

The Indianapolis Times

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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.

School Buildings

ANOTHER blow at the school board building program, this time a restraining order holding up the work, has been struck. We do not presume to tell the court its business, but we still contend that Indianapolis needs new school buildings and that they should be erected at the earliest possible time consistent with good business and the law.

There seems to be a battle on now to determine whether the present board or the board that takes office the first of the year will have charge of the opening of actual school building work. The people of Indianapolis don't care a hang who builds the buildings so long as the taxpayers get their money's worth and so long as the children of Indianapolis are taken out of those ridiculous dinky frame buildings in which they are forced to roast and freeze alternatively, of which the people of Indianapolis are rightfully ashamed.

The present controversy affects six proposed buildings, all grade schools.

The Mistake of Roosevelt's Friends

AT a cost of ten million dollars or so it is proposed to erect a great monument in Washington to Theodore Roosevelt.

If Congress consents, an imposing edifice of some sort will arise on a large lot in the Mall between the White House and the Potomac. The beautiful new Lincoln memorial and the tall shaft that pays tribute to Washington now dominate this scene. The plan of those furthering the scheme for the Roosevelt monument is that it shall be sufficiently imposing to rank with the monuments to the two men who loom largest in American history. The location selected would give it equal prominence.

This appeals to us as a misguided effort on the part of Roosevelt's admirers. Too short a time has elapsed for anyone to say that Roosevelt measured up to the stature of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

There are millions of Americans ready to defend their belief that Woodrow Wilson's place in history, when time permits a true perspective, is vastly greater than Theodore Roosevelt's. But if the present undertaking were in Wilson's behalf rather than Roosevelt's, our opinion would be the same. The day has not yet arrived when it can be said that either Roosevelt or Wilson deserve this place beside our two great immortals.

Why the haste? Why the effort to give Roosevelt a rank in marble that history may or may not grant him in fact?

America has not yet accorded such distinction to a leader whose greatness has stood the test of time. Thomas Jefferson's place in history is secure. Sincere, disinterested historians rate him among the great men of all time. But no towering memorial to Jefferson adorns our national capital.

At least until we can recognize fittingly the accepted greatness of Jefferson, why rush to perpetuate in stone the admiration his friends feel for Roosevelt?

This thing is being done by the surviving partisans of Roosevelt. With all due respect for the motive that inspires them it must be seen that they are making a mistake. If their action furnishes a precedent, the next step is obvious—the erection of such monuments to men while they live and, eventually, the erection of such monuments by our heroes to themselves, as was done by kings of old in Egypt.

Arkansas Tells Florida

CONGRESSMAN OTIS WINGO of Arkansas, in the course of a speech in the House the other day, made the following observations:

"I have been somewhat amused at some of the maneuvers on this question of inheritance tax. I shall not now discuss the matter, but will say I have been really surprised that a great State, with the intelligence of the State of Florida, should have adopted a constitutional amendment like they did and then seem to be proud of it."

"If my State had made such a fool of itself, I would not be referring to it on the floor of the House. (Laughter and applause.) Because to be perfectly fair with you, one of the

first things men learn about the A, B, C's of taxation is this: That sooner or later somebody has got to pay the bill of government.

"That is true of the Federal government, and it is true of the States, is it not?"

"I know that the great State of Florida, like the great State of Arkansas, is going to find the money somehow to build its schoolhouses, to build its public buildings, to build its roads and maintain its courts; it is going to find the money somehow, and the real struggle is going to be in the game of 'pussy wants a corner,' each group trying to see that the other fellow bears the tax burden.

"But, as I say, they are going to get the money somehow, and whenever they exempt some millionaire in order to get him to come down and squat on the sand dunes of Florida, with a specious promise that when he is dead and gone they will not split up his estate and make him put a part of it in the State treasury to help those schools and those good roads, here is what they do by that very act:

"They reach out and say to the farmers the merchants, the laborers and everybody else, 'You have got to dig up on your general property tax, on your license taxes, and all of your other taxes in order to raise revenue and make up the deficit of this gift, this bribe which we give to rich men to come down and live with us, honor us with their benign presence, their flashy bathing suits, and their poker and liquor parties.'"

