

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

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 ally 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 is ingrate and calloused, 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 more reason to believe that Robinson would desire 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 law" in Indiana.

There is even greater reason to believe that Robinson would prefer that people forget that when heakers 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 battleground, 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 cost 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 Marshall 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, put heavier 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 or 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 capitalization the world will still be eating pork and corn, still be thrilled by poetry, still respond to dramatic gesture and still yield to the terror 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 monstrosity?

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 Hindus, 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.

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 edge 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, brim turned down, a spattered raincoat and heavy solid 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—in 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 troops at their leisure.

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

He left to others to debate 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 hearted 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 anew 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.

Tracy

Clemenceau Sees Debt Situation Through Blue Glasses.

By M. E. Tracy

Clemenceau sees the debt situation through glasses that are blue, if not opaque.

The United States has not pressed France for money, or asked a mortgage on any of her possessions. Seven years, without receiving a cent, do not bespeak a mean, hard-boiled, or even hopelessly commercial spirit.

The American people have never assumed, or expected that France could pay all the owes.

The proposed debt agreement is not based on that idea.

If France has any definite proposition, she can rest assured that it will be given full and sympathetic consideration.

Thus far she has offered little but disagreeable generalities.

Clemenceau himself, though enlarging on what France can not do, makes no mention of what she can.

If France wants all her debt written off, let us come out in the open and say so, or if she wants an 80 per cent discount, instead of a 40, let her say that.

But this nagging, this hawking at tourists, this writing letters to tell us of our faults, defects and infirmitates, will do no good.

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This Leopard's Spotty

New Jersey is having as hard a time with an escaped leopard as with the Hall-Mills murder case.

Albany, N. Y., is getting just as many conflicting stories out of it.

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

Where it went, and where it is, is something less than half a million people would not like to know, and few lack of facts, are appealing to their imagination.

"I heard it roar like a subway train," says one, and "Shriek like a siren," 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 actually injured to man or beast can be 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?

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Age-Old Emotions

A little boy's grave was opened near Chillicothe, Ohio, the other day. He is supposed to have been placed in it no less than 2,000 years ago.

Marbles were found beside him, which makes it easy to construct the scene.

Despite all the changes and innovations, we feel just the same when a little boy dies as the mound builders did.

If a grief-stricken mother does not put his playthings in the grave, she cherishes them, and if a silent father prays to a different god, he asks the same old question.

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Romantic Science

Has a bald head any significance? British scientists are now arguing the subject.

One says that less hair permits the thyroid gland to do more for growth.

Another says that less hair proves less monkey in us.

One interesting theory developed is to the effect that man lost his hair when he began to fool with fire.

Long-haired men, according to this theory, were gradually burned, or had their furry coats scorched out of existence, while their less hairy brethren survived.

You can't beat science for romance when it gets running into details.

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Nullification

Having accused Al Smith and Senator Wadsworth of "nullification," Bishop Adna W. Leonard, speaking before the citizens conference at Round Lake, N. Y., on Sunday said:

"No Governor can kiss the papal ring and get within gunshot of the White House."

If that is not "nullification," what is it?

Where does the Constitution put up any bars because of religious belief, and if not, what right has any citizen to put them up?

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Philanthropy

An unknown philanthropist has offered to build apartment houses for Government employes in Washington which can be rented at \$12.50 a room a month.

The offer was made to Herbert Hoover, and it has caused quite a stir in the capital, especially among real estate men, who say it is not practical, but who still seem afraid.

Apartment houses for men earning small salaries appear to have challenged the fancy of quite a few philanthropists, and with good reason.

Some of the rents charged in our cities for apartments of inferior size and construction are simply outrageous.

These rents may boost real estate values temporarily, but there is nothing solid, or worth preserving about them.

RENT WRONG GARAGE

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia.—A score of business men trembled in their boots as a result of the recent arrest of two 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.

