

The Indianapolis Times

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CONTENTED FARMERS IN GREEN PASTURES

THERE was a sharp ring of Secretary Wallace's door-bell. "Delegation of farmers to see you, sir," announced the messenger.

The canny head of the Department of Agriculture adjusted his best official smile to greet the visitors who, he feared, might be bringing to Washington another full grown complaint against the Administration.

Then came the shock.

In the leader of the delegation of twenty "farmers," the Secretary recognized that well-known, horny-handed laborer in the corn field, August Belmont!

With outstretched hands and smiling faces the delegation came forward. "We have no grievance," they announced, "we are most happy to feel that that great and good man, Calvin Coolidge, is to be our next President!"

The Secretary smiled, shook hands with his visitors, and a grand good time was had by all.

A rapid compilation made by a well-known statistician present at the love feast has it that the combined wealth of these twenty "farmers" invested in tax exempt and other gilt-edged securities was not far from \$400,000,000!

"Does farming pay?" The rural press announces that Mr. Belmont has just spent \$150,000 on his new barn on his Long Island "farm."

Sure it does!

JUST MERE SOUND

PROBABLY the question of greatest moment now before the people is that involving tax reduction. It hits every pocketbook.

The Mellon bill and the house proposals were before the Senate, the other day, and debate was in full swing. Three Senators were in their seats at the time and even they were not much interested.

On another occasion while the debate was going on seven Senators were present, and, on still another, some twenty statesmen were listeners or participants.

Don't think for a minute that this edifying spectacle means a complete and studied indifference to public interest, for it does not. It indicates rather that debate is largely bunk and waste—that it is a mere tribute accorded those who wish to thunder to their constituents back home and has little or no bearing or purpose beyond that. The fate of laws, good or bad, hinge not at all on what legislators say in their speeches, but on decisions arrived at elsewhere than in the forum of debate, more's the pity.

POISON

CARBON MONOXIDE, the poison gas in auto exhaust, can be made almost harmless by using a small amount of an inexpensive chemical compound mixed with the gasoline. This is the claim of Dr. Miller Reese Hutchinson, the prominent inventor. He doesn't say what the compound is. Probably soon be for sale.

If Hutchinson really has conquered this poison, he is giving the world something beyond price. Thousands are killed yearly by carbon monoxide while running their cars in the garage with doors closed. Furthermore, the poison exhaust from millions of autos, being heavier than air, clings near the ground and attacks the health of all who use city streets.

CONFISCATED

TAXES on farm lands are rapidly approaching the point where they will absorb all profit from crops grown on the land. So warns an expert of the Institute for Research in Land Economics.

The condition he predicts is already in effect in many parts of the country where farmers do not even break even.

But taxation is not the only form of farm confiscation. Others are land speculation, over-production and unfairly low market prices. Our greatest and most fundamental industry, agriculture, is in process of being paralyzed.

THE papers are full of signed articles that tell how to avoid war, but we do not discover Mr. Jack Dempsey's name attached to any of them.

SENATOR JOHNSON says he is not perturbed by the primary results, which, we take it, is keeping cool in spite of Coolidge.

LOOKING at it from every angle, it appears that the high-binders have made political history that will just about stump the spellbinders.

EXPERIENCE teaches that the most satisfactory band wagon is the one that may be transformed into an ambulance by a quick twist of the wrist.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW, at 90, will attend the Cleveland convention. He thinks, under the circumstances, he will be able to get a laugh or two out of the glee clubs.

Well, Dad

Here's something you want to keep the kiddies healthy, happy and humming. A bulletin telling you exactly how to make and set up in your back yard or play place for your children some simple apparatus for health and happiness.

The materials needed, diagrams and measurements, and the approximate cost of each are all included. The bulletin tells how to make a sand box, horizontal bars, flying rings, horizontal ladders, a

and mail as directed:

PHYSICAL CULTURE EDITOR, Washington Bureau, Daily Times, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin, BACK YARD PLAYGROUNDS, and enclose herewith 4 cents in loose postage stamps for same:

Name

St. and No. or R. R.

City State

WINK WAS INVENTED IN MAINE

Will Cressy Tells About First State to Go Dry.

I BY WILL CRESSY (Copyright, 1924, NEA Service, Inc.) I ALWAYS like to come to Portland, Maine, because it was here that I came when I left "the parental roof tree" (I don't mean by that that my parents lived in a tree; it is just a quotation, and I don't know what it means; but it sounds kind of cute, so I used it.)