The Country Saved Again

NO sooner had the country finished with the Mitchell trial than another commotion and turmoil shook the national capital to its very foundations. A newspaper came out saying that somebody in the War Department had spelled the new Assistant Secretary's name wrong!

All was confusion. The official's name is Hanford Mac Nider, or Mac Nider, or Macknider, or M'Nider, or something like that, but some employe or other didn't seem to know it. He spelled it with an "h" and, so the story went, the new Assistant Secretary was mightily peeved.

An imperious r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r on the telephone brought Adjutant General Davis' ear to the receiver. The peeve was transmitted, the tale related, and forthwith a general mobilization was ordered for the division supervisors to be mustered on the carpet. The guilty person was found and demoted with loss of pay, the story said, while the rest were soundly warned to be more careful in the future.

Then the Army breathed again. Thank heaven the mistake had been discovered in time! The national defense had almost been undermined! For a few terrible hours Hawaii, Panama and the Pacific Coast had been thrown wide open to foreign invasion and every American's hearthstone menaced! It had, indeed, been a close shave!

A sigh of relief went up from our throat as we read this item. All would now be well. Only one thing remained to worry us: Would the War Department hold strictly to the precedent thus set? If so, we thought, within a year there wouldn't be a general left in the Army. If all the higher-ups were to be reduced a grade for each word or name misspelled—you know one of the simplest things they have to deal with in the Army and Navy is neuropsychiatric—most of them would be lucky, if they are at all human, to sink no lower than a high private in the rear ranks.

While as for the new Assistant Secretary—ah—er—(what IS the correct way of spelling Mac Nider anyhow?)—we feared that unless he is a demigod of the dictionary in the flesh, he might himself wind up way down in the sub-cellar of the War Department shoveling coal with the rank of third assistant fireman.

This new menace, somehow, grew and grew in our perfervid imagination until we just had to communicate with the new Assistant Secretary and ask him what about it. Then the whole thing blew up. There was not a word of truth in it. He didn't give an Army dang how people spelled his name.

Just another false alarm and the country's saved again.

About the 'Fighting Fish'

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1332 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. Enclosing a cent in stamps for reply. Medical, legal and financial advice cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unsigned requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

What is a "fighting fish"? It is a small climbing perch native in southeastern Asia and particularly in Siam, where they are commonly kept in captivity to amuse

their owners by their pugnacious habits. Two of these creatures, when brought together, often rush immediately to combat, or one will attack its own image in a mirror. Fish fights are a favorite amusement of the Siamese and licenses to exhibit them yield considerable annual revenue. An extraordinary amount of gambling occurs in connection with them. The fighting fish have the anal and dorsal fins prolonged to stinging points. When

the fish is quiet, its colors are dull; but when excited it glows with metallic splendor and the projected gill membrane waves like a black rill around the throat.

Why is Virginia sometimes called the "Mother of States"? The title was bestowed upon Virginia because of the fact that seven States have been carved out of her original territory. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin in what is known as the Northwest cession at the close of the Revolution and Kentucky in 1792, and West Virginia in 1863.

A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

Text: "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."—Luke 2:12.

IESUS was born in a stable. A stable for His birthplace, straw for His bed, a manger for His cradle and the lowing of the cattle for His lullaby song. But from this lowly birth in the midst of want and poverty He rose until today His name stands above every name.

Why was Jesus born in such humble circumstances? Why was He not born in a palace instead of a stable? Why did He not have a crowned queen for His mother instead of a peasant virgin? Why did He not have a satin-lined cradle to lie in instead of a manger? Surely it was not a mere accident. I think it was no ordered by a divine Providence. And I think one purpose of it was that He might be an inspiration and an encouragement to all the lowly born of this earth—as well as a Savior.

Not many are born in the midst of splendor and wealth. Most of the people in this world were born in humble homes. And from these humble homes have come the majority of the world's heroes and great leaders of thought and achievement.

Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was born in poverty. Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, was born of poor and humble parents. This has been true of nine out of ten of the world's great deliverers.

