

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.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

It looks as though the farmer isn't going to get anything out of his demand for relief this year except a candidate for president.

And that candidate may be—saints preserve us!—Charles G. Dawes, if it isn't—Heaven help us!—Frank O. Lowden or even—and this you won't believe—Senator Jim Watson, of Indiana!

That is just about the political situation that has developed out of the Senate's struggle over the Haugen bill, desired by the farmers, and the Tinscher bill (now the Fess bill) desired by President Coolidge. Remember a few days ago the situation in Washington shifted around to the point where Jim Watson stood forth as the champion of the horny-handed tillers of the soil.

Jim, a natural born administration man, if ever there was one, was to be seen leading the opposition to the administration.

That indicated only one thing: Jim's belief that the administration was on the skids and that he didn't intend to slide out of the picture with it.

Coolidge is through, Jim seems to say to himself, and I've got to find me another hero. The hero turned up in the person of Vice President Dawes.

It was the voice of Jim that was heard in the din of the debate thereafter, but it was the hand of Dawes that pointed the way. Dawes always considered a presidential possibility, was generally agreed to have come out into the open.

But there are some who say that Dawes couldn't have figured out this opportunity for himself. That agriculture isn't his line. Behind Dawes, said these, was former Governor Lowden, who has been saving the farmer—from the platform—for many months.

Well, Lowden's ambition has not been shrouded in secrecy. He wants to be President and has wanted to be for a long time. Why would Dawes further his ambition? Ah, there's where the heart throb comes in. It seems that the relation between Lowden and Dawes rivals the historic friendship of Damon and Pythias. Either would lay down his life or his bank roll to make the other President. Chicago people say this is as true as anything can be. Lowden and Dawes haven't decided yet which has the best chance for the nomination. When they have decided they will both be for him.

It is only in case they decide that neither has a chance, that Watson is to be given consideration.

There's the politics that has come out of the farmers' fight, according to the best of Washington grape-vine dispatches. The farmers can mull it over during the months that intervene between now and nomination time. It may look simple enough from the standpoint of Lowden, Dawes and Watson. But there is this fly in the gravy: Following the revulsion of money spending in Pennsylvania and Illinois, candidates may be required to come into the next convention with clean hands.

Someday may recall that it was extravagant spending of money that cost Lowden the nomination in 1920. Someday may recall Dawes' connection with the La Salle Street bank failure. Someday may recall the Mulhall investigation, in which Senator Jim was the principal figure.

Of course, everybody may forget all three things. In that case, farmers, there they are. Take your choice. Lowden, Dawes or Watson!

THE LOGICAL RESULT

Very righteously the Federal judge for this district denounces the methods used by prohibition enforcement agents in the gathering of evidence.

He enters his protest against the gay parties at which women lull the suspicions of the bootleggers by their presence, the setting of traps, the lavish purchase of evidence and the apparent avidity with which much of it is consumed on the spot.

His protest is but an echo of the disgust on the part of very many citizens who are somewhat appalled by the extremes and innovations brought about by the attempt to enforce this law.

The Volstead law is an open invitation to every abuse to which decent men object.

The Wright law in this State is a still greater invitation to all these practices of deception and trickery and snooping which are so objectionable.

As a matter of fact, it is probably impossible to enforce the law in any case unless the agents of the law become spies and snoops.

About the only persons who could be caught otherwise are those who operate stills. There would be no punishment for the vendors, if the evidence were not obtained by tricks.

From such gentle custom of getting evidence it is but a small step for the agents to employ objectionable persons as tools and to become the victim of the habits they are presumed to suppress.

The believers in the Volsteadism understand this when they contribute thousands of dollars for the purpose of buying booze from men they wish to prosecute.

They can not be shocked by this degradation of the tools of some agents when it is exposed.

The protest of the Federal judge but repeats the natural reaction of the normal American man and woman to such a situation.

Most people, who want temperance and who hoped for it through law, did not suspect that these unsavory sequences would follow and be practically the sole result of prohibition.

They had expected sobriety and got snoops and spies.

