

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.

SAVE REMY AND LAW

The gang is after William H. Remy.

Make no mistake about where the interest of the political bosses of Marion County is centered next Tuesday.

They may be talking about big offices, but they want to control the office of prosecuting attorney.

They know that as long as William H. Remy holds that place they cannot protect their friends or grant favors to criminals.

They know that their grip on the underworld and its profits are always threatened unless they can deliver protection to the bootleggers, the gangster, the gambler.

They would rather control that one job than to have control of the governorship of this State.

These bosses do not want a man who showed the courage which it took to send D. C. Stephenson to the penitentiary. They want a man who can be persuaded to fix cases and to protect, not punish, evil doers.

These bosses are now planning to punish Remy for his prosecution of Stephenson.

They are relying on lethargy and indifference on the part of the people who stand for law and order.

They are relying on lining up all those who resent the Stephenson conviction, all who want to break the law, all the underworld and then add the votes of enough good intentioned but badly informed people to defeat Remy.

They are counting on the fact that Remy is not a practical politician, that he has no organization of workers, that he does not use the usual methods of making a campaign.

They are counting most on the hope that the men and women of this city who desire a fair and honest administration of the law, without fear and without favor, will be too busy to vote in the primaries.

If there was ever an emergency in which the decent, the law-abiding and the orderly citizens should take a stand and vote together, it is in this primary and for William H. Remy.

THE REAL MENACE

"Not a line of the Sermon on the Mount can be made effective by Congress or Legislature."

This is one of the pungent sentences from a very scholarly and thoughtful address by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, speaking as a lawyer to a group of lawyers.

His protest is against sumptuary legislation as a substitute for character.

It was an appeal for the return to the constitution as the guardian of personal liberty. Every paragraph of his address sounds its warning against the fate of a nation which endeavors to substitute statutes for good sense, and sound hearts.

Here are a few paragraphs, each one of which is an editorial of its own:

"Those who try to intimidate judges are enemies of the republic and judges who yield are worse."

"Everybody is so interfered with by our practical legislation that a public psychology of antagonism to all law has been created."

"Many of the statutes are not only unworkable, but are beyond the domain of law altogether."

"None of the most important phases of life can be controlled or even influenced by man-made law."

"So many exactions are laid on commerce and finance that business men have a hard time to be sure that they are not lawbreakers, and a certain censorship of the press, drama and literature, much worse than that of the ancient Star Chamber is seriously urged."

"It is proposed to handcuff the mind of man and make ignorance and prejudice the jallies of the intellect and knowledge of the nation."

"It is a fact that on the second quarter of the Twentieth Century American citizens are, by law, forbidden to do more things and, by law, compelled to do more things than were the subjects of Czar or Sultan in the eighteenth century."

"Overgovernment, unnatural repression and legislation outside of the domain of law cannot go on forever any more than any kind of debauch can continue indefinitely."

"If we continue to elect politicians whose chief concern is re-election, we shall continue to have bad laws and stupid laws and an increasing number of them."

"The most trouble in this world is and always has been caused by a busybody sticking his or her finger into somebody else's pie."

"In a country as vast as ours with essential differences of soil, climate and habits of life, rigid standards for everybody and everything cannot be dictated and enforced from one far off autocratic center."

It is unfortunate that this message from Indiana cannot be sounded again and again in the halls of Congress.

It is a message which is sadly needed.

It is real statesmanship, but Indiana, at present, is contributing very little to real statesmanship.

NOT SO ABSURD

There may be a smile at the suggestion of a socialist member of Congress that Wayne B. Wheeler, head of the Anti-Saloon League, be made the czar of the prohibition enforcement agencies.

Possibly a gigantic petition from those who believe in that particular political organization would obtain favorable action on the part of the president.

It might be possible for him to obtain this post, to have direct power instead of his present club of threat and criticism which he holds over those in office.

The suggestion has much to commend it, even though it might have been made in a spirit of jest. Wheeler has a reputation for being an organizer of no mean ability.

He has been able to create a machine which he can dominate and control. He commands and has explicit obedience from those he puts in charge of his various bureaus.

He boasts that he has been able to control the personal habits of presidents.

Certainly no one could suggest that he does not believe that the prohibition laws can be enforced and that it is possible to mop up all the moist spots in the Nation.

