

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.

A RAISE FOR WARD

Rumor, widely circulated among the close friends of Senator Watson, has it that United States District Attorney Ward is to resign because of the low salary of his office.

Inasmuch as Mr. Ward owes his position to the influence of Senator Watson, some credence may be placed in this rumor of his dissatisfaction.

Let it be suggested to Mr. Ward that he has the most magnificent opportunity to so impress Congress with his value in the maintenance of respect for law that he need have no fear of refusal should he ask for a raise—if he makes good.

Some weeks ago, the Indianapolis News, the most vigorous advocate of his sponsor, Senator Watson, declared that only the most guileless and credulous believed that there were no "higher ups" in the theft of the Squibb whisky.

The Squibb whisky theft from the Federal building was, as the Federal judge remarked, one of the most shameful incidents in the State's history. It may be remembered that while in the custody of Federal officers, about \$80,000 worth of whisky, at bootleg prices, disappeared.

It may be also remembered that three Negro janitors or custodians made confessions to taking this whisky.

First came the one who admitted taking a small amount. He was sent to the county jail for four months. His conspirator received a six months' sentence. And then a third, on the day of sentence gave a blanket admission that, but for the charge by the organ of Senator Watson, might have meant that he took all the rest, received a year and a day in prison.

Undoubtedly the paper which for thirty years has fought Watson and has become suddenly converted to his cause, knew what it was saying when it charged in effect, that these three Negroes did not steal that whisky, but that there were "higher ups" who were responsible for the disappearance of some of it.

The effect upon public opinion of this case can not be questioned. It weakens faith in government if the Government itself can not prevent liquor, criminal liquor which it has seized, from being returned to bootleg channels, or used for unlawful purposes.

There is certain to follow a widespread suspicion of all law and of all government if the charge that "higher ups" escaped, is allowed to stand.

Here is a challenge which a vigorous prosecutor, especially one who believes that there should be larger emoluments, might welcome as his opportunity.

Here is a chance to so establish his reputation as a prosecutor that his ability and his worth will be instantly recognized and properly rewarded.

And here is a pledge from the Times.
Find those higher ups, whom the News alleges existed in that theft of \$80,000 worth of whisky, send them to prison to keep company with those janitors, and this newspaper will use its largest type in calling attention of Congress to your courage and other qualities, and will do its level best to get you a raise of salary.

It might be added that other departments of the Federal Government have the same opportunity to distinguish themselves.
Please don't crowd.

REAL LOYALTY

The expense account of Senator Arthur Robinson in the primary should be printed by the committee in charge of his campaign and scattered over the State.

For it is evidence of the loyalty to him in his political battles by his partners in his law firm, a loyalty rather unusual.

Surely he will not overlook the appeal of proving to the voters of the State that his own law partners financed to a large degree his efforts to get back into the Senate.

It might convince the voters that his position is far better than that of other candidates for the Senate from other States who are driven to taking money from the Insults and other interests.

Even after the battle was won and the votes counted, one of the partners came through with money to take up some of the slack.

Perhaps Senator Robinson might get the Reed senatorial committee to come to Indiana to make more emphatic his own position.

What a contrast would be a senatorial campaign financed by a law firm with the campaigns financed by utility interests.

True, it might raise the question as to whether there is any other wide interest in the election of Robinson.

Only the envious would suggest that the law firm has many appeals for liquor offenders in the Supreme Court of the State, while the Senator has a record of being on the list of those who draw expenses for dry speeches from the Anti-Saloon League.

That would be just pure envy, of course.

The real object lesson would be the loyalty of his law firm to his candidacy, a firm which financed the campaign almost entirely.

There are close Republican associates of Senator Robinson on that investigating committee. It may be taken for granted that they would come to give him the certificate of purity which such an inquiry would disclose, and tell the world that here is one candidate who does not need to go beyond his own law office for funds to finance his political aspirations.

STUART P. SHERMAN

Stuart P. Sherman, critic of books and life, is dead. His passing has been almost unnoticed in the public absorption with the deaths of Rudolph Valentino and C. W. Eliot. Yet it was as great a loss as either—perhaps greater.

Eliot's work was done, and that of Valentino, entraining men and enrapturing women by his masculine beauty, was interesting, but perhaps not so important. Sherman went at 45, in the fullness of his powers and promise, already ranking among our major American writers.

As professor of English literature at Illinois University, he gave thousands of young folk their first glimpse into the real beauty of the life of books, and sent them out into the world with a permanent

inner treasure to offset outer poverty and discouragement—the companionship of the lords of literature.

As literary editor of the New York Herald-Tribune, and as contributor to many magazines, he widened his audience to hundreds of thousands, who read him with delight because of his large learning, his sound and pleasing style, and his wise judgments.

He incurred the wrath of the self-styled intelligentsia because he insisted that Emerson, Thoreau and Lowell, after all, had something to say, but he had a sharp eye for the merits of the new fellows, and included Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson and Willa Cather in the scope of his approval.

