

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.

PUBLIC BUSINESS

The grand jury, or some other public body or official, should be interested in the revelation, made in the Times today, of the peculiar purchase of trucks by the county commissioners.

When trucks cost the people of the county \$1,000 more than was paid by the State highway commission for a similar truck, it may not be unreasonable to inquire the reasons for the transaction.

Such an inquiry might open up for public view more interesting facts concerning the disbursement of the county funds.

The little matter of the voting machines bought from the son of one of the commissioners might be investigated with some satisfaction to the public.

It is true that the former grand jury suggested that further inquiries be made into the matter, for the law, unfortunately, does not look with favor upon the letting of contracts, especially at fancy prices, to relatives of officials.

This truck purchase seems so peculiar that it should be explained.

Buying a truck ought to be a rather simple transaction.

Many business men buy trucks. They go about it in much the same way. And they generally go through about the same motions.

They get bids from those who sell the sort of trucks they want. They select a truck that will do the work they wish done. And then they get the best possible price.

Theoretically the two majority members of the county commission who voted for this purchase did the same thing, but they finally did something that to business men would be unusual.

They paid, according to the records, \$1,000 more for each of six trucks that they could have purchased a similar truck guaranteed to do the same work.

Why was that extra thousand paid? And perhaps it may develop that it is really more than a thousand dollars on a truck and that careful business practices would have saved even more than that.

Is there some reason why the people's money should be treated differently than private money?

The grand jury seems to be the proper body to discover the reasons and explain the business practices of this board.

The people should have at least an explanation for that thousand.

STILL BOOSTING RAILWAYS' CLAIM

Fifty billion dollars!

What's that? Somebody making a bid for the United States?

Not a bit of it. It's what the Wall Street Journal says it would cost to construct the railroads of the country today. On other words, it's what that publication estimates the railways are worth.

In announcing this figure the Wall Street paper says:

"The total is staggering."

It's worse than that, it's paralyzing. The last time the wealth of the country was added up its total value was only three hundred and twenty billions of dollars. It's little higher now.

The railroads, according to the New York financial publication, represent a sixth of all of the wealth in the country.

Perhaps some one will think the Wall Street Journal is having a little joke?

Not a bit of it. It says that it plans to prove these figures. It probably can. Already smart figuring has raised the total value of thirteen billion, where the late Senator La Follette placed it, to the thirty-five billion, argued as the true value by railway lawyers in recent hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission. What's a few billion more or less to a good calculator.

Where the final value of the railways is fixed, however, means an enormous amount to the American people. For every dollar of valuation added, the public will have to pay higher freight rates.

Let the figure be fixed at fifty billion dollars, instead of twenty—the tentative figure being used by the Interstate Commerce Commission—and there will be the basis for more than doubling the present railway rates. Such rates directly affect every person in the country.

In the settlement of the question of railroad valuation, now under consideration, the American people have a tremendous stake. From the standpoint of dollars involved the question of collecting European debts is almost trivial in comparison.

The latest entry in this controversy is the fifty billion figure of the Wall Street Journal. There will be others. Upon the figure which wins will depend everything from the price of the baby's shoes to the cost of battleships.

WELL, MAYBE JAZZ IS ALL RIGHT!

There is far more truth than bunk in the old saying that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

When Roger Wolfe Kahn decided a short time ago to embark upon a career as jazz band leader, he immediately encountered the opposition of his father, Otto Kahn, the well-known banker and opera patron.

The father stood for music in its highest, most esthetic form. The rebellious attitude of his son was a keen disappointment. Otto Kahn did everything he could to discourage the lad.

And now Roger, at 18, has ten orchestras bearing his name, is making a lot of money and has decided to buy a night club in New York. And his family, according to the boy, seeing that he is in earnest about his career, has relented.

There is nothing bad about being a jazz orchestra leader. Nor is there necessarily anything low-brow about it, particularly if you are a good one. Roger Kahn seems to have demonstrated that he can succeed in his chosen business better than in any other one, and it is quite sensible on the part of the father to withdraw his parental opposition.

The case is somewhat similar to the career of a youth named Yoelson, son of a rabbi, who incurred his family's displeasure by announcing he had chosen a stage career. For years there was an estrangement. Then, when it was demonstrated that the boy had chosen the career that he seemed above all others, to be fitted for, the family relented. The boy is known to millions today as Al Jolson.

POISONING LAW VIOLATORS

Government chemists, we are informed, expect soon to perfect a new formula for denaturing alcohol, which will defy efforts of bootleggers to redistill the industrial product for beverage use.

The nature of the formula is not revealed, beyond the fact that it will be "guaranteed sure death" for any one who attempts "to redistill and drink it."

