

# 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 Tinker 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 horned-handlers 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 considerations.

There's the politics that has come out of the farmers' fight, according to the best of Washington grape-vine dispatches, he farmers can null 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 revolts of money spending in Pennsylvania and Illinois, candidates may be required to come into the next convention with clean hands.

Somebody may recall that it was extravagant spending of money that cost Lowden the nomination in 1920. Somebody may recall Dawes' connection with the La Salle Street bank failure. Somebody may recall the Muhlenberg 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 pull 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 venders, 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 as 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 the 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

# 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 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 sixteen years ago, when as a boy of 16, he journeyed to a neighboring Russian village to sing for a pair of 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 civic opera fail 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 home folks have backed the wrong horses, or that the creditmen have backed the wrong home 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 chum.

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 Honeymoon." 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 Honeymoon."

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 liner 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 Berkell 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 Honeymoon" seriously. It is only a prelude to the doing of better things on the stage.

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

The cast is as follows:

Rufus Colgate	Herbert Dobbins
Duke Wilson	Robert D. Hickman
Mrs. Shannon	Robert St. Clair
Madeline	Jess La Rue
Kennedy	J. F. Marlow
Peggy Colgate	Edwin Elliott
Jimmy Rawlinson	Tom Coyle
Miss Edith	William Hastings
Miss Grandahl	Dick Elliott
Obediah Eads	

"The Mad Honeymoon" on view all week at English's.

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## 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.

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 heat were furnished by electricity.

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 "flair" as Nana, making her a real and terrible character. Not overacted. Real theater. Ernest Cossart again is seen as Soul. 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.

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## 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.

Ernest Pollack, with the assistance of three others, gets some real laughs in a little sketch telling of the troubles that a father has with his son.

Some clever pantomime is found in the offering of Snow and Sigworth. They have equipped their little offering with a clever set, showing a dream home of the newlyweds. They burlesque the quarrel just after the wedding and work up the idea to the point that it reaches clever entertainment.

I did not find so much genuine ability in the offering of Deems and Ross. The old man with pipey ideas being theater, Miss Elliott, Milton Byron, Robert St. Clair, William V. Hull and Dick Elliott play it as theater. The result being that the Berkell 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 did not get to see all of the movie. "The Devil Horse," with Rex, but what I saw convinced me that here was an unusual novelty well done.

On view at the Lyric all week.

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## GAUL AGAIN 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 Sonnes was the really magnificent spiritual work of Mona Kingsley as Diane. She played this role when George Gaul made possible the first presentation of this play in Indianapolis. It is 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