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 Clare Kummer's "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 apoplexy, but done on a rather sure formula. It is not a great play, miles from it. It is really a matinee bill but gives George Gaul an opportunity to be the rougher 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 by 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. Said he, "You don't take your theater too seriously and if you like theatrical applause, well then, 'The Mountain Man' will not be so bad."

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

Others in the cast include Lael Cowie, who is not so impressed with her work at any time, Judith Lowry, Alan Floud, Larry Fletcher, Teresa Dale, John Storey and Harry Ellerbe.

This is the last week of the Stuart Walker Company this season at Keith's. "The Mountain Man" will last like honey and sugar and as that as the final taste most of us will not regret because Walker has done some mighty big things this season.

"The Mountain Man" is just pleasant entertainment and nothing else.

At Keith's all week, closing Sunday night.

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"THE BRIDAL SUITE" IS JUST THEATRICAL HASH

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

theatrical hash and nothing but that. It attempts to be naughty in two acts but instead it is not even mildly interesting.

"The Bridal Suite" has the double meaning passage which one general expects to find in the bed room and hotel farces.

To me "The Bridal Suite" is hopelessly entertainment and will not be remembered when it ceases to be produced. It makes no real demand upon the ability of any in the cast. Miss Edythe Elliott frets along in a role which requires such a mood. She also comes slightly near underdressing. Not the fault of the actress, but the playwright. Of course the "undies" exposed are pleasant to behold. I have the hunch that this leading woman of many worth while and big productions dislikes this role as much as I do. Milton Byron never has a chance to do a single thing, but dash in and out of one room to another.

Robert St. John is cast as the "sinner" hotel clerk, who has manners that rumples all over the hotel lobby. William V. Hull as the hotel porter in blackface and Dick Elliott as a sousie mayor do more than any one else to strengthen a weak, a mighty weak, play. Mildred Hastings goes into complete characterization this week again. Her makeup is splendid.

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.

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THE OLD BANJO STOPS A VAUDEVILLE SHOW AGAIN

A banjo stopped a variety show. A violin or rather a fiddle stopped a vaudeville show.

A voice stopped a variety show. 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

his amazing best-seller, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," for production by Winthrop Ames, with Ethel Barrymore in the title role.

Kurt Wolf Verlag of Munich are publishing "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" in Germany. Helen's private life is no longer that. A best seller for almost a year, her private life has become as public as a fountain in a city park, from which everyone drinks of her next, witty epigrams, astonishingly quiet and quietly astonishing.

Within the gray, grim walls of San Quentin prison are seventeen men who want to become writers. Their latent ambition being awakened, the prison officials have asked Sidney Mersel Small, author and newspaper man, to conduct classes in novel and short-story writing. "Don Quixote" and "Pilgrim's Progress" were both penned in prison.

And O. Henry began his extraordinary literary career as the unwilling guest of the State. Mr. Small is well-qualified to teach writing since he is himself a writer of note, having published three novels: "The Lord of Thundergate," "Four-score" and "Both One."

A Minister Writes

It remains for a minister at a mission up in Alaska to tell us really new story about Abraham Lincoln. The reverend had just read Nathaniel Wright Stephenson's "Lincoln," and, remembering the story, he wrote to the author about it.

It seems that at one of the Lincoln-Touigas debates, the latter appeared with a brass band. Lincoln came in a buggy and had on a linen duster which he kept on when he

took his place. Douglas spoke first. His friends thought he was unwelcome and so the Lincoln contingent. When he sat down, Lincoln arose, took off his duster and handed it to the man sitting next to him, saying: "Young man, hold my coat while I stone Stephen." And, anachronistically, that's just what Father Abraham did. Stephenson's new book, "The Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln," is scheduled for late September publication.