What an encouragement this ought to be to the young men and young women today, who were born in such circumstances and who are struggling for a place in the world. There may be others around you who have everything in their favor—money, influence and every other possible advantage. You may think that you have no chance, that there are too many limitations and handicaps to overcome. But thousands of others, in spite of poverty, in spite of difficulties almost inconceivable, have forged their way to the top and forced the world to recognize their superiority and leadership. And if others have done this splendid thing, why not you?

From the story of that one, who nineteen centuries ago was born in a stable, take courage. If you were born of poor parentage, if you have started life in humble circumstances, let that fact be regarded as a remedied handicap.

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RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

HOLIDAY BOOZE WAR

CHIEF RIKHOFF, following his annual custom, is making special efforts to give Indianapolis a dry Christmas. He has ordered his underlings to carry on intensive warfare against holiday booze.

He says he has always tried since he has been at the head of the police department to keep Indianapolis dry during the holidays. He wants to keep up the good record.

Very laudable. But why an especially intensive campaign to mop up Christmas booze? Why single out the yuletide?

Neither the Volstead Act nor the Indiana bone-dry law makes mention of Christmas. Those laws seem to apply to the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year as well as Christmas. They intend that April Fool's Day, the day of March, or the anniversary of the slugging of Billy Patterson, shall be just as arid as the 25th of December.

So a high pressure annual drive to make the holiday season hold out a perched tongue doesn't mean much. It's the average enforcement day after day throughout the year that will determine the success or failure of the police department to make Indianapolis dry.

LET ALL SERVE
JOHN R. M'QUIGG, national commander of the American Legion, in an address at Newcastle, Ind., Sunday, urged support of a universal draft act—conscription of industry and wealth as well as men in case of war. A bill embodying the idea will be presented to Congress this session.

The persistence of the Legion in advocating the wealth draft scheme must send a shiver of apprehension down the spines of some moneyed gent whose age and physical decrepitude render immune from liability to personal military service. And the sacred cows of Wall Street will moo in distress.

Such capitalists say we should rely on patriotism not on compulsion to finance a war. Draft the young men to fight, but let industry and capital voluntarily take interest in the war, is the idea.

And in the last war capital and industry took interest to the extent of 1,000 per cent in some cases.

Drafting of money and industrial resources may be chimerical. Nothing is more adept at hiding out than money. But the plan isn't as impious and wicked as its opponents believe.

Men, money and industry fight modern wars. Why shouldn't all serve on the same basis? Dollars are no more sacred than lives. It is no more unjust to take in a national emergency the capitalist's million dollars and make it serve for \$30 a month than it is to put the widows' son in the trenches at \$30 a month.

NO FIGHT IN INDIANA

IACK DEMPSEY, the Sir Galahad with the synthetic nose, announces to a breathless world that his agreement with a Michigan City (Ind.) prize fight promoter to fight Mr. Wills, the heavyweight gentleman of color, some time next year is off. The Hoosier promoter failed to make the down payment for the fight.

So the battle of the century won't be staged in Indiana after all. Hoosierdom will have to wallow along as best it can without the uplifting exhibition of Mr. Dempsey. What! what do you know about that? It'll be a terrible winter in the Hoosier State.

But though the Michigan City promoter flattered Mr. Dempsey will have a chance to gratify his passion for battle against Mr. Wills during the next year if he desires.

A New York gent has stepped into the breach and offered Dempsey \$500,000 and a percentage of the gate to risk his new nose and his title in battle against Wills at the Polo Grounds, New York, July 4, 1926. It is expected that such a bout would draw a \$2,000,000 "gate."

Five hundred thousand dollars to a pugilist for thirty minutes' number exercise. That's record pay for a fighter.

But the public loves a fighter. It lets Sergeant Woodfill, as

Stella Mayhew Spills the Beans About a Jane of Fiction Known as Cinderella

By Walter D. Hickman

THE old Mother Goose writers spun a pretty yarn about the sad life of Cinderella and how a fairy prince made her so happy when she slipped on a glass slipper.

Pretty yarn, admits Stella Mayhew who heard the yarn years ago, oh, many years ago.

