

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.

Barrett Fund Tangle

Chief Examiner Orr of the State board of accounts has started another movement to straighten out the Barrett Law tangle, which costs Indianapolis taxpayers no one seems to know how much every year.

About everyone in authority has tried to unsnarl the mess in the last fifteen years. The net result has been to make matters worse. Perhaps Orr will get somewhere. Certainly the taxpayers will not object to Orr's experts having a fling at it.

The Barrett law permits property owners of small means to pay for street, alley, sidewalk and sewer improvements in ten annual installments.

The contractor is paid with bonds issued upon the property owner's promise to pay the ten installments. The property owners pay the interest on the bonds.

In Indianapolis the county treasurer serves as city treasurer, ex-officio. Under the law payments on Barrett law bonds must be turned over to the treasurer.

By a queer quirk in law, in which a Federal Court decision of 1903 figures, the treasurer cannot deposit these Barrett law payments along with other city funds but must keep them separate as a trust fund with himself as trustee. He is specifically accountable to no one for them. All he must do is pay off the bonds and interest coupons when they fall due. He can carry anywhere from one to four million dollars around in his vest pocket, if he cares to, according to Orr.

Of course no county treasurer has been that careless. Instead the treasurers have deposited the money in banks under their names as trustee.

And the treasurer collects the interest. This runs from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. Another queer legal quirk enters. The law does not provide what shall be done with this money. So far as the law is concerned the county treasurers can keep it for their own.

Some treasurers have actually tried to find a way to put this money in the public treasury but the lawyers tell them there is no way to do it. At any rate the public does not get the interest.

Meanwhile another funny thing happens. Many persons become prosperous and desire to pay off the Barrett law debt before the ten years is up in order to save interest. The treasurer must accept their payment, but he cannot retire the bonds until the full ten year course has been run. This leaves the interest coupons on the bonds falling due regularly without the property owner meeting them.

The result over a long period of years has been the accumulation of a large deficit in the fund.

The 1923 Legislature tried to cure the evil by passing a law which provided that the city controller, not the treasurer, should be the custodian of the fund and that he should invest the money received on payments in sound securities of sufficient interest value to meet the payments on bonds upon which property owners paid out before the end of the ten-year period.

The cheers had hardly subsided nor the ink dried on the bill until that Federal Court decision rose up to defy the efforts of the lawmakers. That Barrett Law fund was a trust and the treasurer was the trustee under the Federal Court decision and the city controller simply couldn't lay his hands on the money to invest it in securities.

No one seems to know just what condition the fund is in. Very likely the county treasurer himself would like to know just how it stands.

So the matter rests, a fertile field for Orr's examiners to dig in.

Better Homes

Something more than paint and lumber is involved in the nation-wide movement for the promotion of better homes.

It is really the declaration of war against crime and degeneracy. It is a great movement for the protection of that greatest of all institutions, the home.

Many influences have developed in recent years to minimize or destroy this cradle of all character. Transportation has been made easy through good roads and twenty millions of automobiles, so that there is a temptation to spend less and less time in family groups.

The only modern influence of recent years which has not been directed at the home is the radio, which does have a tendency to keep families together.

Just how important this movement is can be estimated partly from a statement by no less authority than Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce. Mr. Hoover is known for his keenness of observation and his wisdom.

"The home is fundamental because it is the mold in which the character of the next generation is formed," says Mr. Hoover. "Homes that are attractive stand a better chance in competition with the distractions that are ever tempting. Not only the boys and girls but fathers and mothers spend less time in them."

Let Mr. Hoover give his argument: "In the restless shifting currents of modern life there are sometimes a loss for ideals and standards. We must keep our bearings. But a higher and deeper hope of home life is one ideal to which we can cling. We have a timely duty to stress the home life now, for many forces are at work to undermine the home and family ties, and in the future, as in most other modern nations, the home does not have such good shelter as they have today, clothing, and many luxuries."

The home is basic in our economic system as the principal point at which men and women consume the final products of our farms and mines and factories, or adapt them to their own needs, as any typical family budget shows. The primary division of labor still lies within the family, with breadwinners employed outside in our vast organized economic structure and the homemaker who keeps house, prepares food, and attends to other personal wants.

Most people make their home the center of their social life, and spend most of their leisure hours there. Home influence can be dominant in nurturing the religious impulses which are so

needed if we are to have a finer, more human development of our nation.