The new formula probably will be in use in three months. It will replace existing formula which calls for the mixture of creosote, gasoline, wood alcohol, benzol and other poisonous substances with grain alcohol.

Thus we may soon expect an enormous increase in deaths from poison liquor, beside which the 700 deaths in New York City last year, and the forty-four recent deaths in territory near Buffalo will be insignificant. It is not to be expected that this "sure death" alcohol will be kept out of the hands of bootleggers. They have been accustomed for several years to redistill enormous quantities of alcohol denatured under existing formulas, and no one can believe their trade will die overnight.

Meanwhile, millions of gallons of this "re-cooked" alcohol, as the bootleggers call it, are being sold for beverage purposes. This is not guesswork; prohibition officials admit it.

This alcohol, while fairly palatable in most instances, is seldom completely free from wood alcohol or other poisons. According to J. W. Quillin, chief chemist of the bureau of internal revenue in New York, it is "not immediately harmful, but sure death eventually to any one drinking it."

The head of the New York prohibition office is quoted as saying that efforts at "redistillation are sure to produce alcohol only partially free from highly poisonous adulterants."

Thus we have it on authority of officers of the Government that hundreds of thousands of citizens who regularly drink bootleg liquor are being slowly but surely poisoned, and that an attempt is being made to make denatured alcohol still more deadly.

What will be the effect on public health ten or twenty years hence? Will men now in their twenties and thirties pay with their lives or with broken health, when they should be in their prime? And not in isolated instances, but by the hundreds of thousands?

This is not argument against prohibition nor an effort to frighten any one. It is a recital of facts, which surely challenge attention. While we argue prohibition pro and con, we need not lose sight of the things that are going on around us.

You may say, as do some reformers, that law violators deserve whatever they get. Or you may call it murder, as does Senator Jim Reed. That won't help matters.

While we are spending millions and more millions enforcing prohibition, we might set aside a few dollars for a scientific study of this wholesale poisoning and its social and economic effects.

THE BUS WINS FAVOR

A new economic factor has entered transportation in the last decade. It has grown from nothing at all to a carrying system of 60,000 motor passenger buses, with 7,500 companies controlling the lines.

Talk about competition! There never was a time when a railroad faced such competition as these 7,500 companies are offering today. And that's not figuring in the trucks, which for short hauls, have the railroads backed into the roundhouse.

But the railroads have seen the power of this new carrier, and rather than fight it, they are adapting the motor to their own use. The truck and the bus in many cities are being used as auxiliaries, the railroads realizing that their field is the long haul.

The figures are somewhat bitter, representing losses to the railroads figured in millions of dollars. Thus, in 1924, the steel lines took in 200,000,000 fewer fares than in 1920. This has brought the roads to a full cognizance of what they have to fight. They are fighting this battle of competition with the very weapons that took their fares and their freight charges—the buses and trucks themselves.

Once, a "party" was where children went and acted like grown-ups. Now, it's where grown-ups go and act like children.

Landlords lead a hard life. Tenants have so much inducement to commit suicide when the rent comes due.

Cleveland school is to teach women how to vote. Can't be done. Been trying to teach women for years.

A bomb with a time fuse makes an excellent alarm clock.

BE KIND WITH YOUR EYES

—By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

It is a pitiful story, that tale from Washington about the deformed young man who, imagining that all passers-by were casting curious glances at his misshapen form, ran amuck, and tried to vent his rage upon some women who went by him, laughing.

The most of us are entirely too careless of the feelings of others. We let our eyes stray and fasten themselves upon the person who looks odd. We do not have the sympathy to refrain from a steadfast regard of that which seems horrible to us.

Naturally the imagination of one who has been afflicted with a twisted body, might be easily inflamed. Can we wonder that he should be sensitive to every act, or that he might believe that all who looked his way were jeering at his ugliness?

Life is terribly cruel to such as these. Their days must be one long agony of fear and shrinking, their nights one sore regret. The person who would laugh at their misfortune is unworthy to be called human. One must even pity them delicately, those poor, halting mortals.

The sight of their burden should teach us kindness and should also awaken within us a thankfulness that fate has seen fit to deal with us more gently, than we have healthy bodies.

A sturdy frame, energy, symmetry, vitality, health are the greatest blessings of life. There can be no doubt that those possessing them value them too lightly. We seldom give thanks for our most precious possessions.

It is never well that we undervalue cripples. Some of the greatest minds of this world have been harbored in weak and sometimes deformed bodies. It is possible for man to transcend the physical. Those who are thus afflicted and who are yet able to find life sweet and work pleasant and humanity kind, have reached the ultimate in spiritual development.

Tracy

Clemenceau Makes the Job of Poincare More Difficult.

