

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.

KILLING THE PRIMARY

It is rather unfortunate that a party which is dedicated to government by the people should take so reactionary a stand as to pledge itself to destroy the primary as a means of nominating candidates.

It is true that the primary has its faults and its difficulties.

It is true that it has often produced candidates for office who were highly objectionable.

It is true that the cost of running for a State office is such as to cause many men of merit to pause before dedicating themselves to public service.

But it is also true that, bad as it is, it is much better than the convention system which robs the voter of any voice whatever in the naming of candidates.

The best argument for the primary is the atmosphere and the conduct of the two State conventions which have just been held.

They were alike in their essentials. The conduct of the delegates did not differ.

Those conventions brought to this city a thousand men and women for each gathering and of that thousand, not more than a dozen in either group had a voice or an expressed opinion.

These conventions were comparatively unimportant in that they dealt with minor State offices and control of the party machinery.

The direct primary was adopted not only in this but in other States when professional politicians had so obtained control of political parties that the voter had no voice in the selection of his officials.

Selfish interests can much more easily control conventions than they can all the voters.

The primary is a loaded gun, not often used it is true, but always there as a defense against outrage and violence to the public conscience.

The Republican party did not quite have the nerve to go the lengths to which the Democratic party pledged itself, but it will offer no protest if the Democratic party, taking leadership, starts an effort to abolish the primary system.

To kill the primary means that the government of this State will be delivered without hope of defense, to a bipartisan group of politicians who will manipulate the conventions in every city and county and in the State.

The faults of the primary should have been corrected and an effort made to make the will of the people easier, not harder, of expression.

A pledge to make independent voting possible and easier instead of impossible would have been more in keeping with the spirit of the party of Jefferson.

In an hour when that fine slogan "back to the Constitution" was being raised, it is unfortunate that it is proposed to take away from the people the one weapon of defense against professional control of parties.

MARRIAGE A LA ADVICE

Berlin is about to launch an interesting experiment in the form of a municipal marriage advice bureau.

Both the married and the about-to-be-married who feel the need of a guiding hand may call at the bureau for advice.

In the main, it will serve the eugenists, as its prime purpose is to deter the physically and mentally unfit from the holy state.

A very fine idea! If anyone goes to the bureau. We have ever observed that when a swain and damsel desire to marry, they will, regardless of all the reasons why they should not for the betterment of the race.

Although the results and effects of marriage are social in the larger sense its inception ever seems to remain a purely personal none-of-your-business affair.

WHERE MEN GROW YOUNG

Have you ever heard of Cardiff Hill? It rears above Hannibal, Mo., overlooking the Mississippi River, and on it they have just unveiled a bronze, life-size statue of two bad boys and presented it to the youth of the United States.

You probably know those boys. They never lived in the sense that they "felt dawn and saw sunset glow." They dwelt in the pages of books, but they live yet in our hearts. They are, to those of us who have spent happy hours laughing at them—and perhaps crying a little over them—the eternal symbols of American boyhood.

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn! What finer memorial could be erected to Mark Twain than this statue of his imperishable characters in the very town where the famous humorist-author spent his own boyhood days?

On Cardiff Hill, meeting place of Tom Sawyer and his gang; where Tom fought and played and dreamed of finding buried treasure; where the moon one night looked down on a murderous knife-thrust by "Injun Joe" and two small boys hurried away from the graveyard as fast as frightened legs would carry them.

Mark Twain never forgot that hill. In "Tom Sawyer," he says, "The locust trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossom filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, restful and inviting."

In his autobiography, written long years after "Tom Sawyer," he says, "I can remember the drowsy and inviting summer sounds that used to float in through the open window from the distant Boy Paradise, Cardiff Hill."

Mark Twain himself once ran through the village streets of Hannibal, played on the little islands in the Mississippi that to Tom and Huck were pirate lairs, and romped in barefooted abandon, amid "drowsy summer sounds," on Cardiff Hill. For Twain, we know now, was writing about himself when he wrote about Tom Sawyer, Tom's sweetheart, Becky Thatcher, was present at the unveiling of the statue. In real life she is Mrs. Laura Frazier.

Delectable Land; Boy Paradise. That, says Twain, was Cardiff Hill. But think of the delectable land and the boy paradise that he opened to millions when he wrote "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn" and immortalized the finest thing on earth, the bad boy.