"The ideal of true home life is the detached house with at least some space around it. We cannot expect the finest flower of family life from tenements nor even from some 'flats.' A single-family house which a family owns is much more apt to embody our ideal. The family has a sense of security and solidarity; it has an incentive for maintaining the house and home."

It is a truism that no man ever fought for a boarding house, but will always fight for his home. The idea of a single family home is truly American in its origin and its conception.

This is the season of the year when any encouragement that can be given to more and better homes is not only commendable from the standpoint of progress but a really patriotic enterprise.

Our Funny Aristocrats

There are men and women in this land of the free and the cradle of equality who refuse to associate with any one who works for a living.

Some of them have a magnificent club down in Florida, the refuge of the Ponzis and others who want money without work.

It is a beautiful club, with servants whose uniforms would have delighted the Kaiser in his days of pomp and members with a snobishness which would cause any British duke to envy.

One of the fixed laws of that club is that no one may bring as a guest any person who actually works for a living.

Every one must have a record of never having done anything more difficult than clip coupons from bonds inherited from a shrewd ancestor or telephoning a rent collector to bring up another bunch of dough.

They refuse to be contaminated by any association with useful persons. They insist on setting up a standard for American aristocracy, rather a queer term for a republic, but these are queer Americans even if most of their ancestors have been here for several generations.

Should the chorus girls who were admitted to that club the other evening feel flattered or insulted? For the first time in the history of this club, the bars went down on the pay envelope brigade and a group of very pretty young women, experts at the Charleston, were invited as regular guests to mingle with the young men and women who are being taught that all work is disgraceful.

Take the word of any of the young women who grace the footlights as background or forefront of musical comedy, and she works.

She will tell you, and so will the managers of these shows, that the girl who earns her living in that manner has no life of ease.

Just why it is less disgraceful to earn a living by dancing than it is by pounding a typewriter or carrying a tray in a restaurant is beyond explanation to most Americans who have an idea that any work is respectable and that the only disgrace is a refusal to work.

They look upon the bunch that draws a social line against useful beings as loafers, even if they do have money in bales.

They detect a striking similarity between the rules of this club and those of the hoboes union which throws out any bum who lifts his finger to earn a meal.

There is a joke in this discrimination in favor of chorus girls somewhere, it is probably upon the aristocrats and not the dancing maids. And the funniest part of it all is that these unAmerican snobs do not know exactly how funny they are.

Hound dogs sit around and howl at the moon, but calamity, howlers sit around and howl at nothing.

The weather seems to be perfect only during those months having a "z" in them.

Many a woman standing in front of a shop window has merely stopped to reflect.

Monday was wash day once. Now it is the day on which we have the garage man put the auto back together.

If a man's face is his fortune some of us are in debt.

Don't get mad at a cross friend. His children may be sick or his wife may be reducing.

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Have You a Green Hat? Read This

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply. Medical legal and marital advice cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unchecked queries cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

How can a light green felt hat be cleaned? Immersion in water makes a good cleaner. Many of the commercial cleaners on the market are also good. Turpentine or benzine will remove stains if there is grease on the hat. If the turpentine leaves a mark, finish with a little alcohol.

What is the meaning of the name "Conrad"? The name is Teutonic and means "able counsel" or "able speech."

Is Gene Stratton, who played the part of the Little Scout in the motion picture "The Keeper of the Bees," any relation to Gene Stratton Porter? She is the daughter of Mrs. Laura Meehan, who is the only daughter of Gene Stratton Porter, the late author.

What is the boiling and freezing point of illuminating gas? The mixtures of gases such as illuminating gas do not have single definite boiling points, freezing points or critical temperatures and pressures. Instead, when such a gas is cooled, first one constituent, then another separates out, each condensed portion carrying more or less of the remaining gases in solution.

What is the consumption of ice cream per person in the United States and about how much is consumed each year? The consumption of commercially manufactured ice cream in the United States has increased from 1.04 gallons a year per person in 1910 to 2.8 gallons in 1925. The total quantity consumed last year is estimated at 322,729,000 gallons, compared with 285,500,000 in 1924 and 260,000,000 gallons in 1920.

'What! No Women!' Yelled Married Man Who Attended Party in the Wrong Flat

By Walter D. Hickman

Dad can be kept at home these days because one can bring the atmosphere of the night clubs into the home library.



Nick Lucas

The nifty burlesque song, rather topical in nature, can now be heard coming through the windows of the modern home.

