

The Indianapolis Times

FELIX F. BRUNER, Editor. ROY W. HOWARD, President. W.M. A. MAYBORN, Bus. Mgr.
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No law shall be passed restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print freely, on any subject whatever.—Constitution of Indiana.

Community Good Will

TUESDAY night Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of New York, nationally known preacher and orator, will address a community good will meeting at Cadle Tabernacle. The community good will movement was started by the Church Federation of Indianapolis, comprising most of the Protestant churches. The Church Federation invited Catholics and Jews to join in the movement for community good will and cooperation.

The Times, believing good will to be one of the greatest ends toward which any city could strive, has asked a leader of each of the three principal religious groups to express his sentiments on the subject. We are turning the editorial columns today over to these three men and they have expressed themselves just as they feel they should, without any suggestion from The Times as to the content of their editorials.

'Peace on Earth'

By BISHOP FREDERICK DELAND LEETE
Head of Indianapolis Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE very purpose of Christianity is "Peace on earth among men of good will." If any form of idealism should tend to make peace, it is that of a religion which presents to the world the conception of a God of love, the norm of a life of love, and the evangel of a brotherhood of love.

Today we see the picture and we acutely sense the problem of human jealousies, prejudices, divisions and animosities. Is religion responsible for this? Certainly not the religion of Jesus! He who taught kindness, mercy and affection for enemies, who sought to find and help the lost sheep of the House of Israel, who died with and for transgressors, is not to be accused of responsibility for the unhalloved estrangement of nations, races, classes and individuals.

Whence, then, come the evils which embitter and impair the sweetness and strength of human relationships? Out of the unregenerate thinking and conduct of men. Out of hearts which are unsanctified and ungodly. Out of disobedience and disloyalty to Jesus Christ, and to all true leaders and teachers of history. Out of unjust purposes and unfair methods of competitions and rivalries.

The fault is not in one group or party only. Those who maintain unjust and unnecessary exclusiveness will produce in some quarters suspicions and dislikes, which may become hatreds. Those who form a restricted solidarity of interests and ambitious efforts will arouse opposition and ill will. Those who seek to take advantage of others or to control them and their governments are makers of war—social, religious or military.

Is it too much to hope and pray that soon—perhaps at the present sacred season—the world will look into its spirit, and that each of us will examine his own mind and heart to see what ideas, motives, attitudes are unworthy of our religious faith and ought to be overcome and expelled? In our own community and State may all causes of unnecessary differences be removed, may our churches and other institutions seek the common good, and may fellow citizens respect each other's convictions, aid each other's wise undertakings, and preserve in power all kindly and fraternal feelings.

Religion and Good-Will

By RABBI MORRIS M. FEUERLICHT
of the Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation, Tenth and Delaware Streets.

TO Dean Swift is attributed the statement that "some people have just enough religion to hate their fellowmen, but not enough to love them." The distinction he had in mind is quite plain.

Some men are in the habit of confusing theology and the organized church with religion, just as they are wont to interchange uniformity with unity. They forget that theologies are many, whereas religion is one. Theology may separate men; but it is the primary function of religion to unite them.

However varied the labels whereby it is known, therefore, the basis of all enlightened and genuine religion is good will. This is what constitutes, after all, the real problem of fundamentalism in the churches today.

We may dispute and argue our questions of fundamentalism and modernism, or orthodoxy and heterodoxy, of this doctrine or that; but unless a church postulates good will among men, whether within or without its fold, it may claim to be a good church, but it is not yet representative of the highest and truest form of religion.

Some men have casually, but cleverly, said that "to be able to quarrel amiably is one of the exquisite delights of civilization."

When savages quarrel, they use the tomahawk and battleaxe on one another. When

hooligans and hoodlums have occasion to argue, they resort to the bludgeon and pistol. But when civilized men organized in the name of religion quarrel, it is alike the delight and the test of both their civilization and their religion to use the spiritual instruments of mutual bantering and humor and good will.