For Tom and Huck, you know, were bad. Not malicious. Just plumb mischievous and wholesomely real. Huck smoked a cornucopia and Tom "fessed" his Aunt Polly and fought with the village boys. Tom played hooky and Huck wouldn't go to school at

all. But in their hearts they were clean and fine, and we love them.

Can it be that you are one of those who have never read Tom and Huck? Never got lost with Tom and Becky in the cave? Never floated down the Mississippi with Huck on a raft? Never laughed at lovable old Aunt Polly as she tried to discipline the irrepressible Tom? Never listened to Huck's philosophy?

If you have never done these things you are indeed unfortunate. But it is not too late. By all means, run to the library and borrow Huck and Tom. Better still, buy the books and read them over and over. Read them and never grow old. Read them and go back to the boy paradise, back to the fragrance of locust blossoms on Cardiff Hill, close to the "Father of Waters."

SOLOMON WAS A PIKER

Five men have decided that one hundred twenty-five million people should be satisfied with prohibition as it now stands.

"We believe the Eighteenth Amendment to be morally right and economically right," declare these five wise men, members of the committee of the Senate appointed to consider the proposal for modification of the prohibition law.

"A national referendum," opine the wise men, "is not provided for and it is our belief it was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution that a national referendum should ever be attempted."

Could Solomon himself have been more wise than these sagacious Senators?

BRITAIN ALSO ASININE

Charles Edward Russell, Socialist candidate for Governor of New York in 1910-12, and writer, yesterday was refused permission to land in England, a United Press cable announced last night.

Why they would not allow him to land, nobody seems to know. The British officials, the dispatch said, "declined to comment."

This gives us the best little chance to cackle we've had since, we don't know when. Because Russell was barred? To the contrary. But because our country has done so many things in that line lately that we can't help being glad that Britain can be chuckle-headed sometimes, too.

Charles Edward Russell barred out of England! Charles Edward wouldn't harm a fly. He is one of the gentlest men, and while he may have his own ideas about things, as every one should have, not one of them would hurt the smallest or meanest of God's creatures.

Maybe Britain is paying us back for barring the Countess Cathcart or their communist member of Parliament, Saklatvala, or something.

Funny, isn't it, what absolutely asinine things can happen.

FAME!

Who should be credited with the first train robbery? This question comes up in a recent tome about the picturesque Jesse James, who has always been "credited" with staging the first train robbery on July 21, 1873.

The book explains that James was credited with many exploits really performed by other members of his gang but which were hung on him because the alliterative quality of his name made it easy to remember.

One wonders if Jesse James would thank his champions who seek to prove that some of his stirring feats were performed by others.

There is a certain type of humanity which basks in the notoriety of crime, just as there are types that date on the publicity given them for less anti-social achievements.

Garbage men worked harder before salads were invented.

Being in debt isn't even an interesting experience.

About all most of us get out of our gardens is a few blisters on our hands to brag about.

If you want grass to grow on your lawn try planting a garden there.

The world could be worse. Suppose you had to lather the lawn before you cut the grass?

One fine thing about summer is you don't try to spit out the auto window when it is closed.

A good sport is a fellow who figures fun is worth the trouble.

THAT BATHTUB PARTY

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

There has been a lot of stir about Earl Carroll's bathtub party. Most people condemn it and never stop to think that it had its good points.

Mr. Carroll, as theatrical manager, is acquiring some excellent publicity which will probably make his show one of the high-priced places of amusement in New York. The young lady who sported, Venus like, in the wine, is duplicating the act upon a Manhattan vaudeville stage and getting a handsome salary. She might have had to go into a factory for this. Mr. Cobb has had an opportunity to reiterate the excellent opinion he holds of his literary ability, and gets his picture in the papers. The lawyers are getting some handsome fees. The dries and wets both have more good material for their campaigns, and we, the proletariat, are given another chance to thrill over the wickedness of the rich in the great city.

Newspapers always get excited over such pranks. They know their readers always prefer to know the intimate details of such an occasion than to pore over the President's last speech.

We simply love to study naughty goings-on like this. It gives us such a fine chance to compare our many excellences with the wickedness of other people. Earl Carroll's party might have been worse, too. Suppose, for instance, that Irve Cobb, after several cocktails, had decided to occupy the bath tub himself. How many pints of excellent liquor might have been spilled over the floor and utterly wasted!