Years ago, mother probably would have fainted if she had heard Ed Smalle singing "What! No Women!" on a Brunswick record.

Father probably would have covered up his Police Gazette more carefully and started reading a new theory on life and death.

But not so these days with the shimmy, the Charleston and what not. No, sir; Dad likes to hear the zippy songs right in his own home.

And so, songs like "What! No Women!" are having their day in the home and in the night clubs of the land.

A man's home is his castle and nowadays, with the phonograph and the radio, it is becoming his theater and night club.

"What! No Women!" is a burlesque song in theme and action. It is a nifty, a laugh song of the day. It tells the experiences of a married man who is invited to a party and naturally, the married man on leaving his wife at home, thought that there would be women at the party.

He admits in song that he thought he heard his wife laughing on entering the flat, but admits that it must have come from the fellow wearing the red tie.

And so you get the main idea—"What! No Women?"

The red tie gag has been used so often that it has become nearly a national expression.

You may or not like this song but it has been released on a Brunswick record and probably will be one of the best novelty sellers of the evening.

I have tried this record out in various gatherings and my guests, with women present, laughed at the nonsense.

It is a wise song, smartly put over. It will depend upon one's mental temperature how it is received. The public is hearing this song in the theaters and now it can be played on your phonograph.

I have been informed that Nick Lucas is the best seller of all the individual artists on the Brunswick list.

His new record is one of those sure success things—clean, melodious and pretty. On one side you will hear "I Don't Believe It, but Say It Again!" And on the other you have Nick singing and playing on his guitar "Always," by Irving Berlin.

You also will hear a violin and cello background. Never has Nick Lucas been better than in these two numbers. There is a glorious something, nearly spiritual, in these two numbers which brings added dignity to the mood.

Nick Lucas is glorifying American music just as much as a certain stage producer is glorifying the American girl.

To my way of thinking this new Lucas-Brunswick record is better than his famous "Dreamer of Dreams."

Indianapolis theaters today offer: Miss Venita Gould at Keith's; "The Big Parade" at English's; "Broadway Flashies" at the Lyric; Jim and Irene Marilyn in their miniature revue at the Palace; "Kiki" at the Circle; "Moral for Men" at the Ohio; "Skinner's Dress Suit" at the Colonial; "For Heaven's Sake" at the Apollo; "The Fighting Buckaroo" at the Isis, and burlesque at the Broadway.

Concerning Little Theatre

By Walter D. Hickman

One reason that I favor the Little Theatre movement is that it gives one a chance to see plays that do not hit the road.

A. A. Milne has written much better things than "Ariadne," which was presented last night for the first of four performances by the Little Theatre Society in the Playhouse.

Mrs. Eugene Pitt was Ariadne, the wife of an English solicitor, who staged an "affair" with a rich client to help her husband's business as well as to teach him a lesson.

Volney Hampton was the John Winter, the husband, and Ralph Conney was the Hector Chadwick, the butting-in friend of the Winters.

Lulu Kanagy was the Hester Chadwick and Valdo Green was Horace Meldrum with whom Ariadne was supposed to have explored the unknown.

Remainder of the cast included Miss Ella Goett, and Miss Marianne Reid.

I saw the first two acts last night as I found it necessary to leave the Playhouse where Ariadne had placed her house in order again.

"Ariadne" was a light little trifle with some smart conversation and a nifty situation in the second act.

I was more interested in the Playhouse, the new home of the society on N. Alabama St., at Nineteenth, than I was in the Milne play.

I hope that the Society raises the needed \$75,000 to complete the theater. If I was asked to mention the ten most valuable things in Indianapolis, I certainly would include the Little Theatre Society in the list.

It has worked for years to not only establish itself, but to have its own producing home. Although not complete, the structure is an intimate gem.

I hope that Indianapolis, the greater and bigger Indianapolis, gets back of the society, because it is doing real things in its own home.

The stage setting used for "Ariadne" was a lovely executed one would expect to see in a \$3.30 legitimate production.

"Ariadne" will be repeated Thursday night, Saturday afternoon and night.

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA NELSON

By GAYLORD NELSON

BARRETT LAW FUNDS

The city council, at its last meeting, deadlocked over the resolution introduced by Edward B. Raub, Democrat, calling for an investigation of disposition of interest derived from Barrett law funds. It has been the custom of our council to treat the pocket that interest amounting to \$50,000 or so a year.