Happily, we of America, profiting by the experience of medievalism and barbarism, are warranted in believing that we have reached this more exquisitely delightful stage of civilization.

We, of Indiana, despite appearances to the contrary in the last few years, are able to meet, as we shall on Tuesday evening—Protestant, Catholic and Jew, Presbyterian and Methodist, Disciple and Baptist—and good-naturedly say to one another: "Your doxy is not my doxy; and my orthodoxy may be your heterodoxy; but we still stand together and clasp hands as religiousists, as Americans, as friends."

This is the spirit of true America and true religion. In hoc signo vinces. In this spirit, both will conquer.

There's Nothing the Matter With Indiana

By MONSIGNOR FRANCIS H. GAVISKI,
Rector of St. John's Catholic Church.

SOME years ago the State of Kansas was departing from sane methods in its public affairs and was getting some undesirable notoriety thereby.

William Allen White of the Emporia Gazette wrote a brilliant and famous editorial about it under the caption: "What's the Matter With Kansas?"

A similar question is being asked of our State: "What's the Matter with Indiana?"

There is nothing the matter with Indiana. Our people just got into one of those states of mind called by the psychologists a "complex." Communities get that way as well as individuals. We are getting over it and are like the man, after a fit, who looks around and asks "What happened to me?"

To continue the simile, we have had some violent seizures in times past like the Know-Nothing fit in the fifties, the A. P. A. fit in 1892 and now the present one. But we are recovering and will soon be normal.

We are the same good Hoosiers we were before, proud of our State and forward looking in social betterment, in literature, in commerce and in all the things that go to make a progressive community. The average Hoosier so loves his State that he lies awake at nights fearful that some harm may come to it. We have so many good qualities that it is not surprising that we also have room for a few faults: we are, perhaps, a little too fond of politics and of office holding; but that means that we are interested in public affairs; we have also a weakness for joining things and passing laws for reforming other folks; we are somewhat given to hysteria over our unfounded fears. We are a trusting people, and because of these nice blemishes in our make-up, designing persons take advantage of us for purposes of personal gain—the leader of them has recently been banished from Indianapolis to the sandy shores of Michigan City. The same sort of persons appeal successfully to our trusting natures when they unload on us gold bricks, 100 per cent oil stocks and "blue sky" securities. But over-confidence is an amiable weakness.

There have been adherents of varied creeds and persons of various racial stems in Indiana long before it was a State and since. Catholics were here first, Jews were among the earliest traders and long before emancipation came negroes were welcomed to Indiana. Their sons and daughters are here now, loving their native State as intensely as others. They are not in any great number, it is true, for Indiana is the most homogenous of the central States. Less than 10 per cent of the population of Indiana is negro, Jewish or Catholic. Isn't it a complex of hysteria for the 90 per cent to be afraid of the 10 per cent?

We pet a frightened child who wakes up with nightmare and assure it that all is well. Some people in Indiana have been having nightmare. Every one, when he begins to think sanely, must admit that these elements of our population have been and are now mighty good citizens, taking part with their fellows of every creed and race in everything worth while, that they have added to the wealth and esteem of Indiana and that in the wars of the country they have enlisted, in surprisingly great numbers, for the honor of the State and the defense of the country. Of course, every Hoosier knows this and when he gets over his "complex" he wonders what, in the name of common sense, he has been "hollering" about.

There was a happy time, not so very long ago, when Indiana was a nice place to live in; we were neighborly, had mutual respect for each other's opinions—and we held to our opinions very strongly—there was good feeling

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

ARREST SPOILED THEIR PLANS

THREE Indianapolis youths—the oldest 18—who staged a series of \$6.93 hold-ups during the past month, freely admitted their depredations after their capture by the police a few days ago.