With that belief and given power to select his subordinates without regard to senatorial wishes

and needs, there could be no question after he had made the effort as to whether it be possible to enforce this particular law.

The recent hearings disclosed the fact that there are very many sincere believers in temperance in this country who believe that there is no practical way to enforce this law and that the Government itself is powerless, no matter how much money or how many men are put to work, to check the flood of poisons and the corruption which have prevailed since the Volstead act was passed.

These sincere men and women are quite ready to be shown that they are wrong. They would like to have their faith restored in prohibition. They would like to believe that it is practical and workable.

There is just one little question that might not be so easily answered.

Does any one believe that Mr. Wheeler would accept this job if it were offered to him?

Does any one believe that he would leap to the call of a President, if asked to take charge of the enforcement agencies?

His endeavor to explain why he did not take the stand in the senatorial inquiry and defend the law he champions was not very convincing.

He says that he did not testify as to the benefits of prohibition because he feared that the cross-examination would take so long that no other witness could testify. He paints his action as a certain sort of martyrdom and self-denial.

But the fact remains that the cross-examination of Wheeler should have been the very best weapon in defense of the cause he champions.

There was the opportunity to confound all the critics of the present system.

There was the chance to lay bare all the fallacies and falsities he charges to those who have the temerity to suspect the lack of any divine inspiration in that law.

But he did not appear. He did not testify. He did not give the public the benefit of his superior knowledge on this question.

Could he be persuaded to take the job of actually enforcing the law which he says can be enforced?

If he could, give him the job and watch the results. If he can enforce the law without revolution, then the law will stand. If he fails, then he and his political group should stand aside and let real friends of temperance revise the laws and create a system which is workable and which will end drunkenness and debauchery.

A KIND WORD FOR OUR NAVY

In this day and time when the most popular sport, indoor or out, is criticising our Navy—particularly among landmen who think a ship's funnel is for taking on gas—it is refreshing to hear the English naval critic, Hector C. Bywater, say our Navy leads the British in the mooted matter of aircraft.

Only one ship in the British navy, he says, is equipped for launching airplanes, whereas in the American Navy each battleship carries one scouting and one combat plane, and each cruiser two scouting machines. Moreover, he understands, eighteen American destroyers carry a combat plane apiece and nine submarines are fitted for the transport of a small scouting plane.

"If these reports are true," he declares, "they leave no doubt as to the long lead which the American fleet has gained in the development of this particular branch of aviation."

Bywater further points out that while Britain now has more aircraft carriers built than America has, her policy of concentrating everything aboard these carriers instead of distributing planes throughout the fleet as we do, is undoubtedly bad. In battle, he observes, the vulnerable carriers would be singled out for destruction at the very outset and, if successful in this, the enemy would have great advantage.

Under the American system every carrier might be destroyed and there would still be left scores of planes to carry on.

The battleship remains the backbone of the navy, Bywater insists, taking sharp issue with those who say aircraft have doomed it. Aircraft, he contends, have become an indispensable part of navies, but none save faddists believe the capital ship has been superseded.

"When the torpedo has acquired the range and precision of a 16-inch gun," he argues, "when submarines have become as swift and as seaworthy as big surface vessels; when the radius and carrying power of aircraft have increased tenfold, and bombing is as accurate as gun practice, then, but not till then, will the primacy of the battleship be endangered."

Now, you sea dogs, three cheers for Hector!

"HATRACK"

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

"Universal is the plague of squint," says honest old Browning. Herbert Asbury, who paints us a delightful picture of the small town church and a rural Magdalen in a recent issue of the American Mercury magazine, almost squints himself blind in an effort to see clearly.

There is another side to this picture. I can well recall another small town church and its experience with a famous painted lady of the vicinity. This congregation was made up of the ordinary type of Baptist which infests communities that Mr. Asbury and Mr. Mencken detest with such a hullabaloo. This particular player of the ancient feminine trade was no "Hatrack," however. She was a handsome, blooming, almost beautiful woman, but her reputation had been so shady as to border upon obnoxious.

She was "converted" one day and joined the church, where she was welcomed with the fervor which is supposed to be showered only on lost sheep. Having an excellent voice, she was given a place in the choir, not without many misgivings by some of the other women members, who sang not half so well, looked not half so lovely, and who possessed husbands susceptible to allurements. But bravely, indeed nobly, each made no murmur but stood up at every service beside the flaunting siren and sang hymns of praise to their God. And how behaved this Magdalen, who had been so heartily welcomed into the House of the Lord?

