delegates-at-large, New and Watson were among those chosen, despite their Harding affiliations, because it is political custom to so favor the United States Senators. However, as a wise precaution against any sort of betrayal, the convention passed an ironclad resolution absolutely committing the delegation to the candidacy of General Wood, and both New and Watson were so compelled to vote in the national convention.

So, if Mr. New does for Coolidge in Indiana what he did for Mr. Harding, it follows that Mr. Coolidge will not have a look-in. More, if Indiana goes to Coolidge, it will be done regardless of Mr. New, according to wiseacres.

OH DEATH, AND SO FORTH

HISTORY is singularly silent on the subject, but it is highly probable that, when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed inside of Cape Cod in 1620, and landed, their purpose was to concoct and cook a pie with which to gird their weary loins for the historic and permanent landing on Plymouth Rock a few hours later. In this manner was placed on the map the extreme eastern end of what has grown to be the powerful and potent pie belt. The four corners of the colonial edifice were erected on and supported by pie.

As years went by, this pie belt, despite tomahawks and forbidden forests, pursued its civilizing way to Maine, to New Hampshire, to Vermont and across Lake Champlain and the Hudson, even to the Cayuga country where, even to this day, it is a slab of salt junk and two kinds of pie that send forth, of a morning, the hardy glebe-breakers to wrest unprofitable garden sass from a more or less reluctant soil.

But the belt has gone beyond that—from ocean to ocean, from Canada's moist border to Mexico's damp divide. It serves and has served in many ways, but always with an irresistible appeal.

In Connersville, Ind., it is a fine confection to climax a dusty ride, while in Goodland, Kas., it is first on the menu in order that it may serve to lift the curse from the remainder of the meal.

Everywhere, anywhere, within our borders, in pleasure and in pain, for more than 300 consecutive years, the pie has been ours to have and to hold and to digest if possible, for the good of our country and the world. It was the support of our pioneers and the bulwark of our early and late piety.

And now, in this fell day, what happens? Listen: The New Hampshire farm extension bureau, brazenly and without minding words, swipes the pie—our time-honored pie—by positively asserting that it "is not worth the time it takes to make it!"

Doesn't that stab your crust? Isn't that a blow that is likely to undermine the health of father? Doesn't it menace peace and tranquility, obstruct the pursuit of happiness, threaten Government and make Plymouth Rock? Isn't it treason, lese majeste, and dyspepsia? Isn't it unconstitutional? We'll say it does and is. With the succulent pie gone, what's the use of anything and death where is thy sting?

LURE OF THE FAR AWAY

THE radio industry is beginning to talk about the desirability of "fewer broadcasting stations and better grade concerts." It's a bit early in the game for that. The average radio bug doesn't want better concerts. What he wants is DISTANCE.

In the East the radio bug's goal is to hear the Pacific coast.

On the Pacific coast they whirl their dials trying to pick up Eastern stations.

Ninety-nine out of 100 radio bugs would rather "listen in on" China than hear a local concert by the greatest musicians that ever lived.

This is evidenced by the widespread desire to tune out the local station and get out-of-town stuff. No matter how fine the local program is, the average listener prefers a concert from 1,000 or more miles away, even though inferior.

All this demonstrates that most people are interested in radio, not for the entertainment that comes flashing through the ether, but because radio is a mysterious invention with unknown and startlingly sensational possibilities.

If you talk by telephone from New York to San Francisco, your voice travels through 740 tons of copper. Isn't this, after all, as remarkable as hearing the same distance through the air?

The answer is that the telephone is an old device, and for that reason has lost its glamour. We tire quickly of the old. How long until radio also will be "old stuff?" On that unknown date, concerts will be the goal rather than distance reception.

It's human nature to respond to the lure of the far-away. No matter how beautiful may be the valley we are in, we're sure that something better lies on the other side of the hills.

We are a nation of rainbow chasers. In our blood flows the spirit of the vagabond. Crafty nature makes us so—to spread population over our tremendous territory and develop the out-of-the-way parts of the country.

NAPOLEON'S last shirt is now offered for sale, but whom will fit it nowadays?

MR. FIRPO says he was joking about being through. He will go on until some one shows him the seriousness of it.