Or what if Mr. Carroll had not been able to get champagne and had been obliged to use some of the mid-Western corn liquor that we inlanders are compelled to utilize whenever we feel the urge to imbibe. In that case the young lady of the bath tub would have been not only stewed, but boiled.

Or suppose that the facts about this party had never gotten into the papers at all. We would have missed lots of fun.

Here Are Four 'Haunted House' Victims at English's



Among the victims of many exciting events in "The Haunted House" are four members of the

Berkell Company, now at English's. They are, left to right, Herbert Dobbins, Robert St. Clair,

Dick Elliott and J. F. Marlow. They are regular members of the Berkell Players. Dobbins and St.

Clair are remembered from other seasons, but Marlow and Elliott are playing their first season here with Berkell.

Tracy

A Democratic Opening
 The Man's the Thing
 Al Smith's Handicap
 Two Governors

By M. E. Tracy

While Congress is stalling over the French debt, farm relief, migratory birds, Muscle Shoals, and some other things and while the White House spokesman is trying to convince himself that there isn't a surplus in the treasury or if there is, there ought not to be, let's talk politics.

Obviously the Democrats have their chance, a much brighter chance than any one would have supposed two years ago.

Lack of leadership in the Coolidge Administration or more accurately perhaps, its subordination to big business and brilliant influence has created an unfavorable impression throughout the country.

The Republican party is torn with dissension and discord. Administration support is almost equivalent to defeat for primary candidates.

Things have grown so bad that President Coolidge has been warned not to come out for Butler in Massachusetts.

If Cummins beats Brookhart in Iowa the Administration can consider itself lucky and if he does, the election of another Democratic Senator from that State next fall is more than possible.

But if the Democrats have such an unexpectedly fine chance, what are they going to do with it?

Are they going to be content with an accidental and temporary triumph, or will they make use of it to reconstruct the party and give the nation what it has lacked so long.

What happens this year will largely determine the program for 1928 and more important still, the presidential nominee.

The program is essential, of course, but the nominee counts for more.

It is not platforms that we really vote for, but men to make them and carry them out.

If the Democratic party doesn't pick a good candidate for 1928 it can frame the best platform in the world and still not get anywhere.

If it does pick a good candidate, it can run him on most any kind of a platform that is safe and sane.

So we come to names—Al Smith of New York; Ritchie of Maryland; Donahoe of Ohio; Jimmy Cox, McAdoo, etc.

Of all these Governor Smith is the most outstanding figure. If the convention were held tomorrow, he would go into it with the largest flock of delegates.

He has made a fine chief executive for the largest State in the Union, is popular in the East and is liked most everywhere for his fearless progressiveness.

He has come up from the ranks, a splendid type of self-made man. I am a great admirer of his pluck, ability and, above all else, good common sense.

But in my opinion he is not the right man for the Democrats to nominate if they expect to win. Too much New York; too much Tam-

many; too much Wall Street; too much of a wet complex; too much to forget of what occurred in the 1924 convention, none of which represents a great difficulty by itself, but which forms a handicap that would be hard to overcome.

The South would fall in line, of course, because the South can be depended on to fall in line for anything that bears the Democratic label, but the West wouldn't, and it is in the West that the battle would be lost or won.

The center of population is now in Indiana, which means that the center of impulse and movement is there also.

This Nation is no longer dominated by the Atlantic seaboard as it once was, but by the prairie States, the grain belt and the automobile business.

That is something which politicians cannot afford to disregard.

A New Yorker is not barred from the presidency or even a Vermont, as Coolidge proves, but the West will be served and any kind of a type and origin that does not appeal to it is barred.

So the city of the city, the city of the soil, the greatest city, the city of Wall Street and Tammany Hall.

Besides that, he was leader of one of the factions which plunged the Democratic party into the worst row it has had since the Civil War.

And if he is handicapped by that memory, so is his opponent, William G. McAdoo. It is unfortunate that two such able leaders should have done so much to make themselves unavailable through an excess of bias, but it is a fact that the Democratic party would only be making another mistake if they refused to recognize it as such.

To mention only two possibilities, Ritchie has made a good Governor of Maryland and Donahoe is as good a Governor of Ohio as Smith of New York.

The Democratic party does not lack timber, but people are always saying it does lack the capacity to pick and prune its timber.