Did they regret their criminal escapades? They did not. They said they were sorry to be arrested just at this time, because they had planned a busy week or two and several important "jobs"—including stick-ups, hijacking, and an attempt to rob an Indianapolis bank.

Their lament is that they were knocked off by the law and their plans spoiled. As for the future—well, one of the trio ventured the opinion that the State Reformatory at Pendleton would be such a bad place. He said fourteen of his old companions are there.

Nice boys, aren't they? But they are typical specimens of the young bandits who are giving our social fabric such intensive dusting at the present moment. Crime with them is not accidental, the slipping of the moral foundation due to the sudden pressure of circumstances. To them it is an easy and logical vocation—money without work.

In dealing with this younger generation of criminals our modern penology, that restrains tenderly for a few months and tries to reform the wrongdoers, is just about as futile as trying to sweep back the ocean with a broom.

APPETITE FOR PATRONAGE

RALPH UPDIKE, Congressman from Indianapolis, threatens to resign from the House unless the Postmaster General accedes instantly to his request to order a civil service examination to qualify candidates for postmaster in Indianapolis.

Of course, the Hoosier metropolis has a postmaster, apparently in an excellent state of health. But his term expires next month—and the postmaster, says the Congressman, is the Congressman's patronage.

"I insisted on my right," he said, referring to his demand for a qualifying examination.

Whether the present incumbent is an efficient postmaster or an incompetent blunderer is not at issue. Nor is any question of improvement of the postal service in Indianapolis even remotely involved. The city's Congressman is merely fighting for his pound of flesh—his choice bit of patronage.

That's characteristic of the attitude of Senators and Representatives toward public service. On the stump they weep scalding tears over the high cost of government and loudly proclaim economy and efficiency as their watchwords. But how they love their patronage.

Try to take the appointment of a prohibition director or a postmaster away from a Senator or a Representative and the so-called statesman begins to fight with tooth and claw. He is mad from stem to stern at any attempt to curtail his customary perquisites. No wonder the Postoffice Department accumulates a \$40,000,000 deficit annually—and all the business functions of the Government limp.

DAYS IN SCHOOL

H. DIRKS, assistant principal at Shortridge high school, told an Indianapolis civic club recently that in 1840 the average schooling of a person consisted of about 200 days in his entire lifetime. The average person spent less than a year at school.

Under the Indiana compulsory school attendance law now Hoosier children between the ages of 7 and 16 have to go to school. So on the average they get eight times as much schooling as the children three or four generations ago.

But are they eight times as well educated when they step out to wrestle a livelihood from a reluctant world?

Rapid as have been the strides in popular education the requirements and complexities of life have increased faster. The present long stage of school doesn't fit a child any better for this automobile, airplane, radio age than the sketchy schooling of the past prepared children for life in a more simple age.

Many men without undergoing any formal schooling whatever have risen to distinction in after life. Others with long records of school attendance have failed to do anything later.

So the actual number of days spent in school is not important except for statistical purposes. At best formal education whether it consists of two hundred days or a dozen years is just training in fundamentals. What is built on that foundation depends on the individual—now as heretofore.

JUNK FROM THE SKY

WHILE flying over downtown Indianapolis last night, a fire engine at an altitude of approximately 3,500 feet, a four-pound fire extinguisher dropped from the air.

all around and—I was going to say "tolerance," but I don't like the word—let's say helpfulness as members of the big family of Indiana. Let us get back to the Indiana of old.

The civic meeting of next Tuesday to be addressed by Dr. Cadman is to restore the former good will between all elements of the population. The movement came from the Federation of Churches of this city. They invited Catholics and Jews to join with them and they readily clasped hands in friendship. Dr. Cad-

plane piloted by a local police officer, who is also a reserve officer in the aviation corps.

Fortunately the missile struck no one and caused no damage.

But what would have happened had the extinguisher landed on some inoffensive citizen is unpleasant to contemplate. By the time it reached the earth it was zipping at a velocity of several hundred miles an hour. If it had fallen on some persons' heads perhaps only the extinguisher would have been dented. More likely the person who stopped it would have been completely obliterated.