On the resolution ordering an investigation the council split, four and four, two Republicans voting for the resolution. One of them explained apologetically: "Regardless of the fact that the resolution was introduced by a Democratic member, I believe it is a meritorious measure deserving favorable consideration."

No apology was necessary. The question of the disposal of the interest on Barrett law funds has no political complexion. It is neither Republican nor Democrat.

It is a question of law. So far the agitation about the interest on these special funds in the custody of the treasurer, particularly the uproar on the subject during political campaigns, has been futile, merely a lot of excited words.

If the law is ambiguous as to the disposition of the money, why blame the treasurer for taking advantage of the fact and pocketing the interest?

Most of us would do the same if we were in the county treasurer's place.

What is needed is an investigation and settlement once for all of the question whether the treasurer is entitled to keep the interest, or whether such sums revert to the public treasury. If the interest is a proper perquisite of the treasurer's office, the public should know it. And amend such a half-baked law.

Certainly no county treasurer actually earns the \$50,000 a year that he invests in interest on Barrett law funds. That's a movie queen's income for a political snap.

STREET WIDENING PROJECTS

The board of works plans, according to announcement, to take up the project of widening Pennsylvania St. between Ohio and St. Clair Sts. It is planned to add from five to eight feet to the paving on each side.

Indianapolis certainly should undertake some street widening projects without delay. It will have to be done eventually, and the better it can be done at less expense than now.

From the center of the city there is only one wide street extending east and west. That is Washington St. Originally designed to carry the traffic of a nation, that thoroughfare is now so cluttered up with street cars, automobiles, profanity and chuckholes that for traffic it is more a varicose vein than an artery.

On the north side Meridian is a noble thoroughfare throughout some of its career, but as it nears the downtown section it shrivels to a narrow street, inadequate for present traffic demands. In other sections of the city there are no thorough streets leading to the heart of the city that are now sufficiently wide to carry the traffic.

What will be the situation twenty or thirty years hence if important main thoroughfares aren't widened and traffic continues to grow more dense?

The plan commission after long study adopted a major thoroughfare system, beautiful on paper—but that's where it is, on paper. The quicker some of the proposed widening projects are started, the better. Otherwise, Indianapolis will awake some fine morning to find that street traffic is trying to go two deep on some thoroughfares, which will be unsatisfactory. At least, for the ground-floor flivvers.

PROTECTING OUR MORALS

H. L. Mencken, editor of the American Mercury, was arrested in Boston recently for selling copies of the April number of the magazine on Boston Common.

Massachusetts barred sale of the April Mercury in the State because it contained a story "indecent and unfit for publication."

How the sacred cod atop the Massachusetts capitol must have shivered when right beneath his gills that awful magazine was sold to corrupt the delicate morals of Massachusetts.

Apparently Indiana is more careless of public morals. Here the April number of the Mercury came and went unoppressed. And the commonwealth still lives. In this bright section of the Middle West the only echo of the Massachusetts action was an increased sale of the fearsome magazine.

Personally we don't know whether there is a story in the April number that will damage our morals. We tried a half-dozen news stands and copies of the April Mercury were all sold. But we're bound to corrupt our morals even if we have to go to the Public Library to read the magazine.

Doubtless there is a host of vulgar publications in circulation, feld "Hot Stories" that pander to sensuality and vulgarity. The world would be better off without them.

But some of the efforts of this-skinned puritans to protect public morals are ridiculous. Recently a bright customs officer wouldn't permit a set of books by Ovid, an old and very dead Roman author whose works are read by every Latin student, to enter the country because they were "obscene literature."

Then the incident of Lady Cathcart and her moral turpitude. Now the suppression of the American Mercury. Our morals must be very tender to need so much protection.

WATER FROM THE HOLY LAND

Fifteen children and eight adults were baptized in an Indianapolis church Easter with water from the River Jordan, bottled and bottled in Jerusalem, which the pastor brought back last summer from a tour of the Holy Land.

Perhaps the use of water from the Jordan added something to the baptismal ceremony. Sentiment and imagination may endow that water with special virtues and sacred significance.

We wonder, though, if baptism with water lugged from Palestine is likely to be more efficacious than a like ceremony with fluid furnished by the Indianapolis Water Company or bottled by Tom Taggart at French Lick.