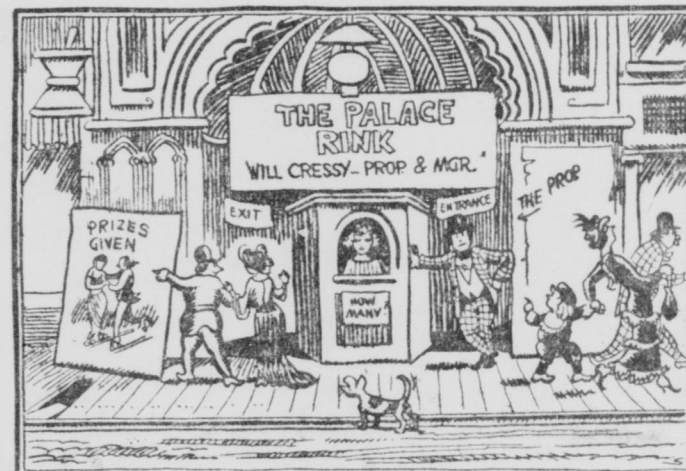
I came here and started in as Head Clean-Upper in a saw mill, firm in the intention to rise to the very top of the saw mill profession. But six weeks convinced me that as a saw miller I was a good roller skater. So I quit sawing and went to skating. And in another month I was the proud "Prop. & Mgr." of a rink at North Goram. (Pop. 1103.)

Sheriff Gets Him

But it was really at Portland that I got my real start. For it was here that the sheriff caught me and



WILL STARTED WITH A SAW MILL IN MAINE



BUT BECAME "PROP. & MGR." OF A ROLLER RINK.

gave me a start that probably stunted my growth. Maine was the original "dry" State. It was here that a wink in the drug store saved nine in the hotel.

Owen Lives There

Portland is surrounded by islands; and the islands are surrounded by forts; and the forts are surrounded by cannons. Most any pleasant afternoon these guns can be seen shooting out to sea, at targets twelve and fifteen miles out. And in the evening dozens of launches and yachts go out here to see if they can find the holes in the water—or something.

Picture fans will be interested to learn that Owen Moore conducts one of the largest dry goods stores in Portland.

Portland was at one time quite a literary center. A couple of boys by the names of Longfellow and Wadsworth were turning out stuff that would compare favorably today with anything done by George Ade or Ring Lardner.

Maine used to build many ships to go to all parts of the world. Of course they still build them; but now they are only built to go out twelve miles.

Maine is peculiarly situated in that it has at one end Bar Harbor and at the other end Iye Beach. But the combination does not work out. I believe they are now trying, though, to get them moved up nearer Rockland.

Back in Paris



Paul Bartlett, one of America's foremost sculptors, is back in his Paris studio after an absence of several years. He is working on a statue of Blackstone. The American Bar Association will present it to the London bar this summer.

A Monument

By HAL COCHRAN

An old oak tree in a front yard stands; it's a stately sight to see. Just one of nature's great expanses that they labeled "old oak tree."

A century old is this growth of "gold," and it towers, as a leader should. The other trees call the oak tree bold, a respect for age in the wood.

When the sun of summer blazes trail, the old oak shows in green. The sturdy trunk leads to branches frail and to twigs that are long and lean.

When an acorn, many years ago, sprouted forth up through the ground little then did folks who saw it know what a treasure they had found.

As an ancient landmark stands the tree that has seen the years roll by. Father Time but knows how long 'till he'll till the oak will fade and die.

Just a moment to Nature and tip to you, as such. 'Twas in the open air the old oak grew, and the man who really gets his share of Mother Nature's touch has a better chance to live his full life through.

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A Thought

A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.—Prov. 10:1.

HE must be a thorough fool if he got my real start. For it was here that the sheriff caught me and

EX-PREMIER MAY STAGE COME-BACK

Turn of Recent Elections May Mean Return of Caillaux.

I BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS JOSEPH CAILLAUX, former premier of France now in exile, like Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, may yet be exonerated and restored to citizenship.

As a result of the Radical-Socialist landslide in the recent French elections, another storm is brewing over the French statesman whose beautiful wife shot and killed Gaston Calmette, editor of "Le Figaro."

For as soon as the newly elected Chamber of Deputies meets in June, a move will be made for a general amnesty of political prisoners, including Caillaux.

France is already split over the famous case as it was over the Dreyfus affair, and tempers are more than likely in the new Chamber.

Caillaux is at present exiled from Paris for a term of five years and deprived of his civil rights for ten years following conviction, in 1919, on a charge of treason.