At any rate it would have interfered with that person's Christmas shopping.

Any junk from a monkey wrench to a light remark dropped from a plane soaring over the heart of the city is dangerous to those below. Consequently unnecessary flying over congested areas is discouraged by War Department regulations and civil authorities, and aerial stunting over cities is prohibited.

Despite municipal ordinances and Army regulations downtown Indianapolis is frequently regaled with flying stunts in the air above it. So far no flier has been slapped on the wrist or disciplined for the performance.

Why wait until some gay aviator in attempting to suspend the law of gravitation merely pushes it in the face of a downtown shopper before putting a stop to such flying?

MR. FIXIT

City Promises to Repair Hole at Fay and Harding Sts.

Let Mr. Fixit solve your troubles with city officials. He is the Times representative at the city hall. Write him at The Times.

The concrete domes of some truck drivers if removed, would repair a pavement at Fay and Harding Sts., is the opinion of a correspondent of Mr. Fixit today.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: There is a hole in the concrete pavement at Fay and Harding Sts. and from the way some of these trucks run, into it, you would think there was enough concrete on the seat to repair the hole. But perhaps that is not the right kind of material.

1232 S. HARDING ST.

Harry Stevens of the improved streets department prefers his own brand of concrete. He has ordered an immediate investigation.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: I hereby give you the name of the contractor whose workmen broke my step while paving the alley at 808 E. Sixteenth St. I certainly appreciate your effort to help, as I am an elderly widow, and that house is my only source of income.

EMILY S. BARBER,
1235 Central Ave.
Mr. Fixit will start the campaign at once, so hope for the best.

Editor's Note: This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Gardner reporting the operation of liquor laws in the various provinces of Canada.

By Gilson Gardner

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Canada—This province, Manitoba, is wet, too; but on a "home delivery" instead of the "cash and carry" plan of Quebec.

It has a liquor commission to operate a state liquor monopoly. It has "stores" like Quebec, where wines and liquors are retailed. It has abolished the corner saloon, and has not even the "tavern" for the exclusive consumption of beer. Nor can beer or wine be bought for consumption with meals.

But all drink can be bought, in as large quantities as any human could possibly consume it, on the basis of a personal license and the written signature of the license holder; but it must be delivered by the commission to a "home address."

This province places the accent on delivery. It is more generous than Quebec in the amount the individual may purchase, "a case a week" of liquors or two cases a week of beer. In Quebec it is a "bottle a day to a person" (theoretically) of hard drinks, with no limit on wine.

But the purchaser here must have a name and an address, and he must pay two dollars for a permit good for a year, or fifty cents for a permit good for a single order. If he is a transient passing through, or a dollar for a permit good for thirty days; and he is not permitted to take the bottle and slip it into his pocket, or to take the case and put it in his auto.

No, he pays his money, leaves his order and waits for the commission's delivery truck to come.

Or he may save himself time and trouble by sending in a mail order, which is the only way for the man in the remote sections of the province.

The obvious intent of the law is not to limit the amount of drink consumed, but to send it to the home. The transient? Arrived at the hotel he looks about for a bar. Is none. Asks about a little drink in

What a Gal That Royle Girl Turned Out to Be When Griffith Landed on the Lot

By Walter D. Hickman
TURNING water into wine was a miracle, but the placing of a magazine story on the movie screen so as to make it a big success is just plain artistry.

There is no hit and miss about artistry. A director either has it or he hasn't it. D. W. Griffith has it.

He has it in great "grobs," tons of it. Griffith is to the screen what David Belasco is to the stage. When Griffith produces a cyclone, he has a cyclone, not a rain-storm. And D. W. put a cyclone in "That Royle Girl."