Stella knows that the flappers of today don't swallow that fairy tale yarn. And Stella Mayhew tells the world all about this Cinderella Jane as the jazz writers of bed-time stories would spin the old yarn. And telling that Stella in song tells you that Cinderella was a Jane who had to mop the floor of a second floor apartment and while her two high boots sister's were at a dance at the bricklayers' union that the plumber came to the house, saw the beauty under the dirt of Cinderella's face. Presto change. The plumber sprinkled some water over Cinderella's face. Saw she was beautiful—and then gave her a bang in the nose. When Cinderella came to, she was saying "Yes" before an altar, being married as it were to the plumber chap. Cinderella then strutted her stuff in a big auto and she had a fine fur coat, all because the plumber husband was paid every week.

Am just trying to tell you that Stella Mayhew, one of those grand echoes of other days, is on the Keith's bill. By saying "echo," I mean no disrespect, because Stella Mayhew is a great showman.

She knows her theater. She knows the fine art by years of experience of how to put over a story and a song. She closes with one of those dinky songs along the lines which made her famous.

It is not the same Stella of musical comedy days you will see and hear, but a Stella Mayhew who has kept pace with the popular demands of the hour and at the same time has retained the glory of the past.

I am not kind to Stella Mayhew because Christmas is near. But this fine example of entertainment got into my heart yesterday because she knows how to serve the stuff of the hour in Stella Mayhew fashion.

Emma Trentini is a singer of songs of class appeal only. She knows how to sing the songs that demand a dramatic touch and a high voice. That is her fame from the operetta stage. She is a high priced artist and a great one. She is not in step with the demand of the hour. She sings no jazz songs nor does she think about the Charleston. She is a marvelous artist of song. She wins because she is an artist who as yet hasn't taken on the vaudeville trappings of the hour. During her act, Eric Zardo is at the piano. Here is one of the finest concert artists before the public today. He wins because he is a great artist.

Stage Verdict

Keith's—Stella Mayhew, one of the big favorites of other days, returns to the stage and proves that she is just as great a favorite as years ago.

Lyric—The bill, headed by the "Dancing Pirates," is in the way of being a real Christmas present of fine entertainment.

Palace—Jazzy syncope has some real exponents in the act of "Don Tranger and Syncope."

Mighty good bill.

Alice Hamilton and George Hayes hand out the sentimental hokum that gets over in "The Spirit of '76." Robey and Gould work along eccentric lines. Arthur Hartley and Helen Patterson appear in "One Night," a sketch showing what might happen when a pretty girl turns burglar.

Ed East and Ralph Dumke, both of Indianapolis, are now on the big time. With their singing and piano work, this act gets over in good shape.

Groh is an acrobat who works on the top of a piano. He has the assistance of a dog, well trained along individual lines. There is another act, a roller skating act, on the bill. The name I have misplaced.

The movie is Glenn Tryon in "The Flaming Flappers."

REAL MERRY CHRISTMAS SHOW ON VIEW AT LYRIC

A holiday bill assuring everyone of a very "Merry Christmas" is on view at the Lyric for this week. Just about all of the most important things of vaudeville are to be seen in the several different acts.

Topping the bill is a company of crack dancers under the name of the "Dancing Pirates," the dancing part of the name coming from the excellent interpretations of this act by the members and the "Pirates" from the plot of the little sketch which they present. The sketch is just an excuse for the very fine dancing of five girls and one man.

Real, genuine fun is the offering of Marr and Evans. The two men are in blackface and one takes the part of the very ignorant and dumb porter of a hotel. The other is the "sheik." The questions asked and explanations offered are the mirth provokers. Some fine tap dancing is also featured.

The Demario Trio, two men and a woman, furnish the classical part of the bill with vocal numbers that are above reproach. Among their numbers were two that the writer liked especially well. One, "O Sol Mio" and an arrangement of the sextette from "Lucia."

The Gypsy Wayfarers is an orchestra of girls that lives up to its name in truth when it comes to color. The set and costumes are beautiful and the selection of pieces played is just about the pick of the popular numbers. Quite apart from the orchestra is the dancing of the girl featured in this part. Oh how that girl can dance the "Charleston."