Entered Politics

Joseph Caillaux was born at Le Mans in 1863. He became a lawyer and, entering politics, rose rapidly. At the age of 25 he was inspector of finances, in which branch of government he always excelled. He was four times minister of finance before tragedy closed in about him, and once premier and minister of the interior.

In 1913, Gaston Calmette, editor of "Le Figaro," who hated Caillaux with a personal hatred which carried him to the wildest extremes, opened up a philippic against his enemy which made the nation gasp.

He even published the private and personal letters of Mme. Caillaux and the French statesman before they were married.

On the morning of March 16, 1914, Calmette announced in his paper that he was about to spring the most sensational letters of all. That evening, about 6 o'clock, he had a caller. Mme. Caillaux, elegantly dressed in furs and carrying a large muff, was admitted to his editorial study.

Shoots Editor

As Calmette advanced to meet the woman whose letters he had been printing, she drew a revolver from her muff and shot him down.

Caillaux resigned and devoted himself exclusively to his wife's defense. The trial, which the writer attended, seemed more a trial of the husband than of the wife. Days passed when witnesses testified to little but gossip that Caillaux had made a personal fortune playing the market while in office, and other days passed proving that the personal fortune of Caillaux had really dwindled since the day he had inherited it from his wife's father.

Mme. Caillaux was acquitted, but Caillaux's political enemies were not through.

In 1917 the ex-premier with others was charged with having had treasonable correspondence with Germany. The Chamber voted to withdraw parliamentary immunity for him and he was arrested and sent to prison, where he remained, without trial, until the end of the war.

Family Fun

Little Sister's Charity

"Mother, may I have a nickel for the old man who is outside crying?" "Yes, dear, but what is the old man crying about?"

"He's crying, 'Salty peanuts, 5 cents a bag.'—Successful Farming."

Fatal Error

The mistake made by the Chicago woman sentenced for murder who mourned because she did not possess sufficient beauty to influence the jury was that she did not think of that before she pulled the trigger.—Marion Leader-Trib. Ia.

Tom Sims Says:

War clouds are hovering over Europe, Asia and Africa, and the silver lining to a war cloud has never been found.

With so many men out on strike in Germany this summer the fish are going to have a hard season.

Booze promises to be an issue in the presidential election, but they will issue more cigars than anything else.

Up to date the Government seems to be three rejections ahead of the offers from Shoeless.

Anything can happen now. The president of big college says he is against prohibition.

When it rains in a country town the streets look as if some one had planted a crop in them.

Nature

The little white or yellow butterfly which you casually observe in your back yard in May is called the "orange-tip." Although only the male yellow and even he sometimes has black spots, of course, Mrs. Orange-tip lays her eggs on flowers. They are very small, but when magnified look like nine-pins. Eggs hatch before the end of May into a caterpillar which late in July turns into a long slender green chrysalis. There it remains all the following May when it becomes the white or yellow butterfly that brightens your spring landscape.

As soon as the soil warms up Mrs. Daddy Longlegs gets busy boring little holes in the soil in each of which she lays one of her shiny black eggs. Nature gives this insect long legs so that they can navigate easily among the blades of grass. But if you amputate the legs, it doesn't make much difference with either of the Daddy Longlegs; they remain healthy and active regardless.

The Light That Loops the Loop



A MASSACHUSETTS SCIENTIST HAS INVENTED FUSED QUARTZ, WHICH HE SAYS IS MORE TRANSPARENT THAN GLASS AND CAN MAKE LIGHT TURN CORNERS.

EX-CONVICT HAILED NOW AS 'O. HENRY'

Kain O'Dare to Tell Times Readers Story of Prison Life.

Editor's Note:—The Indianapolis Times will publish a series of prison stories by Kain O'Dare, beginning Tuesday. The first will be "The Quest for the Night Flower," in which he tells of his strange romance with the girl who caused him to reform. From it is stranger than the strangest of fiction.

By NEA Service NEW YORK, May 19.—Kain O'Dare, at the age of 38 and after fifteen years spent behind prison walls, appears as the reincarnation of O. Henry.

His own story is not unlike that of O. Henry, nor unlike one that O. Henry might have written.

He served two years in prison at Elmira, N. Y., for forgery. For the same offense he served two years in Auburn and then eight

Tongue Tips

Mabelle Glenn, music director, Kansas City schools: "If parents realized that music is a safeguard for emotional life in the adolescent period they would be more careful to include it among the subjects they insist their children study in that beautiful, but dangerous time."

Mme. Gergette Le Blanc actress and philosopher: "Love's young dream is nothing. It is simply an infantile mental disease."

L. R. Mueller, director medicinal clinic, Erlangen: "Strenuous activity does not bring on premature age either in men or in animals. This can be occasioned only by disease or insufficient rest periods."