Times Readers Voice Views

To the Editor of The Times:

Jim Watson's apology for Coolidge on account of his stand on the World Court places Jim alongside the short-tailed shrew mouse that in a confiding manner besought his fellow shrews not to be unduly impressed with the majestic stride and stature of the elephant that had just passed; assuring them that these were inherited traits, and, but for these would be as small and insignificant as they. If Watson should be selected this fall, as he should not be, it will demonstrate that a surprising number of Hoosier Republicans are suffering political strabismus. They will not be viewing things in their true proportions and perspective. There is a widespread impression abroad in the State that Jim was for the court himself till he received the five or more letters from organized propagandists. Here's believing the returns in November will show he jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

E. P. McCASLIN,
 5901 Dewey Ave.

LIES; TERM DOUBLED
 NEW YORK, June 4.—Because Joseph Bravata lied in telling Judge Taylor that a robbery for which he had just been sentenced to 27 years imprisonment was his first offense, the judge doubled the penalty.

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Questions and Answers

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times, Washington Bureau, 1325 New York Ave., Washington D. C., enclosing 3 cents in stamps for reply. Medical, legal and marital advice cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive personal reply. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

How does the Trans-Andine Railway tunnel between Valparaiso and Buenos Aires in South America compare with the Simplon tunnel through the Alps?

The Trans-Andine tunnel is five miles long and 10,486 feet above sea level. The Simplon tunnel is twelve and one-half miles long and is the longest railway tunnel yet completed.

How many market gardeners are there in the United States?
 About 450,000. This includes farmers who grow potatoes on a large scale and fruits for canning.

What is the large bird that battles tin-tin-tin in his latest picture?
 There is a thrilling fight between the dog and an eagle in his latest picture "The Night Cry."

Otto Stark Memorial Exhibition Opens at Herron Art Institute Here Sunday

The Otto Stark Memorial exhibition opens Sunday, June 6, in galleries ten and eleven at the John Herron Art Institute in this city.

The exhibition will continue through June and there will be approximately sixty canvases and thirty water colors and sketches. The exhibition will be opened Sunday with a special program of music at 4 o'clock.

Otto Stark was a life-long resident of Indianapolis and sincerely interested in its progress in artistic ways. As a young boy he became interested in lithography and later in the practical study of painting and illustration. His studies took him to the Art Students League of New York and later to L'Academie Julien in Paris and in schools in Dusseldorf and Munich.

He exhibited twice at the Paris Salon; at the International Exhibition of Art and History in Rome, 1912; at the Panama Pacific Exhibition, where he had charge of the Indiana Exhibition; at the Argentine Exposition; and in St. Louis.

Coming nearer home, he exhibited annually for years in his own studies or at the H. Lieber Company; at the Annual Exhibitions of Work by Indiana Artists held in the Art Institute; in the Circuit Exhibitions of Indiana Paintings, at the Indiana State Fair; and more recently at the Hoosier Salon in Chicago.

Prizes which his work secured included the Foulke Prize in Richmond, Ind., in 1908; the J. Irving Holcomb Prize at the Art Institute in 1915; and prizes at both the 1925 and 1926 Hoosier Salons in Chicago.

Among the societies of which he was a member were the Societe des Beaux Arts at Belles Lettres, Paris; the Portfolio Club of Indianapolis; the Indiana Artists Club, and the Society of Western Artists, not now in existence, but of which he was treasurer for many years.

For twenty years Mr. Stark was in charge of the art work at Emmerich Manual Training High School, and during part of that time he also taught composition classes in the art school of the John Herron Art Institute.

Among the list of his pupils are many names familiar to the Indiana art public, including Simon P. Baus, Paul Hadley, Helen Jacoby, William Scott, Elmer Taftinger, Murray Wickard, Charles Dyer, Clara Leong and S. Diemond, Walter Jack Duncan, Chase Cassidy, Herbert Moore, Harry Emerich and many others.

Many of Mr. Stark's paintings are familiar to Hoosier art lovers, but there will doubtless be something

hitherto unknown for everyone who visits the exhibition. And it will, moreover, afford an opportunity for comparative view of many canvases and sketches by the artist.

"Print Lovers Sunday" is a new venture on the part of the print department of the art institute. The invitation is extended especially to those who have enrolled in the classes in the appreciation of prints conducted by the museum during the past three winters, and also to the print makers of the city, but all who are interested in the making or preservation of prints will be welcomed. At 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 13, Miss Dorothy Blair, curator in charge of prints, will be in the print room for conference and discussion, and will speak briefly on the new exhibition of etchings from the permanent collection, which will open at that time.

