

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.

KNOW YOUR STATE

WHETHER of concrete, brick, stone or gravel, Indiana raw material is sufficient to construct a permanent roadway through every township in the State, at a minimum of production and transportation costs, and with every assurance of durability and service.

This city which gave direction to his thought and character might well erect a monument to the memory of Don Mellett, a martyr in the war for law and order and decency.

It was the city of Canton which sends back his lifeless body. It might quite as easily send any other city in this land where the politicians bargain with the lawbreaker and the criminal, giving protection for votes.

Don Mellett had the spirit of a crusader and the ideals of an American.

He believed that laws were made to be obeyed or repealed. He believed that the police were employed to arrest lawbreakers, not to guard them in their crimes. He believed in decency.

He found the police of that city were protecting criminals and lawbreakers. Vice ran unchecked and unrebuked and that the gambler, the bootlegger and the dive keeper were more powerful with the police than were the decent citizens.

So they killed him—these outlaws who had become powerful in politics and who were useful at election times to those who wanted honors and power.

Is Canton different from other cities? Is it worse than other places? Has it drawn together the vicious and the weak? Is it the one city in the country where the gambler and the bootlegger and the divekeeper and the criminal direct police policies?

Of course not. For the thing that was taking place in Canton is taking place, more or less openly, in every city.

When police fear to arrest men violating the law, when these enemies of society boldly parade their wares, when the eyes of the politicians watch for the returns from precincts known to be the haunts of vice, you have a city which can not afford to point the finger of shame to Canton.

Every city whose voters permit the bosses to trundle to these interests, who vote for tickets named by those who connive at disorder, is a potential Canton.

Don Mellett gave his life to the cause of decency. He died a hero's death.

But what shall be said of citizens, indignant and shocked today at this tragedy, who refuse to give an hour to the cause for which he died?

STRANGE TIME TO SELL

Official figures show that the Government-owned merchant fleet is rapidly approaching a money making status. Its annual deficit is a disappearing one.

Which accounts for the eagerness of private capitalists, and principally the Morgan-controlled International Mercantile Marine, to take over the best vessels of the Government-owned fleet.

In four years the deficit which Congress has been called upon to meet for operating the fleet has dropped from \$50,459,000 to \$13,900,000.

At which rate and with the present conditions in the shipping trade, a very few years should see the fleet not merely sustaining itself, but making money.

This favorable showing is made in spite of the fact that the shipping board has been selling at ridiculously low prices many of its best vessels, both passenger and cargo. The "President's ships" on the Pacific, sold for a song to the Dollar interests, were actually paying when sold.

The Leviathan is paying at present and it is believed, though the figures are not available, that several of the United States lines to be offered next month are "in the black."

The budget for the shipping board for 1927 is 66 per cent less than the appropriation for 1924. During 1924 there were 338 vessels in operation, making 1,374 voyages at an average loss of \$26,554 a voyage. While in the first six months of 1926 the 240 cargo ships remaining under the board made 512 voyages with an average loss of \$16,600 a voyage.

After the war all shipping was badly demoralized. Trade routes had been abandoned, business had stopped, and time was required to readjust the carrying trade to new conditions. The seven years which have passed since the war have seen a reviving trade and an increasing demand for ships. Our Government-owned merchant marine shared with private shipping firms in the lean times. Now when the market is a rising one and everybody else is buying ships, the Administration and the shipping board are proclaiming their eagerness to sell.

AN UNSOUND BANKING SYSTEM

Georgia is paying a heavy toll to reckless banking. Within a week 120 banks in Georgia and Florida—mostly in Georgia—which are tied up with the new defunct Bankers Trust Company of Atlanta, have closed their doors. A director of the Atlanta bank has committed suicide, presumably because of the financial disaster.

As near as can be determined, since the Bankers' Trust Company wasn't even listed as a bank and wasn't required to report to any bank supervising agency, the Georgia chain bank system worked something like this:

The Bankers Trust Company—not a bank—managed to act as a sort of reserve bank for small town banks throughout Georgia and in Florida. It borrowed funds from these banks, and paid them higher rates of interest than they could get in other places.

It also agreed to give them back their money when they needed it, and to grant them loans to tide them over emergencies. It also enabled the little banks to keep out of the Federal reserve system, and keep on charging fees for cashing checks. This check cashing business is a sore point among small southern bankers. They claim that a substantial share of their profits comes from collecting exchange on checks.