By M. E. Tracy

Clemenceau's terrific letter, though addressed to President Coolidge and designed as an appeal to the American people, will produce its most important effect in France.

It is Poincare who will feel the blow—Poincare, with his carefully worked out program and his apparently safe majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

As I said the other day, he is not out of the woods yet, and will not be until the debts are ratified.

Clemenceau, speaking with the weight of a grand old man, a national idol, has made this extremely difficult.

His biting words will not only be received as balm by the Socialists, as justification by every Frenchman who does not want the debt pacts approved, no matter for what reason.

Possible as it may be for us to see the lack of logic in Clemenceau's scathing arraignment, the average Frenchman will read it as the gospel of his fondest wish, and in that lies its power, whether for good or evil.

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A Queen's Designs

It is still the tribal law of most countries that titles descend through the male line.

If a girl marries a duke, she becomes a duchess, but if a man marries a duchess, he does not become a duke.

That explains why so many of our rich daughters, and so few of our rich sons, marry into noble families.

Queen Maria of Rumania, inveterate matchmaker and of democratic leanings, to let her tell it, seems in a mood to change the fashion.

At all events, she is heading west with her daughter, Ileana, and the impression prevails that her object is to find an American husband—rated AAA by Bradstreet.

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Too High for Edna

Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper finds the venture of buying a coat of arms too expensive.

She left for Paris last June, expecting to marry the Duc de Chatre. He is the head of an old family and has the right kind of pedigree.

But writes Mrs. Hopper to a friend: "They wanted too much settled on the Duc. It's the old story. French families always expect a dot. The older the family the bigger the dot, and 'dot' in French means 'dough,' just as it is pronounced."

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Red and Redder

What it is all about, nobody seems to know, but there is trouble in Russia—trouble right at the top and among the few who rule.

Dzerzhinsky is dead, Zinoviev has been expelled and Trotsky is reported in revolt.

The issue is between those who would be red and those who would be redder, but who is which remains the puzzle.

The latest report has it that Trotsky represents the extremists while the State machine, guided by Bukharin and Stalin, prefers moderation.

Why they are quarreling is not so important as is the fact that they are quarreling.

The strength of Bolshevism has consisted not in its doctrines, but in the solidarity of the small group that ruled.

Let that solidarity be broken and the regime will crumble like a house of cards.

Will Farmer Stay Hitched?

This country is quite harmonious in believing that the tariff is responsible for most of the farmer's difficulties but when you ask why, the harmony resolves itself into a hodge-podge of discordant opinions.

Some say the farmer is in bad because he hasn't a tariff and some say he is in bad because other people have too much tariff. Some say that he needs more protection and others say that other people need less.

In order to save the farmer, for the Republican party, he is carefully trained to the idea that protection is fine and that he would be all right if he could get a share.

When he votes to get a share, the votes are invariably lacking, and he is told that the East doesn't understand.

I wonder just how long the farmer will stand for it.

Medical Savors

A narrow, dirty street, filled with culch, kids and coolies; the cholera comes, striking swift and sure, like lightning.

Mothers weep only to turn sick and die with their sob.

There are no hospitals, no doctors, nobody to do more than what is absolutely necessary, and not all of that.

It is some task to bury 1,000 a day, even in such a populous city as Shanghai, and that is what the people are up against right now.

Twenty thousand white foreigners living in their own clean, sanitary quarters are unafraid, but can do little but look on in helpless pity.

We have more money to save heathen souls than heathen bodies.

No wonder they continue praying to the "Dragon King." What else is there for them?

When they are shown that science can really help, they will abandon their superstitions.

The medical missionary is the one who offers arguments that cannot be answered, the one who spreads a gospel that the vilest pagan can understand.

How can shine be removed from woolen garments?

Sponge the garment thoroughly with hot vinegar or ammonia (one teaspoon of ammonia or vinegar to one quart of water). Cover with dampened cloth and press on right side. Remove cloth and brush.

Washington Crossed Big River of Ice but Constance Took a Ride in a Sleigh

By Walter D. Hickman

George Washington used a boat to get to victory, but it remained for Constance Talmadge to ride in a sleigh to land her victory.

This you will see in a strangely named comedy called "The Duchess of Buffalo," which has the featured services of Constance Talmadge.

The fact is that this comedy might have been called "The Woman Who Isn't the Grand Duchess," or "When a Duke Acts Like Santa Claus." You will guess that the scenes are laid in Russia where a grand duke had some standing.

It has been decided that Constance must from now on have a chance to use those "naughty" eyes of hers, and she certainly uses 'em for all they are worth in this light comedy, which has been placed in a rich setting. It is safe to say that Constance Talmadge is a past mistress of the art of projecting naughtily but innocent comedy in front of the eye of the camera.