It may be pessimistic to predict that no matter how vigorously judges protest against these practices, they will continue if there is to be any effort made to enforce the law.

For the fault is not with the agents, but with the law itself, which openly invites every vicious practice condemned in enforcement agents.

It is and has been the cause of debauchery, corruption, bribery, blackmail, and indecency.

The real remedy lies in changing the system rather than in protesting the personal practices of officials.

PUTTING A WALLOP

Some two-score years ago one Oliver Henry Wallop, tiring of English scenery and yearning for new horizons, came to America to find adventure and, mayhap, prosperity.

He found both. He settled on a ranch in Wyoming forty-two years ago, wrested a living from the soil, married an American girl, reared him some

children, became a prosperous landholder and served honorably in his State's Legislature.

Over in England the seventh earl of Portsmouth died last year, and it was discovered that the heir to his title and fortune was none other than Oliver Henry.

Would Oliver Henry renounce his American citizenship, go to England, become an earl, take his place in the House of Lords and wax fat on inherited coin? No, he maintained stoutly, he would not. The fortune could go hang. So could the blawsted earldom. He had all the money he needed, and the title, American citizen, was good enough for a plain man who had learned long ago to do without fancy *foi de rois*.

The welkin rang with acclamation for sturdy, good old Wallop. America was good enough for him. That was the stuff, Oliver Henry.

But something happened. Prompted, evidently, by the desire to see what kind of shape England was in, Mr. Wallop crossed the high seas to cast on the tight little island a critical eye of inspection.

And now he comes back, announcing that he has undergone a change of mind and that future generations of Wallopps are responsible for his decision to accept the title and its appurtenances. It is not so much that he craves the earldom for himself, but it is a rather tidy thing to pass along to the eldest of the male issue.

It would not be fair, nor would it be honest, to criticize Oliver Henry for his change of heart. American citizenship is one thing; on the other hand, a bloomin' earldom is another. America, it is true, had given him a good living, but he had earned it; he had served.

We are derved sorry to lose Oliver H. Wallop, but our loss is England's gain—and anybody who has pioneered so rigorously in Wyoming can hardly be blamed for wanting to do a little pioneering among England's peers. Our guess is that Mr. Wallop will make a good, solid, upstanding earl.

THE MOMENT OF HESITATION

On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia arose in the Continental Congress to declare that "these United States are, and ought to be, free and independent States."

It was a moment charged with suspense. Members looked at one another wonderingly. The older, the more conservative, shook their heads. It was the dream of a young radical, a lovely dream, but it could never be.

Britain was too mighty. Her power stretched over the seven seas and her word was law around the world. A disorganized band of colonies, arrayed against the world's empire in the heyday of her power!

And so the sensible members of the Continental Congress arose, one by one, and cast their doubts. Some day, perhaps, they said, but not now. Be patient, wait.

John Adams, the smiling intellectual, the condescending, was the first to respond to the call of the fiery young Virginian.

"Second the motion," he said. Faces were turned toward him in awe.

It was a great Congress, but like any other. There were proposals, counter-proposals, haggling, sparring for time, oratory. It was a great Congress pausing on the brink of war and disaster.

The middle colonies reared their scarecrows. The French might fear a rising power and unite with England to divide the colonies as possessions. The campaign might be unsuccessful, and "it might be better to propose an alliance with Great Britain while our affairs wear a hopeful aspect."

It was the dreaded offer of compromise. It was the time to call for the test, the showdown. Lee called for it.

"Vote now," he demanded, three days after, he had introduced his resolutions, "and let the dissenters take their time."

Lee had taken the way things are done. The colonies voted, seven to five, to let Jefferson head a committee and go ahead with the framing of a Declaration of Independence. Thus the way was paved for that first great July Fourth. Thus the way is paved for every great advance, for every new movement—by "voting now and letting the dissenters take their time."

THE TRAIL OF YOUR DOLLAR

Every home in the country pays tribute for gas, electricity, water or some form of public utility. Perhaps it has not occurred to us that the utilities themselves also must pay rent.