The Atlanta concern's central banking system

seemed to be working pretty well until the Bank of Umatilla called for \$400,000 which it had advanced to the Bankers' Trust Company. The trust company could not deliver and the Umatilla bank asked for a receivership. It was granted.

The failure of the Atlanta concern immediately frightened the little State banks, for which it had been acting as a central bank, and 120 of them have closed up shop.

The Georgia situation disclosed an unsound banking system. It's a case of an irresponsible investment house acting virtually as a reserve bank for a lot of small town concerns. It would be interesting to know in how many States the same thing is going on.

THE ICE-CARRYING TRIBE

Following the example set by Red Grange, numerous college football players are toting ice this summer in preparation for the fall gridiron campaign. Among them is Garland Grange, brother of the illustrious Harold.

He will be watched more closely than any of his ice carrying brethren. While all ice men may look alike to the casual observer, this young man is somewhat different. For it must be remembered that in him is the same blood that courses through the veins of the greatest ball carrier that ever pulled on a cleated shoe. He is of royal family. He is somehow set apart.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Modern medical science is taking entirely too many liberties with us. We yielded on tonsils, thyroid, teeth and blood pressure. Now doctors come along and declare that we can eat anything and that indigestion exists mostly in our imagination. Others, trying to say something equally sensational, announce that there will be no harm done if we don't eat at all.

Dr. A. L. Holland of Cornell medical school declares that it's all bosh to "know" that we can't eat cucumbers, or shellfish or doughnuts or any other of our pet aversions. A Boston physician says it is all right to drink ice water in summer, and adds that there is nothing dangerous in the combination of milk and cherry pie.

In the interest of "health" and for the purpose of centering national attention on the fact that people eat too much, a New Yorker has offered a prize of \$1,000 to the first man who walks from Chicago to New York and abstains from food during the hike.

Just what, if anything, are we to believe?

HE WENT, ANYWAY

Milutin Arandjelovic, Serbian boy, wanted more than anything else in the world to go to the United States. Believing that every steamer on the seas surely must sail to that great country, he shipped on a coastwise vessel and found himself in Massachusetts.

After that he stowed away on more than a dozen freighters, was taken to South America, India, Japan and nearly every Mediterranean port. Undaunted by abuse and the rigors of heaving coal, he tried again and again. Finally, he slipped aboard an American liner, hid under a tarpaulin hatch cover and nearly starved to death there before a sailor stepped on him and hauled him out.

Two years after Milutin set out for the land of his dreams he reached it, only to find that he was going to be sent back.

There ought to be some special dispensation for cases like that—some angel in the immigration department who could let down the bars.

Some people get so mad at the Government they threaten to vote.

Cat found its way from Florida to Pittsburgh. Maybe it saw the smoke.

Pennsylvania man inherited \$5,000,000. Now he can run for office.

The radio isn't perfected, but let's stop work on the telephone.

Paul Whiteman is in Berlin drinking forty glasses of beer daily, but we can't be jazz kings.

The corn belt is not a well-known foot plaster.

Skirts are designed by women who are afraid of rats.

PREACHING ABOUT WOMEN

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

The minister of Thornton Gap, Ky., who was slapped by a bobbed-haired maiden in his audience after he had said that all short haired women were headed straight for hell, got exactly what he deserved. Ministers have insulted women in their audiences often enough in this country of equal rights, and the time has come when they should be able to think of something else to preach about besides women and their shortcomings.

Any man who has a little intelligence that he will preach about bobbed hair and short skirts in this day, has no business in the pulpit anyway. He ought to be out plowing corn. But half the clatrup, called gospel, which is dished up by illiterate and uneducated ministers, concerns topics like card playing, dancing, women's dress and tobacco. They nearly always forget the real sins of men and confine themselves to a lot of balderdash about trivialities.

Ever since men started preaching they have used women as the subject of most of their violent diatribes. St. Paul, who knew little or nothing about the other sex, set them the example and they have never let up since. When they can't think of anything else to talk about they start on the misdeeds of women.

