

The Indianapolis Times

BOYD GURLEY, Editor.

ROY W. HOWARD, President.

WM. A. MAYBORN, Bus. Mgr.

Member of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

Client of the United Press and the NEA Service.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Published daily except Sunday by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis.

Subscription Rates: Indianapolis—Ten Cents a Week. Elsewhere—Twelve Cents a Week.

PHONE—MA 3506.

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

INDIANA by law fixes eight per cent as the maximum rate of interest chargeable for money borrowed from public depositories. The State also has prescribed rates and terms for the small loans, usually secured by chattel mortgages. Volunteer social service agencies have helped prevent abuses common in this field, a few years ago.

PLEASE WRITE

When a few weeks ago, Clyde Walb pompously announced that, when he told the facts about State finances, the campaign would be ended, he spoke, unquestionably, with the full approval of Governor Jackson and Senators Watson and Robinson.

There is much reason to believe that Watson and Robinson would very much like to distract attention from Washington, where their votes and their speeches have alienated them from the President.

There is every reason to believe that Watson would much desire that the people of this State forget the men he has appointed to office during his regime, his record as a lobbyist for privileged interests, his divorce from the national Administration, which is complete—and with no alimony coming to him as a wronged and indignant wife.

Senator Watson, particularly, would like to forget that he is now driven to the expedient of unloading from his political organization and from his official appointees those who have caused such rebellion that he knows, unless he be ingrate and callous, he will lose the votes of those who revere the name of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Coolidge.

There is more reason to believe that Robinson would like to have the people forget that while he was taking at least expenses, and this is his own confession, from the dry forces of the State for making speeches in their behalf, his law firm was taking fees from bootleg suspects for appealing their cases to the Supreme Court.

There is even greater reason to believe that Robinson would prefer that people forget that he was once the close intimate and beneficiary of that "Old Man" who now sojourns at Michigan City and once boasted, with the facts behind him, that he was "the man" in Indiana.

There is even greater reason to believe that Robinson would prefer that people forget that when seekers for certificates from the public service commission had failed, they went to him and that a conference in the Governor's office obtained all that they wished without even the fatigue of appearing before the public commission and arguing the justice of their claims.

Chairman Peters seems to have been very willing to meet these august gentlemen on their own battlefield, one which will remove from discussion or inquiry the actions of these Senators.

He asks Governor Jackson about the sixteen millions of dollars which were in the treasury when the people paid the last of the debts incurred by the same organization which now asks for more power.

Echo will answer that when the fiscal year ends there will be no millions, and if the Supreme Court decision in regard to horizontal raises in taxes is carried to its logical limit, there will be another debt for which some other Governor may hold a movie party to celebrate its payment.

The truth is that this administration on which Watson, skulking as always for a shadow in which to hide his own defects, depends for re-election, has the people more than any other administration.

The people have paid to the State government in the past year some fifty-three millions of dollars.

They got no more, and perhaps less than when they paid to the government under Tom Morgan, shall eight millions of dollars, except in the matter of good roads.

The irony of the situation is that Watson and Robinson, especially Robinson with his Anti-Saloon League backing and his bootleg clients, believe that the people of this State can be fooled.

That is their estimate of Hoosier intelligence.

But since the only organized opposition to that infamous thing called Watsonism comes from Chairman Peters, perhaps the Governor of the State will answer him.

Let it be hoped that he can call attention to a single dollar which has been saved to the people of this State.

Where did he save it and when?

Has he cut expenses or merely charged the people more?

Has he reduced the cost of government or merely through the trick mind of the former dragon, heavily burdens upon the people?

Where is that sixteen millions of dollars?

The columns of the Times are open.

TRUDIE AND THE TWINS

Very shrewd gentlemen have offered that unusual young lady who swam the English channel a million dollars for her activities during the next year.

A million dollars is a lot of money.

The men who offered that million expect to make several million by showing her in the movies, upon the vaudeville stage, by using her name to advertise everything from chewing gum to automobiles.

They will use her magnificent feat of swimming that rebellious strip of water known as the English Channel to inflame the imagination of those who will visit movies or the vaudeville or buy chewing gum to automobiles.

Last week, in a little county fair in the northern part of the State, two babes, victims of a biological freak, were exposed to public view.

They are the Medick twins of South Bend, joined together at birth through a mischance of nature.

By no training or education can they ever contribute to the entertainment or the progress of the world.

But their misfortune brought forty thousand curious men and women to the little cot to pay in all ten thousands of dollars for the privilege of viewing their misfortune.

Why did the people pay these thousands for merely looking upon a great human tragedy?

These babes, linked physically, must be either exhibits or paupers.

The men and women who paid these thousands are the same people who will read this.

Did they go from a feeling of sympathy? That would be a flattering explanation.