At present the public utilities of the country are contributing about 700 million dollars annually toward general taxation. This is about one-quarter of the entire amount paid by all the incorporated industries of the country.

The public utility company divides your dollar into cost of fuel, labor, interest on securities and various other items. But the most interesting is the great tax burden the companies bear, pouring into the public coffers between \$22 and \$23 every second of the day.

Any consideration of municipal or government ownership should not be without these facts.

WATSON HONORED

Senator Curtis of Kansas, as chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, yesterday appointed Senator Watson of Indiana chairman of a subcommittee to pass on Senator La Follette's resolution to purify senatorial primaries by limiting candidates to the expenditure of \$25,000.

Considering that Watson was an active defender of Newberry and that he sneaked out of the chamber recently to avoid voting on Senator Reed's resolution to investigate senatorial primaries it looks as if Senator Curtis wanted to laugh himself to death or to kill the La Follette resolution in a humorous manner.

There are people with such steady nerves they can sit and let a phonograph run down without even wanting to wind it.

Keep out of the limelight. It may make you look like a lemon.

Some men rise by airplane and others by plain air.

Tracy

Keeping the Nation's Blood Clean Is Ugly Business Sometimes.

By M. E. Tracy

It is an ugly business, this deportation of aliens from the United States—a business that breaks women's hearts and blights men's souls—but it has to be carried on for there is trickery, crime and disease to guard against.

Two hundred of them are waiting at Ellis Island right now to be taken back overseas, some criminal, some insane, some who sneaked across the border and are gathered mostly from the Middle West.

There are a dozen more who must go back because of false passports for which they paid good money.

Somewhere there is a powerful syndicate at work making these false passports and selling them to the ignorant and credulous for as much as \$1,000 apiece.

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A Happier Part

Once in a while the immigration authorities have a happier part to play, a part that enables them to satisfy some heart's desire, instead of blasting it.

Such is the case of Solomon Kornfeld, who is on his way to Cleveland, or soon will be, to meet the little sister whom he left and lost sixty-eight years ago, when as a boy of 13, he journeyed to a neighboring Russian village to sing for a pair shoes.

He didn't get the pair of shoes, so he journeyed to another town and still another, with travelling minstrels, perfecting himself in music and finally settling in Germany.

Last year, his sister, Mrs. Rebecca Adelstein, who had moved to the United States and married, advertised in European papers in an effort to locate him.

The far-flung message found its mark and the sunset glows for the two children, who have been separated so long, but whose love lingered through the years.

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Issue Blind

A friend takes me to task for suggesting that Pennsylvania could clean up their rotten political situation quickest and easiest by electing the Democratic candidate, William B. Wilson, Senator.

He says that Wilson is dry and that, since I favor modification of the Volstead act, it is inconsistent to recommend his election.

Maybe, but I hope never to get so excited over modification of the Volstead act, or any other issue, as not to realize that crookedness and corruption are the most deadly enemies of a Republican form of Government.

We have become too issue-minded in this country for our own good, too inclined to vote for men, because of what they believe with regard to some particular thing, rather than for what they are.

You can't get clean laws, or clean enforcement of laws, through unclean men.

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We're Patriotic, Too

Why did civil opera fall to pay again in Chicago last year and why does it fail to pay most everywhere?

Ninety-three performances were given at an approximate cost of \$20,000 each, while the receipts were only about \$16,000, leaving a deficit for the season of practically \$400,000.

Does this prove that the people are inartistic, that prices were too high, or that a comparatively few musical enthusiasts are trying to reincarnate a spectacle that has lived its day?

Personally, I like grand opera, but I am not sold on the idea that it is either an essential or a permanent form of art.

It will never appeal to the American public, until it embodies more of the national spirit and tradition.

Italian, French and German opera won a place for itself not through the excellency of its music, but because it breathed an atmosphere of patriotism and folklore which the people understood.

We can import the instruments and composition, but we cannot import the atmosphere.

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Poor Guessers

The creditmen's association of Kansas City wants horse racing stopped right now, and the reason is economic, not moral.

It says that from \$75,000 to \$125,000 are wagered each day, and that the losses have been so great as to interfere with the payment of regular bills.