NEW YORK'S police director promises to have that city dry in sixty days. Imagine the disgust of a political convention in such surroundings.

MRS. MAGNUS JOHNSON has gathered up her children and gone back to Minnesota, saying that she cannot get used to the atmosphere of Washington. But she should not have been hasty. All sessions of Congress do not smell like this one.

Frankie, Abandoned Presumably by Father, Only Clew to Mystery



FRANKIE—COULD YOU ABANDON A BOY LIKE HIM?

By United News
BOSTON, Mass., April 9.—"I'm

Frankie," and then the little

fellow chuckles with glee.

But the police of Boston are not inclined to share in the boy's glee. To the contrary, they are quite perturbed over him. They are searching everywhere throughout New England, they are watching closely at the seaports, for the man, presumably the boy's father, who abandoned him in a fashionable hotel in Boston.

Frankie, a chunky, red-haired boy of about three years, is their only clue to a deepening mystery. He tells them his name is Frankie, and then titters as though he is playing a huge joke on the whole department. But under a somewhat modified third degree, Frankie adds a few startling details to his story.

Fe'd Off Boat

"My mama was on a boat," he explains. "She fell in the water. I fell in, too, but papa got me out and took me to grandma. I was impressed him most because he 'got wet.'

"My papa goes on boats," Frankie continues, hardly aware this information set a squad of police busy on water front duty. "Frankie rides on boats, too. I ride on trains to the boats."

"I live in a house with my grandpa. There are trees, big trees and lots of birds, and I got a dog and a pussy cat, and I'm two four five years old."

All He Can Tell

"And that is all Frankie can tell them."

He is well dressed, his natty little coat boasting a thick collar of fur, his seal fur cap to match: besides his overshoes, socks, extra underwear, there was a pair of slippers in his little bag.

Most all of Boston would like to adopt him. Since Frankie was left waiting for his father in the hotel, scores upon scores of people have offered to adopt him. Even the bellboy, in whose care Frankie was entrusted "just for a minute" wants to adopt him. But the police are not ready to give him up. In the meantime, Frankie is a special guest at a home for children, where he is telling his orphans playmates:

"I'm Frankie" in a "Don't-you-know-me?" tone.

Now, Mr. Morgan, get after these dumps in which poor people have to live and make the owners clean up things, and you will have the smallpox under control.

Third Degree!

Some say more nonsense is remembered than anything else. You will have a chance to find out whether this is so or not by trying this test.

The idea is to see whether you can hold some meaningless syllables in your mind sufficiently long to repeat them after you have heard them once.

Directions: Have some one pronounce these nonsense syllables distinctly and separately at the rate of one syllable per second. Then you are to attempt to repeat them. Begin with the easiest group containing three nonsense syllables. Then try the next.

It doesn't mean anything that I know of, but she'll think it does and feel mighty cheap to find she doesn't know as much about society ways as we do."—Boston Transcript.

Pa on the Stork

"Say, pa, why does a stork stand on one foot?"

"Well, if he pulls the other one up he will fall,"—Judge.

Her Dad Helps

"Do you suppose your father would give you to me?"

"Possibly; father does a lot for the poor!"—Boston Transcript.

The Needle

The story about the needle that came out of a woman's toe two years after it entered one of her fingers has bobbed up again. Isn't it time for a repetition of the one about the goldfish that were found in a wen on a man's head some time after he had eaten fish eggs?—Youngstown Telegram.

Wife's Worth

Down in Maryland a man is alleged to have sold his wife for \$800. They are worth \$2,600 an income tax deduction. Figure the loss for yourself.

—Detroit News.

Heard in the Smoking Room

REPROVE thy friend privately; command him publicly.—Solon.

The Household Budget

One authority says disputes over

finances wreck more marriages than any other one thing.

How do you manage your family income? Do you always find yourselves "short" after the bills are paid? Do you put your pay in your pocket and spend it haphazard? Can you tell what you spent for food last year? Do you know whether you can afford an automobile? How much do you require for clothing per year? You wouldn't run your business without keeping books, why try to run

it?