She only laughed them to scorn behind their backs; she used her position, her conversion, to flirt outrageously with the deacons and the elders; later she carried on various affairs with pillars of the church, and more than one good, if uninteresting, wife lived to regret her Christian charity when it was too late.

From personal observations and in spite of Mr. Asbury's superior opportunities for investigation, I would advise church sisters in this wise:

Extend the hand of Christian fellowship, but be very careful about admitting the town Magdalen to the choir.

Berkell Proves That the Whole World Loves Good Old Melodrama on Stage

By Walter D. Hickman

Last night, as I saw an ancient, old melodramatic theme all dressed up in Packard clothes, I could not keep from thinking what Charles Berkell told me in a little chat with him during his first season at English's.

"The people want interesting theater, and good melodrama will interest them," Berkell told me.

Last night, when one of the biggest audiences of this season or any season, (as English's was packed on all floors) witnessed "Silence," a melodrama by Max Marcin and presented by the Berkell Players, I remembered what Berkell told me about three years ago. And that is about right. People are getting disgusted with this complex and that pignose stuff on the stage. They're being bothered with actual problems. They want entertainment. And melodrama, if it be human with tears and laughs, will bring people into the theater.

"Silence" is nothing more than old-fashioned melodrama put on backward. Marcin knew mighty well the novelty touch was necessary to get this old-fashioned idea over the footlights today. So he conspired to take this old model and put the hood on this entertainment automobile where the gas tank usually sits.

I want this understood perfectly right now—I am for the theater for many reasons. There are lots of things I would like to see changed, but I am going to admit that if the people are going to return to the spoken stage we must have entertainment.

And "Silence" is a form of entertainment that does come under the head of good theater. Of course it is the old bunk about murder, about a man keeping his mouth shut and feeling justice just because his own daughter killed a crook. Yes, that is true, but Marcin has spilled that human element—love as well as suffering—in such perfect quantities that I saw more people cry real tears last night during certain scenes than I have ever witnessed while Bernhard was living her most tragic death.

"Silence" sets the stage back to the people and I for one person who tells about the stage am not going to cry against a play that does meet an entertaining demand of a public.

From a strict viewpoint, "Silence" is a theatrical trick, full of sentimental bunk and against common reasoning, but it is so well presented that it does become grand theater of a melodramatic type. "Silence" is being presented this week at English's with the following cast:

Mallory	Tom Coyle
Prison Guard	Dora West
Andrew Pritchard	Dick Elliot
Jim Warren	Milton Brown
Alta Clarke	Herbert Dobbus
Robert	William V. Hull
Maile Burke	Jessie
Harry Silvers	Bob Fay
Manie	Bernice
Serna Drake	Midgott Hastings
Phil Powers	Edythe Elliott
Thurpe	Edythe Elliott
Alderman Connors	Thomas Willis
Carly Lawrence	Robert St. Clair
Corra	Bernice Hastings
Father Ryan	Harry Phil

There are at least three people who stand out this week. The honors go this time to Jyes La Rue as Mollie, who had two husbands and was about to marry the third. She had collected the cash for eighteen years in a saloon. She was a wise dame and a hard one. Miss La Rue gives a snappy and wonderful touch to this characterization.

Next in line of merit Herbert Dobbus as the clever district attorney and William V. Hull as the fake chaplain of the prison.

It is the combined task of Miss Edythe Elliott and Milton Brown to get the entire audience crying and they do just that with the most impressive situations. And that is a great accomplishment.

Do not analyze "Silence." Weep if you must and you will. Such plays will bring the theater back to the old capacity days and at the right prices.

At English's all week.

LOOKING OVER NEW SHOW AT THE PALACE

Rhythms of Danceland is a very appropriate title for the feature act at the Palace for today and tomorrow. Numbering six women and one man, the act is an example of smooth and precise work on the part of the members.

The act opens with a group of four girls in an ensemble dance and then is a series of specialties by the man and woman team and the other members of the company. The featured dancer, Ana Shadvola, presents several fine dances.

among which was one of exceptional merit. It was a very excellent and graceful toe dance.