And all of this regardless of the quite obvious fact that if it were not for the women the Christian church today would probably be unknown. Women made up over half the early followers of Jesus, and today they do two-thirds of the work of keeping up every church in the land. Let the women suddenly quit their church work and most of the ministers would be without jobs. They raise a large share of the funds and make up most of the audiences.

The wonder is that we women have sat so long and listened to the insults hurled at us by the Christian clergy. Many a time I have longed to rise and commit the same deed that the Kentucky girl actually was brave enough to accomplish. I, for one, glory in her spirit. If a lot of preachers were dealt with thus, we might get more real gospel when we go to church and fewer inanities about our clothes.

Tracy

France Again Somersaults Without Getting Anywhere.

By M. E. Tracy

France has done another spectacular somersault, but without getting anywhere.

Brand wanted somebody put in control of her financial affairs, preferably his man Caillaux.

Herriot said this was asking too much of Parliament.

Martin thought that, though France might need a financial dictator and though some men could be trusted, Caillaux was not one.

Leaders and factions lined up on either side, some for one reason and some for another.

Personality and politics played an important part, while over it all reigned the illusion that France could wiggle out of her difficulties somehow without giving up too much.

The debate opened with odds of 2 to 1 that Brand and Caillaux would triumph, but ended in a premature explosion which threw them out of office.

Now Herriot, who had more to do with bringing that explosion about than any other man, perhaps, is premier and trying to form a cabinet.

Paris newspapers say that Parliament ought to be dissolved and elections ordered, but how can this be done with no budget voted and the government broke?

Besides, doesn't Herriot go into office with the declaration on his lips that Parliament should share in the problem of saving France?

Meanwhile, the franc continues to fall, while gamblers make paper profits, the radicals demand a capital levy on the rich and the rich wonder how long the government will continue to pay them 6, 7 or 8 per cent on the bonds they hold.

More Dire Calamity

English antiquarians claim to have found and deciphered another prophetic inscription on the great Pyramid.

Some dire misfortune is due to visit the world tomorrow, though no one seems to know its exact nature.

Spiritualists are confirming the forecast, but they too, are vague as to exactly what kind of a disaster is in store.

Some think it refers to the French situation, while others see a background for it in the British strike.

Still others look for a more dire calamity than either of these seems likely to involve.

It is one of those happily vague warnings which can be interpreted by anybody to his liking and thus find confirmation in a multitude of ways.

Even though Tuesday brings only the normal amount of death and misfortune, the very fact that so many are watching it will make the amount seem unusual.

About 100,000 people will die, while 150,000 babies will be born, that being the daily average for humanity. There will be wars, murders, suicides, floods, accidents and earthquakes, because there always are.

We never yet have enumerated the troubles that afflict humanity for a single day. If we should, they would appall us.

Weather Excitement

There has been more or less excitement about the low temperature prevailing this summer.

People have "read up" on the alleged summerless year of 1816 and speculated on whether we were being holding a recurrence of that phenomenon, or whether we might be drifting into another ice age.

An expedition has actually gone to Greenland to learn if the seasons were backward there.

Its first report, which has just been published, is to the effect that Greenland is enjoying an unusually early spring.

Display of Coolness

Having interrupted the preparation of his sermon Saturday night long enough to kill a man, the Rev. J. Frank Norris of Fort Worth, Texas, delivered it without a quaver on Sunday.

This is a surprising display of coolness.

Most of us would feel like keeping quiet after such an unhappy event, or, if we did talk, like showing some sign of sorrow.

Mr. Norris, however, appears to be sustained by a strong assurance that whatever he does is all right.

Common Law Practices

It is an age-old custom that ship captains can perform the marriage ceremony.

Now we are told by no less an authority than Chauncey G. Parker, counsel of the United States shipping board that there is some question as to the legality of such marriages.

Other authorities disagree. Mr. Axtell, counsel for the Neptune Association of Masters, Mates and Pilots, declaring that marriages performed at sea are just as legal as those performed by ministers, or justices of the peace.

The controversy revolves about a question that is coming to play a major part in our system of jurisprudence—the question of abandoning common law practices for those provided by statute.

There is no statute granting ship captains the right to marry, but their authority is embedded in an age-old tradition.

Suit brought by Joseph M. Vincel, representing J. M. Vincel & Co., against the Southern Railway Company for losses on a shipment of prunes, was on file in Circuit Court today. Vincel alleges the prunes were shipped from Oregon in a defective refrigerator car, and arrived here unfit for sale.