You can look at the proposition two ways. You can assume that the horse folks have backed the wrong horses, or that the creditmen have backed the wrong horse folks.

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Hang o' the Cloth

Arthur Leslie Kelley, the British artist, doesn't think so much of our flapper, with her boyish figure, her straight silhouette and her "perfect twenty-eight."

In an exclusive interview with the United Press he declares that she is "only fit for magazine covers."

But isn't the fault in the drape, rather than the figure?

A man can parade in a barrel, or a dress suit, and still be the same man.

So a woman can be garbed to look like herself, or like an old-fashioned up-and-down churn.

The flapper isn't so different from her grandmother. It's the hang of the cloth that has changed.

What material can be used to cement rocks? Melted sulphur makes a good cement for some rocks and Portland cement has been used with success. If the pieces are very small a good grade of glue may be used to good effect and at times sodium silicate (water glass) is efficient.

You Must Come Over and See Pajamas Being Exhibited This Week at English's

By Walter D. Hickman
Am telling you—you must come over and see what is on the theatrical laundry list this week.

Just between us—they "am" pajamas. Said pajamas are being exhibited at English's by Miss Edythe Elliott in "The Mad Honey-moon."

And said exhibition is not improper but it is used as the alleged spice in a little nothing of the theater written for the theater by Barry Connors and called "The Mad Honey-moon."

The most daring thing about this farce with melodramatic tendencies is that, the heroine is married to the leading man in pajamas. Of course an overcoat covers nearly all of said pajamas but the pajamas are pajamas just the same. Said linen is used to a great extent in this play as a naughty thought is avoided in burlesque. I may be joking but the fact remains that there are numerous loud laughs in this little nothing of the theater. And being theater, Miss Elliott, Milton Byron, Robert St. Clair, William V. Hull and Dick Elliott play it as theater. The result being that the Burlesque Players this week have one of those offerings which causes one to laugh loud and broad. It is theater constructed for the very tired business man and the very busy but tired house wife.

I would not attempt to take "The Mad Honey-moon" seriously. It is only a prelude to the doing of better things on the stage.

And considered in that light, "The Mad Honey-moon" is funny theater along very apparent lines. A hot weather-dish.

The cast is as follows:
Rufus Colgate Herbert Dobbin
Marie Bernice Maxwell
Duke Wilson Robert St. Clair
Mrs. Shannon Jyes La Rue
Bill Cripps Bob Fay
Kennedy Y. Y. Brown
Peggy Colgate Edythe Elliott
Wally Spencer Milton Byron
Jimmy Ravlinson Tom Corle
Mrs. Edge Mildred Hastings
Furness Craydon William V. Hull
Obadiah Eads Dick Elliott

"The Mad Honey-moon" is on view all week at English's.

SAXOPHONE ORGANIZATION
TOPS NEW EVENTS AT LYRIC

A visit to the Lyric this week leaves me with the impression that there is a lot of melody in saxophones.

A number of young men are being presented in a saxophone offering called the Cadet Sextette. With six different "voiced" saxophones these men are able to get all kinds of melody and volume.

They have a snappy military school appearance. The entire act is refreshing and pleasing. The new note is needed in vaudeville today and this sextette has that new note. This act certainly has class and ability.

GAUL AND SEEN
IN "THE SEVENTH HEAVEN"

The very beautiful thing about the second production of "The Seventh Heaven," by Stuart Walker, under the direction of George Sommes was the really magnificent spiritual work of Mona Kingsley as Diane.

Diane, she played this role when George Gaul made possible the first presentation of this play in Indianapolis some weeks ago with Gaul playing the role which he created on Broadway.

The second critical seeing of this play has not dimmed the playing ability of Gaul. He "kissed" renewed life into the part. It would be easy to "kid" this part if he desired, but this man would not stoop that low. He gives a powerfully fine performance of a role that he has played many hundred times. But again, I call attention to the sympathetic understanding which Miss Kingsley gave to the role last

night. There is a very fine something, that heart thing and that real thing, which Miss Kingsley now brings to the part. Undoubtedly the finest performance that I ever had seen her give. Big soulful and real.