BUDGET EDITOR, Washington Bureau, Indianapolis Times, 1222 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin FAMILY BUDGETING and inclose herewith five cents in loose postage stamps for same:

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ELEMENTS GROUPED IN FAMILIES

Five Substances Unknown, but Are Believed Certain to Exist.

By DAVID DIETZ
Science Editor of The Times
(Copyright by David Dietz)

CHEMISTS soon began to notice that certain elements resembled certain other ones very strongly. For example, let us take sodium. Sodium is a soft silvery-white metallic element. When dropped into water, it reacts violently with the water, decomposing or breaking up the water into its two components, hydrogen and oxygen. The sodium unites with the oxygen and part of the hydrogen to form a compound known as caustic soda while the rest of the hydrogen is set free.

Another element, potassium was found to resemble sodium very much in appearance and to have the same effect on water.

Sodium and potassium resemble each other in many other ways. Sodium unites with chlorine to form ordinary table salt. Potassium unites with chlorine to form a similar salt called potassium chloride. These examples of the similarity between the two could be extended into a long list.

Has Same Characteristics

A third element, lithium, has the same characteristics as sodium and potassium.

Therefore it looked to the chemist very much as though lithium, sodium and potassium all belong to one family.

Other families also seemed to exist. Thus chlorine, bromine and iodine seemed to belong to the same family.

In fact it soon became apparent to chemists all the elements could be grouped by families.

Atoms of different elements, as the reader now knows, have different weights.

The chemist therefore set to determine the relative weights of different atoms. Oxygen was taken as the standard and assigned a weight of sixteen. The atomic weight of other elements was expressed by comparing the weight of their atoms to that of the oxygen atom.

On this basis, the atomic weight of hydrogen is 1.008, of helium 3.99, of lithium, 6.94 and so on.

Relationship Interesting

Now an interesting relationship was noticed when the elements were arranged in order according to their atomic weights.

It appeared that with certain exceptions every eighth element in the series resembled each other. For example, if we took lithium and counted down eight, we would come to sodium. Counting eight from sodium would bring us to potassium.

A Russian chemist, Professor Dmitri Mendeleef was the first to recognize the full significance of this. Accordingly he arranged all the elements by families in a table which is known to chemists as the periodic table.

At the time he did this there were only some eighty elements known. Accordingly he left blank spaces in his table where there was no element to fit in.

Predicted Discovery

So confident was he in his table, that he predicted that the missing elements would be eventually discovered and that when discovered they would have the atomic weights and properties which the blank spaces in his table indicated they ought to have.

Since Mendeleef's day some of these elements have been found, and his predictions as to their atomic weights and characteristics have proved true.

We said there are ninety-two elements. As a matter of fact there are only eighty-seven known elements today. But the chemist still has faith in Mendeleef's table and feels certain that the other five elements exist although he hasn't found them yet.

There were six missing elements until 1923 when the element hafnium was discovered.

Next article in series: Atomic Numbers.

To the Editor of The Times

MAKE YOUR COMMENT BRIEF

Secretary Mellon in Washington, D. C., whose motto seems to be "We

give the men in the service during the war a rotten deal and now we will continue the same program."

Don't worry, Mr. Allen, because by the time the ex-service men get their bonus you will be dead and forgotten just the same as most of us will be.

And Mr. Allen, you surely don't read the paper very often or you would have seen the gold brick that Congress is preparing to hand the ex-service men, and then you would have known you would not have to dig up a single penny.

Cheer up, old timer, and remember you may not have to cash one on your liberty bonds in order to help pay the bonus.

EX-SOLDIER.

CHARLES TOLER.

Skip-Stop

To the Editor of The Times

MUCH has been said in regard to street car service and much more will be said an day is said, no doubt. But here is something that has not as yet been mentioned. It is a way to pay up service.

The skip-stop was knocked mainly by those who lived farthest from the corner at which the car stopped.

To eliminate this dissatisfaction, mark every other car even and the others uneven and have the cars stop only at corresponding corners. In this way people would board their respective cars and cars would carry a more evenly distributed load. That is, all passengers would not get on the first car that came and leave the next one empty.

There is this advantage also, even if one car would be off schedule and trailed the car in front of it too closely, time