Moore and Mitnell, two men, are a couple of slapstick comedies who have taken the earnest efforts of the acrobats and made them over into a series of humorous tricks. Their comedy value lies in the mock several rather hard appearing stunts.

Black and O'Donnell take the parts of a country hotel clerk and a woman from the city who is hunting for a room. There is the usual amount of rural "wise cracks" and quite a few good laughs to the act. The woman also plays several violin solos.

Gus Thaler opens the bill with an animal act in which the featured members are five dogs, a pony and two mopeys. Forgot to mention one very prominent member of the company. He is one of those pretty little "kittys" with white stripes down his back. Figure it out for yourself.

The Uyenos close the show with a number of rather startling feats of tumbling and some precise balancing efforts.

Included on the bill is a photoplay, "Bright Lights," with Charles Ray and Pauline Stark, also a News reel.

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

A FEW BUT MIGHTY WORDS ON THIS SHOW

The current show at Keith's this week is a perfect example of just how bad a vaudeville, big time vaudeville, show may be put together.

There are only two redeeming features on this bill. They are: Roy Cummings and Irene Shaw in one of the best "nuttiest" offerings of the season, and George N. Burns and Grace Allen in "Lamb Chops," which has clever moments and some real individual personality.

The show gets a bad start with Miss Ziegler and partner, not even

named, in an act explained fully by its title, "Exponents of Modern Equilibrium."

Gaston Palmer, billed as "The French Humorist," is 90 per cent uninteresting. If he is a humorist I am the funniest man in the world, and I don't mean maybe. He also juggles.

We have seen Edgar Bergen, a ventriloquist, with Miss Christine Chadwell. This act is called "The Operation." Here is a splendid ventriloquist, but he has a hard time getting his audience, due to two uninteresting acts preceding him and also because his act is well-known here.

Margaret Young, blues singer, has one number which I hate. If I had my way about it, it would never be given on any stage. It is called "Masculine Women and Feminine Men." She is far from being up to her own standard this time.

Karavaff and his company in dances needs to study showmanship. He is a good dancer himself, but he has not built his act so as to make it sure fire. Things must move rapidly in vaudeville these days. The movie is Theda Bara in "Madame Mystery."

As usual, have your own idea. But I have mine, and I blame the booker for putting acts together which does not turn out a vaudeville show that one expects to see on big time vaudeville.

At Keith's this week.

FINE DANCE ACT AT LYRIC THIS WEEK

Mitzi and her Dancers at the Lyric for the week are offering just what a would call a complete dance act. They do all the dances one sees now-days and then at the finale someone says Charleston, and they add that to the list.

The act is well mounted in every way. Costumes are designed with care and blend perfectly with the dances executed.

With Mitzi are seven women dancers, who seem to have been chosen for their ability to dance in a manner in keeping with their star. They are all fine.

Of the several dance portrayals given, two or three of them stand out as being extraordinarily fine, they were a dance suggesting the spirit of a racing meet, a southern minuet and an Indian dance. These dances were all much better than the case usually.

Will Stanton and Company in "The Night Club," have much merit in an old-fashioned cabaret. Mr. Stanton for the amusement of everyone present gets on a beautiful stage drunk. He is funny in this character without being pitiful. Also in the act were a violin solo by one of the men and some songs by one of the women accompanied on a harp.

Hall and Wilbur set out to accomplish, but one thing, that is to make one laugh. They succeed admirably. Their act consists of many comedy songs, "wise cracks" and general foolishness. Their best bet was the singing of snatches of a late popular song in several different languages. Was different and interesting.

Lane and Harper, a man and woman, besides doing a good song and dance act, introduce us to a new

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

PUTTING THEM ON RECORD

L. Ert Slack, candidate for the Democratic long-term senatorial nomination, in announcing his decision not to answer questionnaires, with which he has been flooded by numerous groups, organizations, uplift reform and social agencies, reveals one of the chief tribulations of candidates for public office.

He has received questionnaires asking whether he is for or against prohibition, child labor, State constabulary, workmen's compensation, State income tax, old age pensions, League of Nations, World Court, county unit school system, liquidation of foreign debts, and so on ad lib.

