

# 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.

## WHO OWNS IT?

Should the job of treasurer of this city and county be worth more to its occupant than is the presidency of the United States to Calvin Coolidge?

Do you believe that the service he renders, no matter how well and faithfully performed, is worth ten times as much as that of a United States Senator and twelve times that of a Federal Judge?

By the help of the Barrett law it happens that the treasurer gets about this compensation through a provision under which he keeps the interest on funds paid on public improvements under special assessments in the city of Indianapolis.

The service he performs is to put these funds in a bank and supervise the bookkeeping.

Not so very much work and not a great deal of responsibility.

The city council has before it a resolution which attempts to collect the interest on these funds for the use of the entire city.

Four members of the council have taken a stand against this resolution. They are voting to keep up the present system of permitting the treasurer to take this interest as a part of his income from the job.

They should in all fairness tell the people who pay into these funds, just why they believe the treasurer should draw interest on their money.

That fund, instead of being a benefit to the taxpayers, really becomes a menace.

It makes the one job very attractive to a closely knit political machine such as operates in this city.

It offers too many opportunities for a skillful political master.

The councilmen who are blocking the effort to make this interest, estimated at \$50,000 a year, the property of the people really should tell the people who owns this interest.

Perhaps one of them can find a real reason for giving it to the man who merely deposits other people's money in a good safe bank. And perhaps not.

## A SENATE SPOKESMAN

Senator Dave Reed of Pennsylvania was replying to Senator McKeever's attack on Premier Mussolini of Italy.

"If the government of Italy preserves order, respects property rights and contracts"—not a word about life and liberty, or any little thing like that—"it is none of our business what system of internal government she has."

"Is the Senator from Pennsylvania now speaking for the Italian people?" inquired Senator McKeever.

"I am speaking for the American Senate," replied Senator Reed.

## WHAT PRICE JUSTICE? \$12,000

In Washington the other night a few hundred men and women sat down to an unusual feast. It was a feast to celebrate the fact that the American Government had failed in its effort to send an innocent man to prison.

In the language of Senator Shipstead of Minnesota, it celebrated the triumph of justice over the Department of Justice.

The guests gathered to honor Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana and his attorneys, Senator Thomas J. Walsh and Charles A. Douglas. The occasion was the action of the Federal courts in finally putting to an end the long sustained attempt of the Department of Justice to "get" Wheeler because of his successful exposure of the department itself.

The dinner was given by the Wheeler defense committee. Topping the list of names on that committee is no less a person than Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University. Included in the list are dozens of other nationally known names, names of men and women whose love of America can no more be questioned than can Dr. Eliot's. Yet, what was the theme the speeches made and the letters and telegrams read to the assemblage? It was—

Conspiracy!

One after another voiced the belief that the American Government, through its department of law, had been engaged in a conspiracy against a single American citizen.

They gave, as their carefully considered opinion, what the average newspaper reading citizen has come casually to believe, that our national Government deliberately attempted to "frame" and send to prison an innocent man. It seems fantastic when you face this charge with open eyes, that such an allegation could be made in a public meeting not a half-dozen blocks from the White House. But the charge was made and repeated, over and over again, and no agents of the Department of Justice swooped in to arrest the speakers. Nor were there arrests on the following day when the newspapers printed the story.

William Allen White wrote from his Kansas home to say he was proud of the part he had taken in helping to bring justice to Senator Wheeler. He called the indictments obtained by the Department of Justice "infamous." But he was allowed to edit his paper next day undisturbed.

"A degraded Department of Justice," wrote Felix Frankfurter, in a similar letter, but he taught law to Harvard University students next day without interference.

"Nothing less than a treasonable conspiracy with officers of the Cabinet to defraud the Government," wrote Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. And he was not jailed for that.

"I doubt if in all our American history there can be found a conspiracy so black and vile," wrote Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes. He remained unmolested in his New York pulpit.

And more of the same.

A curious time in which we live, a time when these things can be said of the very soul of the American Government—for if not in the Department of Justice, then where should the Government's soul reside? These things can be said and they are said and they go unchallenged by the Government. But nothing results. No wave of moral indignation sweeps across the country. The Government sits silent and safe.

"What price justice?" inquired one guest at the dinner, and answered himself thus:

"Fifteen thousand dollars was raised by the defense committee, in dimes and dollars collected in

all the forty-eight States. One section crew on the Alaska railroad stuck itself down for a few dollars and asked if more was wanted. Porto Rico and the Philippines were heard from with contributions. But all told, only 1,900 persons out of our hundred million citizens felt a duty to offer aid. However, \$15,000 was raised. Of this, \$3,000 remains to be returned to the contributors. Three from fifteen leaves twelve. What price justice in America? In this instance, \$12,000."

## A LEG FOR MONEY

Three human legs have been offered one James Tatom, 41, who, losing one leg in a railroad accident, broadcast his plea for a new one to be grafted upon the legless stump.

"How much will you pay?" runs the tenor of each letter from the three who would sever their own limbs to give to this man.

If one but knew the tragedy that lurks behind the masks that each of these three wear! What grim reality of life so fearful that, for yellow gold, they would part with warm, living, pulsing, flesh and blood itself?

Desperate indeed is a human being who will fight down that fiercest of all human instincts, self-preservation, and willfully mutilate the body even for gold!

Love of others can be the only answer—a child crying for food or education, a mother hungering for one little taste of luxury after a barren life.

This is the reason that has made men throughout the whole epic of life stamp down even the fierce instinct of self-preservation, and mount to higher things on an even more gigantic instinct—love.

## YOUTH AND FACTS

The next time any one comes to bat with a tremulous ball about the sins of modern youth and the way it is going to the dogs with the accelerator pressed down, hand him a long, ripe guffaw and walk away.