Put 'The Wise Guy' and 'Padlocked' on Your Movie Shopping List This Week

By Walter D. Hickman

Have a hunch that there will be at least two movies that most of the folks will see this week.

One of 'em that is going to be in great demand, if I am not all wrong, is "Padlocked," a powerful Rex Beach story of a modern man who was a complete master and

grant in his own home. The story is dramatic, powerfully unpleasant in theme at times, but acted so completely and with such a fine sense of the theater by a great cast that "Padlocked" becomes a towering bit of film drama.

And what a cast it has—headed by Lois Moran, Louise Dresser and Noah Berry.

It was directed by Allan Dwan and this is an important item, especially in these days when we are pining more and more for attention to the director. And that is just as it should be. Noah Berry has a role which is in keeping with his mighty fine talents of being

nasty nice, cruel and not too cruel, but to that point of dramatic understanding. As the rich hypocrite in "Padlocked" who attempts to reform the world and ruin his own home and his own happiness, Noah Berry probably has never done a finer piece of character acting.

And you are going to have plenty of time left after admiring the work of Berry to share in the dramatic and sensitive triumph of Lois Moran as the daughter of this old powerful hypocrite. I thought that Lillian Gish could do the mental suffering stuff before the eye of the camera better than anyone, but Miss Moran proves in "Padlocked" that she is an artist who is just coming into her own.

So she suffers and suffers doing it all so naturally that even extreme theatrical situations are made real by this very powerful young person of the screen. And again you will be pleased with Louise Dresser as the wise dame of fashion who is decent enough while being bad enough to do a very fine and big thing.

"Padlocked" is a powerful Paramount picture. It will command your interest from the very beginning. Here is a picture that is really dramatic. And what a cast.

So it will not be necessary to say he sure and see this one because they are going to talk about "Padlocked."

Bill includes "The Cow's Kimono," a news reel, Emil Seidel and his orchestra and Lester Huff at the organ.

At the Apollo all week.

DO NOT MISS "THE WISE GUY" AT CIRCLE

And there is another movie triumph on view this week. Its title is "The Wise Guy," with James Kirkwood, Mary Astor, Mary Carr, Ben Carson, George Marion and George Cooper. The director is Frank Lloyd and it bears a First National banner.

It looks like Frank Lloyd collected some of the real leaders from film's blue book to appear in "The Wise Guy."

If I may, let me urge you to be tolerant of the theme of "The Wise Guy." In a few words, the story concerns a faker, who discovers, to his way of thinking, that selling patent medicine of the street, corner is no different than selling a certain brand of religion. So with his bunch of crooks, this wise guy dolls up on his fancy talk and starts to sell religion just as he did medicine.

At first he laughed at the game and he laughed some more when the people fell for his line of religious gab. One by one of his followers get right with the better instincts. And then the wise guy in a dramatic scene realizes what a faker he really is. He goes to his pulpit in a big tabernacle, tells the world what a bum he really is and then goes to prison to pay for his many scenes.

I saw this picture at a private showing several weeks ago and I have had time to study it, giving it much thought. Here is a picture that will both interest you and make you think. It seems to me that this movie has a moral and yet it isn't preached into you, but rather displayed on a world counter of emotion.

As far as I am concerned I can see no reason to be intolerant of the theme. There are many laughs in the picture and there are some really big dramatic moments.

James Kirkwood was the natural selection for the role of the wise guy who thought he could get by with a dirty trick, that of cheating at and with religion. You are going to agree with me that Kirkwood does some mighty fine dramatic and light-comedy work in this picture.

And you will be a little shocked at first when you see Mary Carr of "Over The Hill" fame, smoking a cigarette, but "Ma" turns out to be a real old-fashioned mother after all.

The work of Mary Astor as well as the good looking Betty Compton is going to demand your appreciation.

"The Wise Guy" is going to kick up a lot of talk this week, but go to it remembering that it is dramatic entertainment with a big dash of comedy and not a sermon.

Walter Davidson and his Louisville Orchestra are present on the stage. Some day, as I told you that a certain orchestra was the best of this season and now I must change it as this Davidson organization gets first prize at this writing.