Under the direction of A. E. Condon, the county superintendents will meet at the John Herron Art Institute for their meeting on June 11. Director Mackean will speak on "The Appreciation of Art—Its Educational and Cultural Value." The College of Music and Fine Arts will arrange a musical program for the superintendents.

LOOKING OVER NEW EVENTS AT PALACE

Frank Van Haven, at the Palace today and tomorrow, is just about the first fellow on the stage who is able to take it just seriously enough to feel at home and make everyone else forget that they were in a theater.

Walking on and off stage, muttering to himself, and telling everybody to "wait a minute, I'll be back," Van Haven amused all present to such an extent that before the act was half through the audience would indulge in a hearty laugh if he did nothing but turn around. His act apparently is supposed to be concerned with "fake" tricks of magic, but the main thing is Mr. Van Haven and his comedy.

Mack and Daganova, with Massimo and Folly have a well set up act in which there are present a good dancing team, a violin soloist of merit and some excellent gymnastic feats by two men.

Operatic Tid Bits is an act composed of seven people, who have selected the most popular parts of several of the operas and give them in a very excellent manner.

Stanley and Wilson Sisters is a man and two women who entertain

with comedy by all three and some good singing and dancing by the women.

Gautier's Dogs feature tricks by these very intelligent animals and features a dog dancing the Charleston. A dance must be pretty popular when the animals take it up.

Bill includes a photograph "His Master's Voice" and a News Reel. At the Palace today and tomorrow, (By the Observer.)

Other theaters today offer: "The Haunted House" at English's; "The Good House" at Keith's; Corinne at the Lyric; "Wet Paint" at the Ohio; "Wild Justice" at the Uptown; "Wages for Wives" at the Colonial; "Torrent" at the Apollo; "Ransom's Folly" at the Circle; "The Checkered Flag" at the Isis.

THE VERY IDEA!

By Hal Cochran
 The new hotel proprietor wished to take worthy precautions against fire—so he insured the place for twice what it was worth.

Maybe the beauty of a fish is only in deep.

Any husband who holds the purse strings feels that there is no such thing as the sweet buy and buy.

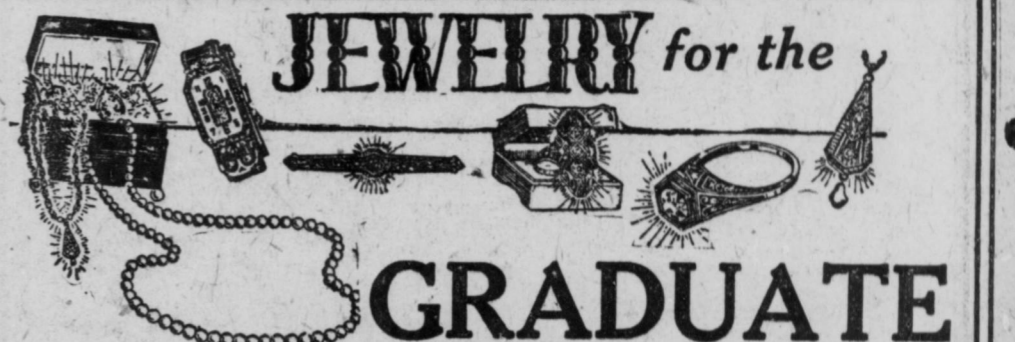
The coppers in the cellar peeked. And watched some fluid bubble. The man intended brewing wine. But only brewed some trouble.

You may have your favorite kind, but the best thing to put into pie is your teeth.

The more you contract debt, the larger it grows.

FABLES IN FACT

HE WAS A STRANGER IN TOWN AND WAS HAVING A TOUGH TIME FINDING THE STREET HE WAS LOOKING FOR PERIOD IT SO HAPPENED THAT HE CAME TO A CORNER WHERE FOUR DIFFERENT STREETS BRANCHED OUT AND HE GOT SO FUSED TRYING TO DECIDE WHICH ONE TO TAKE COMMA HE TIER UP TRAFFIC PERIOD A COP TOLD HIM WHERE TO HEAD IN PERIOD (Copyright, 1926, NEA Service, Inc.)



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