Putting candidates on record for or against some "cause" sponsored by a militant group of uplifters is now the favorite indoor amusement. Presumably if a candidate fails to reply favorably to the questionnaire of any particular group that group will attempt to defeat him at the polls. No matter if he is otherwise peculiarly qualified for the office he seeks and has transcendent ability and unquestioned integrity.

Of course any organization, or group of voters, has a perfect right to quiz candidates and ascertain their views.

But the questionnaire is grossly overworked. The character, ability and past record of a candidate are more important in determining his qualifications for office than a questionnaire. The candidates' answers to most of the questionnaires they receive are no more vital to the general public than their views on evolution or the nebular hypothesis.

THE IDEAL BOY FRIEND

Coeds at Indiana University, a recent symposium conducted by a student publication discloses, describes the ideal college man as tall, clean-shaven, rather handsomely built, with athletic build, devilish eyes, dark, wavy hair parted on the side, and a humorous manner.

According to the consensus of co-ed opinion the perfect young man should have plenty of money and be an immaculate dresser. He has a cheerful disposition, dances well and doesn't drink or swear.

How far most of us of the masculine sex are from this ideal is a game. They call it vaudeville baseball. They get some good laughs with their game.

Emerson and Baldwin are two men whose chief efforts are confined to a rather slapstick line of comedy. They were well liked. One interesting bit of theirs was the impersonation of some magical feats one sees on the stage. It was done in a burlesque manner and was good fun.

The Raistons open the bill with some very graceful posing. It is seldom that one sees a woman with the strength to do the things the woman of this act does.

The Three Whirlwinds close the show with a rather spectacular exhibition of fancy roller skating. Are a good act.

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

Other theaters today offer: "Let's Get Married," at the Ohio; "Beverly of Graustark," at the Apollo; "Mike," at the Circle; "With Sitting Bull at the Spring Lake Massacre," at the Isis; "Sandy," at the Colonial; and burlesque, at the Broadway.

culling persuasion fall short of the college girl's ideal.

Some of us are short, fat and asthmatic, with pug noses and bulging china blue eyes. Others are long and skinny built like a strand of barbed wire. Most of us are without money. Many have soured dispositions, and pay no attention to clothes. And dance abominably.

Apparently only Valentino and one or two professional sheiks of similar kidney can approach the co-ed's specifications for masculine perfection. The rest of us are hopeless also.

And yet these same girls, when it comes to picking husbands, will throw their specifications for masculine perfection away. See the sort of fellows they lead up to the altar in the next few years.

There will be scarcely a perfect specimen among them. Nevertheless, nearly every co-ed will be perfectly satisfied with her choice—and in many cases will live with him happily ever after.

They don't have to live with an ideal, but they do with husbands.

FOOLING THE CLOCK

Chicago clocks were pushed ahead one hour Saturday night, as the city and suburbs went on the daylight saving time schedule.

As a result of jumping an hour, it is estimated by statisticians, that Chicagoans lost a total of 342 years of sleep in a single night.

Every spring Chicago and many other cities in this part of the country adopt daylight saving time. Indianapolis jogs along contentedly on central standard time.

Yet we seem to have as much time at our disposal as those communities that run on daylight saving schedule.

What's the use of the daylight saving time? What's become of all the bright, shining hours its proponents claim it has saved?

For quite some time the day has consisted of twenty-four hours. The city council can't lengthen or shorten it or change the ratio of daylight to darkness.

With the daylight hours thus inexorably fixed by a higher authority than a city ordinance, it doesn't make any real difference whether 5 o'clock is called 4 or vice versa. Timepieces may be set forward one hour, stopped altogether, or be left at the pawnbroker's. Time would go on as usual. And the number of hours of daylight would remain unchanged.

So adoption of daylight saving time is merely fooling the clock. It doesn't fool time.

Friends of the system argue that it benefits the toiling masses. They have more daylight hours after their regular work is done to play golf, make gardens and indulge in other cultural pursuits.

In reality, about all setting the clocks ahead accomplishes is to confuse transient visitors and travelers. Nothing is saved—least of all tempers.

For whom and when was the District of Columbia named?

It was named in honor of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. The name was bestowed by Congress in 1790.

Can an inventor mark his goods "patented" while he has an application for a patent pending in the United States Patent Office?

When his patent is pending the inventor can manufacture and sell his goods under the mark "Patent Applied For."

Closing Out Retail Drapery Dept.

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