And when people pay their tribute of dollars to the name of Trudie, will they do it because they have caught the image of the courage, the infinite sacrifice, the training which preceded her feat, or will they go like sheep because her name has been blazoned by greedy men who capitalize the swollen muscles and tongue of this brave girl?

There have been a dozen great souls who came into their own in Indiana in the past year.

One of them won a prize for an appeal of oratory with a topic of patriotism. You, too, have forgotten his name.

There was the boy who raised the best pig. And girl who had the best half acre of corn. And another, a silent dreamer in college who wrote a poem which thrilled and lifted the thoughts above the level of sordidness.

Very fortunately we still have men and women who go among the youth of the land and inspire them to write poetry and plays, to win in the gift of oratorical appeal, to raise pigs and corn.

For after the feat of the unusual girl has been forgotten and after the unfortunate twins have become commonplace and no longer capable of capitalizing the world will still be eating pork and corn still be thrilled by poetry, still respond to dramatic gesture and still yield to the fervor of the orator.

What would you rather be?

A Trudie who swam across a channel or the college boy who wrote, as did Dennis O'Neill, a great poem?

Would you rather raise a prize pig or be a monarch?

The world still pays more for the unusual.

Some day it may give its prizes to the useful and the inspiring.

John D. Rockefeller says he never worries. We wouldn't, either.

Bamboo seeds are eaten by the Hindoos, but we would be afraid they would make our joints stiff.

Politician leads a hard life. Never knows whether to sit on the water wagon or on the fence.

If we ever get rich we are going to hire some dentist to let us bite his thumb.

Morgantown (Ky.) minister was shot while preaching by some one who should have been listening.

M. CLEMENCEAU AND MR. COOLIDGE

By Lowell Mellett

One misty morning in June, 1918, in a barnyard not far from the River Marne, a short dumpy figure of a man might have been seen—in fact, was seen by the present writer—skirting the edges of a steaming manure pile to enter the modest French farm house. He was clothed, as far as could be seen, in a dilapidated soft felt hat, britt turned down, a spattered raincoat and heavy soled stubby shoes that didn't seem to mind the mud.

The landed peasant who owned the place, you might have said, had you not seen his face, it was a face known to all France and familiar, by reason of the newspapers, to all those about the barnyard. These were Americans, officers and men of the Second Division, A. E. F. The sight electrified them, for it was the face of "The Tiger," the premier of France—Clemenceau.

Why had he come? It was soon known to the commanding general and the officers he gathered about him. Clemenceau had dropped in—it a hard drive in the early morning from Paris can be called dropping in—to thank the American Army and, in particular, the Second Division, for saving Paris. Warmly, but simply, he spoke the gratitude of France, giving the worn and weary division full and complete credit for stopping the German crown prince's march on the country's loved capital. Then he shook hands all around, splashed across the barnyard to his car and departed, leaving the splendid significance of his message to sink in upon the surprised American troopers at their leisure.

That was Clemenceau. That, indeed, was Clemenceau all over.

He left to others who stopped the Germans and who won the war. His mind held no doubt at that moment and he was accustomed to obey his impulses. Thank God for the Americans, his heart said; no, thank the Americans themselves, said his eccentric intellect. And he was out of his house in the early dawn and on his way through the mud to do it.

A man of impulses, impulses which he never doubts.

Yesterday he cabled to our cool and collected President his views on the proposed terms of the French war debt settlements. "France is not for sale, even to her friends!" was his astounding challenge to Mr. Coolidge—or, as it might better be put, his challenge to the astounded Mr. Coolidge. You can be sure Mr. Coolidge was astounded, for never in New England did he meet with a Clemenceau; perhaps, never even with the Clemenceau point of view.

The President is said to take the position that the debt settlement is a closed issue," is the President's indirect reply.

Somewhere between that stormy declamation of the hot headed French hero and the cool response of our President there must lie a point of reason. Certainly, France is not for sale, as Clemenceau says. Most certainly we are not seeking to buy. But equally certain it is that the debt settlement is not a closed issue. If calling it closed and endeavoring to make it so costs us more in good will, to say nothing of good money, than keeping it open until the point of reason is reached, the American people are not ready to call it closed.

Clemenceau spoke his feelings honestly that day in June, 1918—even if, with all respect for the sturdy Second Division, he may have exaggerated things slightly. He did the same in his cablegram to Coolidge. Honest feeling, honest exaggeration. But he has given us an insight into the heart of France and we would do well not to be too certain that it is time to close the issue.

RENT WRONG GARAGE

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia.—A score of men trembled in their boots as a result of the recent arrest of two rum-runners, who were found to have a long list of names of prominent Cedar Rapids people. The bootleggers were caught when they rented a garage. It happened to be the garage of a dry agent.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

Tracy

Clemenceau Sees Debt Situation Through Blue Glasses

By M. E. Tracy

George Gaul isn't called upon to do much heavy acting in "The Mountain Man."