As a magazine story, the "girl" attracted lots of attention because it was concerned with political graft and jazz excitement in Chicago. Griffith has actually recreated the jazz nervousness which was found in the story. Griffith has a magnetic, even a spiritual, effect upon his leading players. He transformed Lillian Gish into a lady of strange and haunting appeal. He has accomplished the same miracle with Carol Dempster, cast as the Royle girl.

Griffith is one of the very few movie directors who is able to hide the personality of a player, causing the player to completely become the character he or she is playing. That is where Griffith hits the stars. When he decides to make a somebody great, he does just that and nothing more. Griffith has made Carol Dempster just as he made Lillian Gish years ago.

He forces a hidden something to come out of his stars. The result being that Griffith's artistry blends with the talents of the actor.

He permitted Lillian Gish to develop along a sort of a spiritual way. Miss Dempster becomes the flapper of today with a soul and a brain-box. The Royle girl is a product of the flapper age, but she isn't a streetwalker.

Griffith is the only director who knows how to put a cabaret upon the screen. I mean by that—Griffith knows how to direct a cabaret scene so as not to make it look like a stupid studio masquerade ball. Watch his cabaret scenes and see how he has photographed "jazz music." He makes you feel the music by seeing his actors prancing in a cabaret scene.

Carol Dempster becomes a flaming and powerful creature as she battles her flapper way in life. This woman handed me an artistic punch in both eyes every second she was on the screen.

Forgot to tell you that W. C. Fields, that "funny man" from the Follies, has one of those sweet, but soured papa roles in this movie. Here is another individual artist, who becomes even bigger in association with Griffith.

The Griffith charm works wonderfully upon Harrison Ford and such a veteran as James Kirkwood.

"That Royle Girl" is a melodramatic knockout coupled up with some of the most realistic acting that the screen has ever reflected.

The music has the jazz tempo this week. Among the creators of jazz music on this program are: Charlie Davis and his orchestra, Ruth Noller at the organ and Cy Milder in songs.

At the Ohio all week.

SHE IS ONLY A COW, BUT WHAT A FINE COW.

"Go West, young man, go West." But did Horace Greeley, as he uttered those famous words, intend for a fellow to go out on the prairie with a jersey cow as a lone companion?

Any way, that is what happened to Buster Keaton when he left his little Indiana home, in the picture "Go West," and set out for the uncharted wilds of western Texas.

As the picture opens, the young fellow, played by Keaton, is just removing his furniture from his last resting place in a little Indiana village. He takes it all down to the general store and gets the magnificent sum of \$1.60 for the lot. He sets out for New York and spends

only five minutes in that city when his desire has changed and he boards a Santa Fe freight car and goes to Texas.

Alone and friendless, he gets a job on a ranch and the only companion he can hold is an old jersey cow that takes to him and cannot be persuaded to leave. His attachment for the cow grows to the point where he is ready to fight when the occasion demands, as when the boss wants to ship her to the stockyards to be made into beef.

Out on the prairie is where the humor of Keaton shines at its best. Followed by his friend, the cow, he gets into many scrapes and tangles. All through the picture, however, the humor is there that is his own special brand. For good all around entertainment it is to be recommended.

Bill includes solos by Charles B. Lines, a Bobby Vernon comedy and Fox News.

At the Apollo all week. (By the Observer).

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WHEN AMOS LANDED THERE WAS MUCH DOING

It is nearly impossible to successfully film a novel of William J. Locke.

Locke takes a lot of time and space to develop the characters in his stories.

The screen, at the present time, is not able to do that. Characters must be introduced on the screen so that the public may know all about 'em on a second's notice.

That is just the reason that Locke is so difficult to adapt to the screen. A director is forced to make many changes in a Locke novel before it can see the light of day on the movie screen. This is true with "The Coming of Amos," which is being presented under the banner of Cecil B. De Mille.

When a director is able to bring a

Locke story to the screen in half as good shape as this director has done, then I have no complaint.