The United States children's bureau has just found that it isn't so. Statistics from the larger cities of the country actually show that there has been a decrease in the last fifteen years in juvenile delinquency.

Our young folks aren't getting worse. If they were, the figures would show it.

## OUR WALTER JOHNSONS

There is noticeable at this time of year a tendency, especially among people who think they belong in the "intellectual" class, to bemoan the extreme popularity of such big league baseball stars as Johnson, Hornsby, Cobb, Ruth and the rest.

It's a bad thing, they say, to fill the minds of young boys with excessive admiration for "mere" athletes. It distorts values, places too much emphasis on the physical side of life.

Perhaps there's something in what they say. It is regrettable that no American boy was ever yet known to select Isaac Newton or Galileo as his beau ideal; regrettable, but natural.

Yet the intellectuals miss the point. It is the way of boys and young men to admire the doer, the man of action. And in a land that produces such exquisite doors as Gerald Chapman, Martin Durkin and the like—shouldn't we be mighty thankful that there are a few Walter Johnsons and Rogers Hornsby to give our children heroes that are more wholesome to admire?

"Sandy" as a movie has that sex appeal thing, not done in bold and indecent strokes, but rather these episodes are indicated by a rather warty petting party.

"Sandy" will be on view all week at the Colonial.

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## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

# Sandy's Understanding of Just Around the Corner Was Another Man Waiting

By Walter D. Hickman.

Just around the corner to Sandy probably had the meaning that just another man was waiting.

And she didn't keep 'em waiting long, because Sandy was a fast worker.

As you know, "Sandy" is the name of a novel by Elenore Meier, which

is appearing daily as a serial in The Indianapolis Times and is being reflected in movie form all this week at the Colonial. That

thousands of people are interested in the experiences of Sandy as was

shown Sunday when there was a waiting line of people in the lobby of the Colonial from 1 o'clock in the afternoon to late at night.

There is no doubt that people are interested in Sandy both as a story and as a movie. The tremendous drawing power of Sandy was clearly shown yesterday when the picture opened. I heard people talk of this character as if she was a living character.

Judged as movie entertainment, "Sandy" has that sex appeal which speaks riches at the box office. As a movie production "Sandy" is heads and shoulders above "Chickie," William Fox, in assigning Harry Beaumont as the director of "Sandy," made no mistake.

I take it for granted that you are acquainted with the various characters in this story. If you look at the cast you will agree with me that a splendid cast has been assembled.

The cast follows:

Sandy McNeil ..... Madge Bellamy  
Douglas Keith ..... Leslie Fenton  
John C. Scott ..... Harry Hope  
Judith Moore ..... Barbara Bard  
John Morris ..... Lillian Leighton  
Alfred McNeil ..... Charles Farrell  
Timmy ..... Alice Farnell  
Alice McNeil ..... Madge Bellamy

Madge Bellamy has done more for herself in this movie than she probably expected to do. You first meet her as Sandy, carefully adjusting a flask in or on her garter. For a while Sandy is the merry little flapper flirt, doing the Charleston at an all-night party.

Then papa and mamma step in and demand that she marry a rich guy, a chap she did not love. But she marries him because papa and mamma wanted a rich man in the family.

Sandy tries to be the good wife, but friend husband turns out to be not only a cad but a brute. When her husband is the direct cause of the death of her first child, Sandy begins looking around the corner for other men. And she finds 'em.

She told society and the world to go to the bow-wows and she took a straight slide to that place herself.

Guess I will not tell you the ending of the story, but will rest upon the statement that there is no moral to the story. Oh, yes, indeed. When a good little girl goes wrong not once or twice, she must pay the price, and Sandy pays in full.

I am not taking a favorable viewpoint of "Sandy" as a movie sex jewel just because this paper is publishing the story along with a hundred other newspapers in this country.

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## SPEAKING OF GILDA GRAY AND HER COMPANY

The big noise at the Circle this week is Gilda Gray and her wiggles.

There seems to be more wiggles in Gilda's body than in a glass of jelly.

The dancer and her company landed at the Circle yesterday a little before 6 p.m., after making a fast jump from Toronto, Canada.

At 6:45 p.m. Gilda Gray and her company were making their first appearance at the Circle. She made three appearances last night, and it was as easy to put one more aside in a can as to get into the Circle. She is a box office attraction.

She is famous for her wiggles while dancing.

As you know, I am

not excited over

the Charles in this

in any form, but I know that I am in

the minority. She is capitalizing upon this dance craze and she throws in several hundred extra wiggles in every dance that she does.

She does the Charleston, Ty-Tee,

a sort of a South Sea Island something; a Polish Folk Dance, and ends her part of the program by attempting to sing "Beale Street Blues," and then goes in to her shimmy dance. This violent type of dancing does not appeal to me personally. Never has and never will. It is not art to me. Be your own judge in this matter, just as I am. Have your own opinion.

Miss Gray has several clever

dancers with her, especially the

classical dancer. The act is well

mounted. During this act, David Levin conducts the Circle orchestra.

The movie feature is "Her Second Chance," a rather dramatic race

track story with a good melodramatic climax. Anna Q. Nilsson, Charles Murray, Huntly Gordon and Mike Donlin are the featured players. Murray has a mighty clever part as a detective, who wears many disguises. It is really his picture although Miss Nilsson does her dramatic scenes with ease.

Dessa Byrd is romping home this

week again with another winning

pipe organ solo, "Spring Is Here."

The slides are clever and the words

are good for many laughs. This

woman knows how to turn a pipe

organ into a fine comedy farce.

The Circle orchestra this week is

playing "Hungarian Lusipel" as an

overture. Bill includes a news reel

and a clever little movie journey to

the north pole regions.

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