The reason for this is that the comedy selections are all new and they have been dolled up in a very original way. The "Minding My

Gertrude Olmstead

Betty Compton

up like a cowboy in action, to hunt bootleggers. Of course, the idea is burlesque and before he gets through with his adventure he bags a lot of laughs. "The Girl" is played by Gertrude Olmstead.

Don't expect realism in this light little yarn. If you take your entertainment seriously you might have a difficult time swallowing this one. Remember that "The Boob" is the lightest kind of burlesque comedy.

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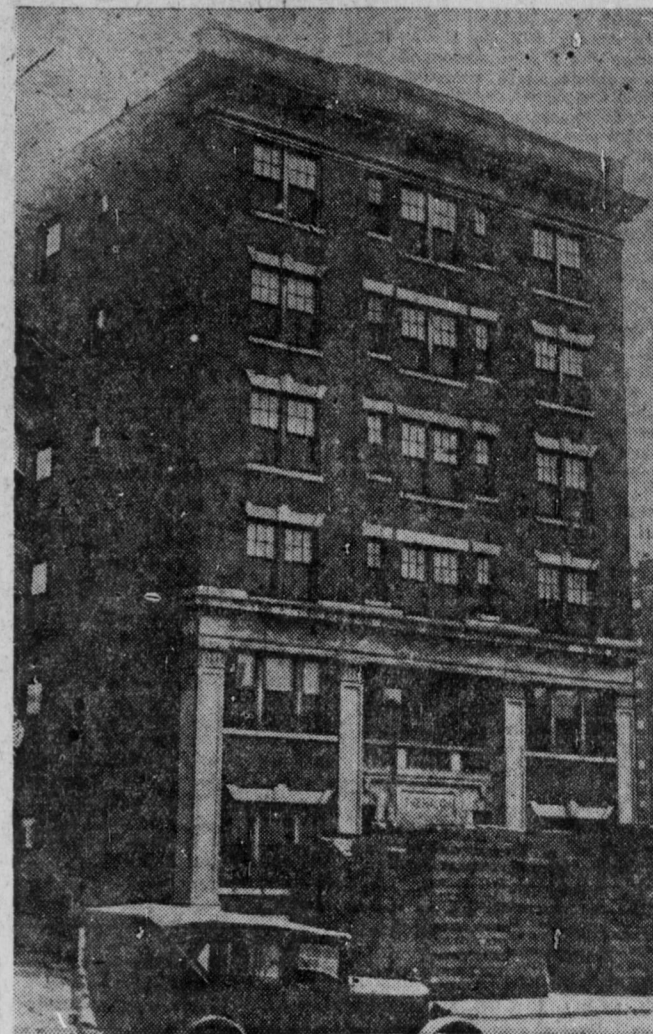
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Big Hotel to Be Moved



Haugh Hotel

The six-story Haugh Hotel at 11 E. Michigan St. soon will make transportation history in Indianapolis.

This building will be raised and rolled more to a block east on Michigan St. to a new location.

Fearing damage to streets, property and lives, the board of works compelled Z. B. Hunt, owner, to arrange for a bond of \$75,000 to cover liability of board members.

Many small houses have been moved in this city, but this will be the first time a large business building will take to the road. Piles of ties to be used in raising the building from its foundation are shown in the foreground.

Own Business" number is a comedy delight.

In fact all the numbers are especially well done. Oh, the whole bunch is clever, Jimmy Rea is there with a pair of mighty fine and wicked pair of dancing feet.

Bill includes an organ solo by Dessa Byrd, a cartoon, a news reel and other events.

At the Circle all week.

DIRECTORS ARE LOOKING FOR NEW AND NOVEL MATERIAL

Was asked the other day what the present-day tendency was on the screen.

It seems to me that all directors are trying to find a new manner of expressing old themes.

You will recall that burlesque has made many of the high priced and high powered revues on the stage in the last three or four years. And so many movie directors are experimenting with the burlesque idea on the screen. Now comes Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer along with "The Boob," a comedy drama, but it is burlesqued all the way through with Charles Murray, George K. Arthur and a few others doing most of the burlesque. Interest will center to some extent upon the work of George K. Arthur, who sets out, dressed

up like a cowboy in action, to hunt bootleggers. Of course, the idea is burlesque and before he gets through with his adventure he bags a lot of laughs. "The Girl" is played by Gertrude Olmstead.

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