The publishers of "The Recollections of Thomas R. Marshall" received a letter not long ago from a western clipping bureau, that had them all stumped and up a tree. The letter was addressed to "Mr. A. Hoosier Salad," but there wasn't a soul in the whole organization who answered to that name. Of course, after the first surprise and the last laugh, everybody understood. The subtitle to Thomas R. Marshall's book reads: "A Hoosier Salad!" This same eminent clipping bureau has offered its services to William Shakespeare, Ralph Waldo Emerson and James Whitcomb Riley, who, if they will call or write, may receive their mail at the Bobbs-Merrill office. The question that arises is: How famous do you have to be to be well-known?

"The Dawes Plan in the Making," the authoritative account of the deliberations and actions of the Committee of Experts on Reparations, by Rufus C. Dawes, has been published in Germany by the Verlag-Anstalt at Stuttgart. Germany is, of course, tremendously interested in reparations and a wide sale is predicted for Mr. Dawes' book in that country.

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Bobbs-Merrill has supplied me with the following interesting news items about books and the authors:

John Erskine, professor of English at Columbia University, astonished his erudite world when he published a best-selling novel, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." And now, again, this excellent writer has proved his versatility in a most unexpected way. When Professor Erskine was very young he studied music at Columbia University with a view toward making it his life work. But he became interested in the study of English and for twenty-six years he devoted his life to that.

Recently the old urge for music came back to him and he began practice again. A few days ago he acted as soloist at a symphony orchestra concert at Columbia, playing brilliantly and skillfully the difficult Mozart Concerto in D Major.

Professor Erskine is dramatizing

like an old "hick" fiddler. He has a lot of comedy business which he rather over uses, but when he gets into real melody on his fiddle, he has not trouble in stopping the show.

You will find the voice that stops the show to be owned by Mary Reilly. She is a "blues" singer who knows how to project her words, getting the meaning and the melody over at the same time. She is an easy winner in her chosen line of work.

McCormick and Wallace are ventriloquist who use about eight dummies in a school act. Has comedy interest and much singing. The Bader-Lavell Troupe are bicycle riders.

"The Revue Comique" is both a classical and eccentric dance offering. Some of the work is most pleasing, but the so-called Apache opening, done so often, rather deadens the act because this number is used as an opening. Manager Howard and Jenkins have an act in which the alleged comic policeman and the alleged comic flapper are introduced to no big success. Movies complete the bill.

At the Lyric all week.

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LOOKING OVER NEW EVENTS AT PALACE

Raymond's Bohemians at the Palace today and tomorrow can boast of two very engaging entertainers in the persons of the Gordon Sisters who offer several specialties of the "sister" type.

The four men who compose the orchestra of the act are splendid performers when it comes to popular music but I think they have shown deplorable taste in the selection of their numbers. If they want an eccentric number why not get one with at least a bit of humor to it.

The sisters, however, are charming enough to make up for the deficiencies of the rest of the act and with several of their numbers are completely in the good graces of their audience. In their specialties the one done in an atmosphere of civil war days is probably the best for one looking for an effect of beauty. The last numbers done by the girls in which they do some character studies and songs are very well done bits, especially the impersonation of the much troubled little Italian mother.

Janet Adair offers some rather intimate little songs about brides and bridegrooms and puts a very pleasant personality into them. She easily makes friends with everyone.

Kennedy and Francis have comedy centered on the impersonation of the man of a drunk and some dancing by the woman. Both are good in their individual offerings.

"Courtship Days" starts out with a burlesque courtroom scene in which a divorce is granted a warring pair and then shows the reunion of the couple. All this is done with a comedy air and has some good laughs.

The Five Juniores feature some very clever work in tossing each other around and in balancing. A novel feature is when one of them makes a leap head first and lights on the head of another. Imagine that takes a little nerve.

Included on the bill is a photoplay.

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WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW

Hoosier Publishers Win Fame for Indianapolis

By Walter D. Hickman

There are several ways to glorify your home town. Many people increase the fame of their home town.

But it is not often when one concern year after year adds to the fame of the city of his birth.

We have here in Indianapolis one of the leading book publishers today. Am speaking of the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.