Again Teresa Dale has aged her "fing" as Nana, making her a real and terrible character. Not over-acted. Real theater. Ernest Cosart again is seen as Boul. Fine. Larry Fletcher was not at ease in the first act. Splendid in the third act.

Numerous changes in cast in minor roles from the first Walker performance. I missed Judith Lowry. The "fill in" at no time reached Mrs. Lowry's characterization.

At Keith's all week.

LOOKING OVER
NEW PALACE EVENTS

What should a good little wife do when her husband calls up from the office after the good little wife has just finished a hard day's work and says that he is bringing the "Big Boss" home for dinner? Too hard a question to answer on a summer day so will tell you where to find the answer. D'Armand and Hunter with Claude Schell, at the Palace today and tomorrow take this knotty little problem and work it into a humorous and slightly dramatic sketch. Besides the story of the sketch which is acted out in a most pleasing manner by all three we have several baritone solos by Mr. Schell that are excellent.

Whirlwind of Syncopeation is a well mounted and presented revue act in which dancing is the feature part. Two of the women have as specialties several harmony numbers which are also done in an entertaining way.

Armstrong and Blondell, a man and woman, with the man at the piano and the woman singing, offer several songs of the jazz type and some comedy.

Bender and Armstrong are two men who rely on their comedy presentations of the acrobat and the mind reader to put them across. They also do a little dancing for us.

The Herbert and Bolt trio open the bill with an athletic act. Bill includes a photoplay, "Bride of the Storm," with Dolores Costello and a news reel.

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

Other theaters today offer: "Good and Naughty," at the Apollo; "Miss Nobody," at the Circle; "Brown of Harvard," at the Ohio; "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," at the Uptown; "The Love Thief," at the Colonial; and "The Gentle Cyclone," at the Isis.

For whom was San Francisco named?

There seems to be some difference of opinion on the subject. Some authorities claim it was named for the old Spanish mission of San Francisco de Assisi. Others say it was named for the founder of the order to which Father Junipero, who discovered the bay, belonged.

What is the meaning of Tacoma?

It is an Indian name meaning "mountain."

What is the meaning and derivation of the name Kelly?

According to Gentry (a leading authority on names) it is Irish name derived from the "calla," a hood, frequently worn by old women.

Is it true that snakes do not die until sunset, irrespective of what time of day they are killed?

No. That popular superstition is due perhaps to the fact that the external appearance and attitude of a dead snake are much more like those of a live one, than is the case with most other animals. Moreover, the muscular system of the snake does not at once lose its power of reacting to a stimulus, and may move when touched.

Is the "Star-Spangled Banner" or "America" the national anthem of the United States?

The "Star-Spangled Banner" is recognized as the national anthem, although it has never been adopted by law officially. Regulations of it is played. It is customary for citizens to stand when the anthem is played. That formally usually is not displayed for "America."

If all the available water power in the United States was employed in generating electricity would it be sufficient to heat, light and supply power for the country?

The maximum potential water power in the United States is about 55 million horsepower. The amount of horsepower that would be required for domestic heating if the heat were furnished by electricity would be around 145 million horsepower. In addition there are about 10 million horsepower required to operate the manufacturing and public utility plants of the country.

Stage Verdict

KEITH'S — George Gaul again is playing his original role in "The Seventh Heaven." Mighty good theater. Mona Kingsley wonderful.

ENGLISH'S — "The Mad Honey-moon" is the lightest kind of entertainment and it is filled with many laughs. Laughing theater.

LYRIC — The Cadet Sextette, Henry Regal and Company, and Herbert and Neely are among the winners on this bill.

PALACE — D'Armand and Hunter in a marital sketch answer a perplexing question in a humorous way.

Questions and Answers

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1323 New York Building, Washington D. C. Inclosing 5 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. Unsigned requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor

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THE JUNE E-O-M

at Ayres'

TOMORROW

Brings a huge monthly accumulation of all sorts of oddments at extraordinary low clearance sale prices. Exceptional values in every department.