He does other things. He sings. Yes, he does and he also cusses a wee bit. Not too terrible bad words, but it is modern cussing done in cave man accent.

And they seem to like this cave man stuff on the stage. "The Mountain Man" is just theatrical aplause, but done on a rather sure formula. It is a great play, miles from it. It is really a matinee bill but gives George Gaul an opportunity to be the rough lover from the mountains in the first two acts and then a polished lover in the third act.

George does his singing in the second and third acts. And he gets along with it because it is acting. Was rather interested in Gaul's attire in the first act because he reminded me of the pictures of George Washington. This is not a costume play, but Gaul is sure in costume for awhile. Attire might be called quaint. If you don't take your theater too seriously and if you like theatrical aplause, well then, "The Mountain Man" will not be so bad.

There is some good work on the part of George Gaul (about the sweetest little thing we have had this season) Elizabeth Taylor and Aldrich Bowker.

Others in the cast include Lael Corya (was not so impressed with her work at any time), Judith Lowry, Alan Floud, Larry Fletcher, Teresa Dale, John Storey and Harry Ellerbee.

The leopard got out of a shipping cage while those in charge went to lunch.

Where it went, and where it is, something less than half a million people would like to know, and for lack of facts, are appealing to their imagination.

"I heard it roar like a subway train," says one, and "Shrek like a sinner," says another.

One report had it prowling in a barnyard at a certain hour, and another had it swimming a river ten miles away twenty minutes later.

A check-up of all the gossip shows that seven persons have been killed, not to mention an incalculable number of cows, colts, sheep and chickens, though not the slightest injury to man or beast can officially confirmed.

The show has been going on five days now, with no result, except a lot of perfectly good headlines.

What would the people of India do if they got so ineffectually worked up over every leopard?

The Mountain Man is just pleasant entertainment and nothing else.

At Keith's all week, closing Sunday night.

THE BRIDAL SUITE IS JUST THEATRICAL HASH

Have this to say about "The Bridal Suite" as a play—it is just

the OLD BANJO STOPS

A VAUDEVILLE SHOW AGAIN

A banjo stopped a variety show.

A violin or rather a fiddle stopped a vaudeville show.

Have your idea about this one, but to my way of thinking, "The Bridal Suite" is the poorest form of entertainment that we have had for a long time. All the fault of the author who wrote it.

At English's all week.

THE OLD BANJO STOPS

A VAUDEVILLE SHOW AGAIN

Meaning that three separate acts at the Lyric this week have the qualities which actually stop the show.

You will find the banjo in the act of Bailey and Barnum, with Bailey playing the banjo and Barnum using a pair of wicked feet and more wicked voice in some blue songs of the moment. This team have had big league training. They know their stage and just how much to give and what.

They have a travesty number on an elopement and their final number "Me Too" or something like that did a whole lot to stop the show.

They have personality and ability and above all they have clean showmanship. Bailey and Barnum stopped the show longer when I was present than the other two acts mentioned in connection with stopping the show.

You will find the fiddle in the act of Charles Althoff, who makes up

George Gaul Has a Chance to Sing and Cuss a Wee Bit in 'The Mountain Man'

By Walter D. Hickman

George Gaul isn't called upon to do much heavy acting in "The Mountain Man."

He does other things. He sings. Yes, he does and he also cusses a wee bit. Not too terrible bad words, but it is modern cussing done in cave man accent.

And they seem to like this cave man stuff on the stage. "The Mountain Man" is just theatrical aplause, but done on a rather sure formula. It is a great play, miles from it. It is really a matinee bill but gives George Gaul an opportunity to be the rough lover from the mountains in the first two acts and then a polished lover in the third act.

George does his singing in the second and third acts. And he gets along with it because it is acting. Was rather interested in Gaul's attire in the first act because he reminded me of the pictures of George Washington. This is not a costume play, but Gaul is sure in costume for awhile. Attire might be called quaint. If you don't take your theater too seriously and if you like theatrical aplause, well then, "The Mountain Man" will not be so bad.

There is some good work on the part of George Gaul (about the sweetest little thing we have had this season) Elizabeth Taylor and Aldrich Bowker.

Others in the cast include Lael Corya (was not so impressed with her work at any time), Judith Lowry, Alan Floud, Larry Fletcher, Teresa Dale, John Storey and Harry Ellerbee.

The leopard got out of a shipping cage while those in charge went to lunch.

Where it went, and where it is, something less than half a million people would like to know, and for lack of facts, are appealing to their imagination.

"I heard it roar like a subway train," says one, and "Shrek like a sinner," says another.

One report had it prowling in a barnyard at a certain hour, and another had