She has those eyes, that twinkle, that dash and even that mouth which popular song writers rave about.

"The Duchess of Buffalo" is at times smart farce and then romping comedy with Miss Talmadge, Tullio Carminati and Edward Martindel doing most of the polite comedy.

Constance as usual is her best in the polite flirting scenes. She wears the gowns and seems to have a fine time of it while all dolled up. Here is an audience picture which affords polite comedy a little above the average although the story is a slight little affair. Constance has that trick of lifting up even small little situations to the level of high comedy.

This Carminati is a dashing sort of hero who shows off well in a Russian uniform of the old days. Seems to have the makings of a comedy idol along polite lines.

The picture has been mounted in fine taste. Some of the scenes, especially the banquet scene is most elaborate.

The cast is as follows: Marian Duncan as Constance Talmadge, Tullio Carminati as Edward Martindel, Grand Duke Gregory Alexandrovich, Grand Duchess Olga Petrovna, Rose Elton as the Countess, Chester Conklin as the Count, Jean De Brise as the Maid, and Marjorie Franklin as the Maid.

One of the biggest hits of the bill is the comedy organ solo of Dossa Byrd. She is playing this week "Hi Ho the Merry O," a comedy song with a lot of improvisations. The audience is invited to sing, and when it was present so many people were singing that one would think Miss Byrd was giving a singing lesson.

Here is a jolly one and one of the big hits of the bill.

On the stage this week is heard the U. S. S. Leviathan Orchestra. They seem to run to specialty numbers.

The bill includes a news reel and other events.

At the Circle all week.

REAL MUSICAL EVENTS LISTED AT THE APOLLO

There is lot of good music in the air.

Meaning that the musical program at the Apollo this week is of unusual interest.

We do not hear enough of the harp. This week the Apollo is presenting Pasquale L. Mouni, harpist, in three numbers. He opens with an improvisation of his own, then goes in to the pretty "My Wild Irish Rose" and closes with a famous sextette with the assistance of Emil Seidel and his orchestra and Lester Huff at the organ.

Montani knows his harp, getting volume and sustained melody from this instrument. He is an artist. Lester Huff this week is playing a little travesty number on the organ, called "Twenty Years from Now" in which he predicts that girls will not walk bare twenty years from now, because they will be riding in airplanes and will carry parachutes. Just a travesty, but it gets over well.

I found much to enjoy in Lester Huff's organ recital yesterday beginning at 12:30 noon and lasting about thirty minutes. He played four numbers on the organ and Montani was heard in a harp solo. These Sunday noon organ recitals are something new at the Apollo and have such merit that their popularity should grow.

The movie feature this week is a melodrama of circus life, called "Bigger Than Barnums," and has the services of Ralph Lewis, Viola Dana, George O'Hara and Ralph Ince. Many of the scenes have been taken under a real big top.

The plot of the story concerns the efforts of a circus manager to have a wire act do a high walk without a net, of course it nearly ends in a tragedy.

The story is not new, that is it didn't appeal to me as such because most of the situations have been used before. Even a fire scene was resorted to for another thrill.

The bill includes a news reel and other events.

At the Apollo all week.

GILDA GRAY IS NOW A MOVIE STAR AT OHIO

The name of Gilda Gray is well known by those who go to the theater.

She was known as a dancer with the Folies for years, then as a specialty artist in dance in the larger movie theaters.

She has now gone into the movies. Her first venture is "Aloma of the South Seas," a South Seas melodrama closely related to "The Bird of Paradise." "Aloma" has been seen in this city on the stage and at the time I thought that it had the makings of the movie. It was chosen for Miss Gray because it gives her a chance to do several South Sea Island dances.

Personally I am not "wild" over this sort of dancing. I know that it has been highly profitable upon the stage for this dancer. "Aloma" as the movies has some very beautiful scenes from a photographic standpoint. Some are of rare beauty, especially those at the very beginning of the picture.

The supporting cast is interesting, as it includes Percy Marmont, Warner Baxter, Julianne Johnston and William Powell. The so-called night-gown scene has been rather toned down in the movie, although it was one of the "high spots" on the stage.

As a play, "Aloma" was never a knockout, although I recognized that it had certain box office qualities. And the movie has this same quality. The art director had a whole lot to do in making "Aloma" what it is.

"Aloma" belongs to that modern school of what may be called the "himmie melodrama," or the play of wiggles. And there are plenty of the melodramatic wiggles in this movie.

Miss Gray's strength, of course, rests in her dancing, that is, if you like this sort of prancing. I do not become enthusiastic over it. But as a movie, "Aloma" will demand attention.

The bill includes a comedy and other events.

At the Ohio all week.

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