Water is constantly moving over the surface of the earth. Rivers, winds, evaporation and condensation are forever mixing the waters from various sources and transporting them hither and yon to be deposited elsewhere.

The waters that lapped the shores of Galilee and sparkled in the Jordan in Jesus' time may be falling as rain in Indianapolis today. Likewise some of the water now gurgling over the tin cans in Pleasant Run may have floated Noah's ark. Quite likely. The water of Pleasant Run gives the impression of extreme age and decrepitude. It might have known Noah but it never knew a bath.

So with the bottled and bottled water the pastor brought back from Palestine. It had wandered over the earth before falling into the Jordan a few days or weeks before he got it.

It wasn't that particular bottle of water that made the River Jordan important. It was what took place along the banks of that stream nineteen hundred years ago. Water may come and go, but the teachings of the Galilean are imperishable.

CITY SELLS ITS GREASE

And Three Months' Accumulation at Plant Brings \$27,552.

An Indianapolis family wastes enough daily to feed a French family of equal size.

That's what the economists tell us and their statements were confirmed when the board of sanitary commissioners sold only the grease from garbage at the reduction plant accumulated during three months for \$27,552.

Grease comes fairly high, it appears, the winning bid of the Proctor and Gamble Company, famous soap dispensers, being 5.56 cents a pound. The reduction plant ground out 420,000 pounds during the three months.

THE VERY IDEA

By Hal Cochran

In the Open

It's fun to go down to a small country town, where people are still livin' sanely. It's really a treat, when you lie down a street where restlessness predominates, mainly.

You're filled with surprise, when you full realize, that peace and real quiet exist. To get far away, for a week or a day, from cities—you know what you've missed.

It makes you feel surer that air is much purer in hamlet spots, out of the way. You sense the reality, that every big city holds freeness and saneness at bay.

There isn't the wear and the madness of fear in small towns where wise folk reside. There's no business rattle. They're not packed like cattle. They're living—and working, outside.

Like nature? Well, listen—that's just what you're missin'—the best thing this word has to give. Hop off, on vacation, at some small town station. Just loaf for a while man—and live!

Aw, cheer up! If you didn't have something to complain about—you'd be complaining about that.

Middle West farmer boasts a cow with one wooden leg. Huh, we've eaten that kind of steak.

The wise wife wanted to get a new front room curtain—and managed to pry five bucks out of her hubby when she told him it was for the blind.

A youngster comes home with a nose bleed, black eye, etc., and nine times out of ten the mother will say: "How many times have I told you not to play with that neighbor boy?" Which proves what a queer conception mothers have of play.

It's easy to go to the head of the class, when you're "in a class by yourself."

A sparrow saw a bathing girl. With "peeps" his small throat shook.

But, shucks, instead of peeping, folk! All took a dern good look.

The coming of the boating season a lot of folks are wondering what to do in case of seasickness. Don't worry—you'll do it.

Client—I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for you.

Lawyer—I do—time!

FABLES IN FACT

'SFUNNY HOW EASY SOME MEN CAN GET IN WRONG PERIOD PER INSTANCE COMMA I HAVE IN MIND THE WIFE WHO SUDDENLY SHOUTED COMMA QUOTATION MARK OH COMMA A BUG HAS JUST FLOWN INTO MY MOUTH PERIOD WHAT SHALL I DO QUESTION MARK QUOTATION MARK AND THE POOR HUSBAND REMARKED COMMA QUOTATION MARK KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT PERIOD QUOTATION MARK

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A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

Text: "Am I become your enemy because I tell you the truth?"—Gal. 4:16.

The truth hurts—sometimes. But that is no reason for falling out with the truth. The truth never hurts anybody, except those whose lives are out of harmony with the truth. When I advocate honesty, I never hear anybody kicking about it, except those who are dishonest.

When I advocate purity and chastity I never hear anybody growling about it, except those who are living a questionable life.

When I advocate temperance and sobriety, I never hear anybody raising a fuss about it, except those who hold liberty as a license for self-indulgence and dissipation.

When I advocate a life of consecration—of such absolute consecration that no room is left for the vulgar, indecent and frivolous pleasures and amusements of the world—I never hear any objections, except from those who love the things of the world more than the things of God.

When I advocate keeping the commandments of God—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"; "Thou shalt not steal"; "Thou shalt not bear false witness"; "Thou shalt not commit adultery"; "Thou shalt not covet"—I never hear any complaining, except from those whose lives run counter to