Smith and Sawyer have taken, the

lowly orange juice stand and made it furnish some very good fun. This act is a continual rapid fire line of wise cracks and bright retorts. You'll laugh all the time.

Ann Schuler and George open the bill with some exhibitions of what a skilled gymnast can do when it comes to really novel and difficult feats of balance and posing.

The Ishikawa Brothers close the bill with a Japanese act of contortions and acrobatics.

Included in the bill is a movie that the kiddies will just eat up. It is a version of the old nursery tale of "Little Red Riding Hood."

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

MIGHTY GOOD SHOW AT PALACE

It has been said that there is nothing in a name, but we know of one instance at least where this is not true. Meaning the act of "Don Tranger and Syncope" at the Palace today and tomorrow.

The girl members of this orchestra with Tranger are verily the "pets" of the syncope. They can take a popular air and make it talk in music.

Tranger, besides giving several saxophone solos, gives impressions of several celebrities of the kingdom of jazz which furnish some good chances for the orchestra to do its stuff.

Bungle Love is a humorous mixture of harmony and comedy by four men in the character of sailors, and two women. The four sailors, each by the name of Jones, get an invitation to a chicken dinner, but it happens that the invitations are for two only. From this point the comedy is worked out. The men sing some very good harmony.

Ray and Everette in an act, the scene of which is laid in a cabaret, keep up a continual line of wise cracks that contains much humor.

Recent dancing and some jazzy melodies by the woman member are the features of the act of Francis, Ross and Duggan.

Irmu, Balmus and Milo open the bill with striking poses and examples of the gymnast's art.

Included in the bill is a photoplay, "Lord Jim" with Percy Marmont and Shirley Mason and News reel.

At the Palace today and tomorrow. (By the Observer.)

Other theaters today offer: "The Scarlet West" and Rose's Midgates at the Circle; "Mannequin" at the Ohio; "When the Door Opened" at the Colonial; "A Woman of the World" at the Apollo; burlesque at the Broadway and "The Desert's Price" at the Isis.

PLAN CHRISTMAS FETE

An old-fashioned Christmas program of readings, songs and poems by sixty little folks will be given Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., at Caddie Tabernacle, under the direction of some mothers of the church: Mesdames Ed Oswald, Walter Kock, Ed Strobes, H. E. Summers and Fred Biemer. A Santa Claus will be there to distribute gifts. Everyone is welcome.

MR. FIXIT

Garbage and Ash Men
Lax in Collections,
Mr. Fixit Told.

Let Mr. Fixit present your case to city officials at the city hall. Write him at the Times.

Numerous complaints concerning forgetfulness of garbage and ashes collectors, in charge of the board of sanitary commissioners, have been received recently by Mr. Fixit.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: Why don't the city gather cans and ashes this fall in the alley between Drexel and Bosart Sts., north of Byram St.?
CITIZEN.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: I live at 4252 Sunset Ave. The collectors don't even pause to pick up the garbage. Why not?

ROSS GARRIGUS.
The board will receive a special report on these cases. Truly Nolen, superintendent, will investigate.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: I've noticed what a go-getter you are, so I am taking the liberty of writing you to ask the smoke inspector to inspect School 43, at Fortieth St. and Kenwood Ave.

The smoke rolls out in real clouds so dense it ruins the wash on our line as well as makes it almost impossible to live over here. If any one should set a good example of living up to the law, it seems to me it should be the school authorities.

TAXPAYER.

H. F. Templeton promised Mr. Fixit an early inspection.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: S. Delaware St., south of the Belt Railroad, is marked in many ways, once it is Chestnut St., again Talbot Ave. and Fennel St. It sure is misleading to any stranger.

SALESMAN.

Mr. Fixit agrees the confusion should be removed. The city engineer's department will investigate.



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<p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">Give Him This Fine ELGIN</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">\$17.45</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Guaranteed jeweled, mounted in a 20-year case. SPECIAL.</p>	<p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">The Gift She Wants Rectangular Wrist Watch</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">\$19.75</p> <p style="text-align: center;">In a 14-kt. gold filled case that is warranted to give satisfaction. SPECIAL.</p>

PAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

RITE'S

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