Amos is one of those back-to-nature boobies of whom authors are so fond. Generally when such characters reach the screen in their primitive stage, before the boiled shirt stage is reached, they are so darned silly that the movie becomes a stupid farce.

Rod LaRoque as Amos does not go to the extreme. He first makes Amos just a "green" man from Australia who thought all women were good and all men were fighters. LaRoque is clever enough to pilot Amos through this silly period of an author's fancy.

But the second that Amos sees the Russian lady of quality, a strange something happens and he becomes a "man," the breed that exists in a famous "watering" place in southern France.

Jetta Goudal is the famous Russian lady who knows how to make warm love. Noah Beery is the "bad papa" who needs to it that the Russian lady rescue her from kissing for him. Richard Carle and our good friend, Tixie Frizman, are present.

"The Coming of Amos" approaches the Locke standard of characterization a little nearer than previous screen stories of this noted writer. The bill includes Joe Murphy in "Andy's Lion Tale," a news reel, the American Harmonists and Julia Nibergall in pianologues.

At the Colonial all week.

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SYD CHAPLIN AGAIN PUTS ON NIFTY TRICKS

The rule again holds true—as a comedian starts out so will he finish. Leon Errol started with the "give-away" legs and he has to fall every so often when he is on public view. Syd Chaplin made his first popular hit by wearing skirts in "Charley's Aunt."

The formula for Chaplin reaped a rich harvest once. Why not again? So he wears skirts during part of the action of "The Man on the Box." There is lot of rough and tumble work in this picture. It might be called the "stone age" period of Syd's development as a comedian, because he takes so many hard falls and knocks in the first part of this comedy. He gets one "sock" on the jaw after another. He does a regular Harold Lloyd window to window, and roof

to roof stunt.

"The Man on the Box" moves rapidly and gives Chaplin a lot of opportunity to put individual business. His "butting" stunt shows that he can develop along several comedy lines, especially when he makes up like famous men by using cakes and other pasty.

But it is when Chaplin gets on skirts that he seems to land most solidly. The audience gets the burlesque standpoint, because the actors in most of the impersonation scenes are not in on the joke. The bedroom scene is nifty and sporty, all rather well done.

"The Man on the Box" is rapid moving hokum with about every thing in it known to the movies except a lion and a cyclone.

Bakaleinoff is proving this week that even Russian music yields to synecopation. The orchestra is playing as an overture, "Russian Classics" synecopated. Mighty interesting.

Egbert Van Alstyne, song writer, is presenting his regular vaudeville act as a stage presentation this week. He is assisted by two singers. The bill includes a comedy, "Bachelor's Babes."

At the Circle all week.

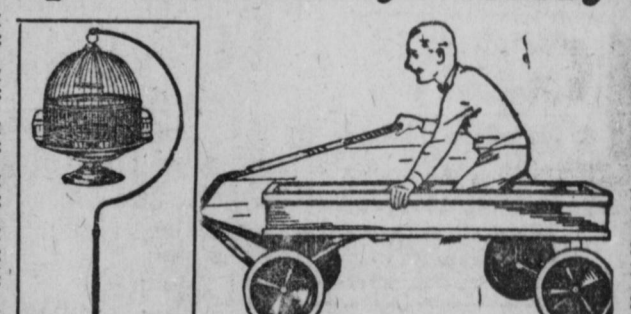
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"Blossom Time" opens a week's engagement at Emmett's tonight.

Joe Samuels is the headline offering at B. F. Keith's. Charles Althoff and his fiddle are present at the Lyric. Mae Swift and Muriel Gibson Revue is the chief event at the Palace. "Happy Hours," a burlesque show, is on view at the Broadway.

Tom Mix in "The Everlasting Whisper" is the movie feature at the Isis for the first half of the week. Tonight the Indianapolis Oratorio Society will present the "Messiah" at Cadle Tabernacle.

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Messenger's

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