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president emeritus, Clark university: "When we feel that we live for something that we would die for if need be—that is morale."

Mrs. Ann Webster, New Mexico: "The discrimination against women sex offenders is the greatest discrimination left on our statute books."

READER IS FOR SENATOR AS NOMINEE

Writer of Letter Favors Ralston as Democratic Standard Bearer.

To the Editor of The Times I saw in The Times that they are trying to put Al Smith up as candidate for President.

The stand he takes on the prohibition question ought to settle that. He isn't fit for President. The people of Indiana want Sam Ralston for our next President, not only Democrats but Republicans as well, for we know he is a straight man. What he did for the Hoosier State when he was Governor proves he is a straight, honest man and will do the right thing if he gets to the White House.

Boost Ralston for his honesty, uprightness, good principles, for this surely is the sentiment of Morgan County people, both men and women.

I have been a reader of The Times since it was a little Sun and I am surely proud of The Times now for its truthfulness on all subjects.

L. J. R.

Politics in Government

To the Editor of The Times Dr. Macintosh, President of Wash. College, before the Rotary Club at the Claypool Hotel, April, stated, "Government is the art and religion of life, and its efforts thus far have advanced but little in the 5,000 years which have passed." Caesar's commentaries, Cisaroe's Orations have never been surpassed if equalled. In religion the future life is as little understood as it was at that age.

The condition of the government today all over the world is just as appalling. Just as unsettled and apparently just as far from perfection as it is possible to conceive.

The industries of this country are falling by the wayside, banks crumbling and farmers praying to Uncle Sam for assistance. These conditions can only be remedied through and by the power and vision of government. That government possesses both in abundance cannot be questioned. To utilize these powers and correct existing evils we must destroy the kingly power of political corruption. A condition which has existed in every government of earth since the fall of Caesar, a condition we, in the United States, inherited and have never had the courage to destroy.

It seems to me that exact justice to all mankind would place individual man and woman joint heirs in enough of the surface of mother earth to build a home and a cemetery, to shelter the living, and a place for the dead.

FRENCH HOLLINSHEAD.

Science Shipments of livestock on American railroads are large in volume, and uneven owing to seasonal factors. Consequently the care of the stock in transit is one of the big problems entering into the preparation of the Nation's food supply.

A citizen of Malden, Wash., observing the difficulties of feeding the car loads—at times almost train loads—of hogs passing through that point, devised a method of automatic feeding that is likely to have wide adoption. A locomotive pushes a car, carrying a supply of hogs, along a track adjacent to the stock train. Compressed air from the locomotive passes through a hopper of the feed car into which grain is fed by workmen or by gravity. The compressed air picks up the grain and shoots it out through a nozzle inserted between the slats of the stock car. Railroad officials expect it will be possible in the future to provision stock trains without halting them.

Musicland

Stephen Collins Foster was the son of a poor merchant. His songs will live forever because they are the songs of the American people. He wrote, altogether, 175 songs, all of which possess a sweet, simple and clear melody. He was terribly disappointed and it has been said that some of his popular songs were created while he was under the influence of drink. He spent most of his time in a grocery store, where he wrote many of his songs on wrapping paper furnished him by the proprietor. Foster was the father of American folk songs. His "O Susanna," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Folks at Home" will, most likely, live forever, classed as real American folk songs.

One for the Mail Man

"What are you doing for a living, anyway?" "I'm delivering a series of lectures."

"Why, I didn't know you were a lecturer!" "He's neither. He's an upsetter and a disappointment."—Youth's Companion.



KAIN O'DARE

years and ten months at Leavenworth.

Caught in Ranger, Texas, in 1919, he escaped from jail at Abilene, Texas, after being indicted for the theft of money orders totaling \$20,000. For five months he was hunted in thirty-eight States.

While he was being hunted he met a girl in Wichita, Kan. He fell in love with her. But he wouldn't marry her while the law was constantly at his elbow. Pursued, he fled. She promised to wait.

He called her his Night Flower—but that is another story, one for O'Dare to write in his own words.

When O'Dare was caught and returned to prison he was a changed man. He started to write. He wrote. And wrote. He set down in words the history of his life. Then comments on prison routine, what a law-hunter he thinks about, and of men he met in prison.

As he wrote he developed a distinct style. Men high in literary circles have told him that he is the true successor to O. Henry.

O'Dare was released from Leavenworth in 1922.

Now he continues to write, day in and night out, to achieve recognition for the name of Kain O'Dare—which is not really his own.