As a critic of our national letters and our national scene he is irreplaceable.

A SEASON'S WORK IN A DAY

From Hutchinson, Kan., comes word that a young farmer named Irwin Brownlee, cut, thrashed and plowed 100 acres in a day. You would think the man might be a little tired after turning out a season's work in a few hours, wouldn't you? But not so. Not in this age of marvelous machinery.

Brownlee arose early in the morning and started cutting his wheat with a fifty-horsepower tractor and a combine cutting a twenty-foot swath. Hooked on behind were plows. As the wheat was cut and thrashed the ground behind was plowed.

A few years ago this feat of Brownlee, with one man helping, would have been a feat of the imagination. Now it has become an everyday story in the harvest fields. A season's work in a day is no longer uncommon.

OH, HOW IT DID RAIN!

Things were very dry around Louisville, Ky. The old-timers couldn't remember such a drought since away back yonder no telling how long ago. Crops in the surrounding territory were being ruined. A cloud of dust on a country road might mean either a pedestrian or an auto were passing.

With such conditions prevailing, the good people met and prayed for rain. Farmers, clergymen and others gathered in many places. "Send us rain," they asked. "The crops are burning up; wells going dry; our homes are dusty; it's the worst drought in many years."

Shortly after this, the rain started. It didn't rain, but it poured. Old-timers hadn't seen such a rain since away back yonder no telling when.

Many talked of holding prayer meetings to ask that the rain be stopped. Perhaps they asked for too much in their prayers. We often do.

I IS ME

When somebody telephones you and asks, "Is that you?" it's no longer necessary to gulp, blush, lift the eyebrows and reply, "Yes, it is I."

Just say "Sure, it's me," and you'll have the blessing of no less an authority on the dignified use of English than the college entrance examination board.

That august body has ruled that "It's me" is perfectly good English because "It is I is too affected for comfortable use."

It's hard work to pick a quarrel with this particular decision. "It is I" has always had a tendency to catch in the throat.

But isn't the reverend college entrance examination board getting on awfully skiddish ground with its reason for approving the change?

The dignified Saturday Review of Literature thinks so. It is much alarmed. If affectation is to be the test of good English it fears for the safety of the language, and thinks that the literary medium of the fathers will be quickly submerged beneath a hodge-podge of twentieth century Americanisms.

The Review of Literature has some ground for worry, but not nearly as much as the entrance examination board. Think of what it will have to put up with in reading the examination papers of budding college freshmen who are deliberately trying to avoid being high-bat.

They don't ever seem to have a "Park by a fire plug" week.

Playing the piano by ear is nice, but some of them sound as if they were using their feet.

If you like to work you won't have any trouble finding some one to let you yourself.

Big oaks from little acorns grow and lightning strikes more oaks than any other tree.

If the best words in our language are "Enclosed find check" then the worst are "Please remit."

MOVIES AND THE WORLD

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

Internationalism in the movies is the latest important trend considered by prominent producers. This in the film industry, means that pictures may be written, produced and acted by men and women from all nations. The staff which makes an important picture may represent many countries.

This, in itself, is a great thing, but it holds magnificent opportunities which may be developed in the future.

Perhaps no force in modern life has more effect upon the mind than the movies. We need over the whole earth better understanding of the things and thoughts and actions of other peoples. Nothing can give us this so easily as the moving picture.

More than books, more than newspapers, more than hurried tours of Europe, can the silver screen bring to the average American man and woman the European point of view.

We need so badly the quality of light judgment and a clearer comprehension of the puzzles which fill the lives of the men of other lands. The mass of our citizenship has been fed from infancy with foolish and often erroneous ideas about the faults and foibles of foreign peoples, and never instructed in the good qualities which they possess.

The working man who lives in England, that little island not so large as some of our States, must have a different viewpoint of life and government from one who resides upon this wide continent. The French peasant, learned only in the cult of the land and taught to hold fast to his tiny piece of ground, can not be expected to understand the wanderlust which inspires our itinerant workmen.

English fears, German hopes, Italian dreams, French sorrows, all the confusing troubles which overwhelm Europe, are entirely outside the comprehension of many Americans.

The movies can develop an international mind. In slow fashion perhaps, if their producers see the vision, they may bring into the farthest corners of the earth a world comprehension, a human understanding which never before have we had upon this sphere. If they can do this, they will have made world peace possible.

Tracy

Wadsworth Now Trying to Soft Pedal on That Wet Talk.

By M. E. Tracy

Senator Wadsworth is not nearly so wet as he thought he was.

Nominated to succeed himself by the Republicans of New York, he could seem to think of nothing but Democratic support.

Governor Smith, the all-powerful Democratic leader, was wet.

He and Wadsworth had talked before, and there was little reason to suppose they might not do so again.

To lay the basis for such a trade, it was necessary for Wadsworth to stand shoulder to shoulder with Smith on the liquor question.

He realized that such a stand would estrange many votes in his own party since practically all the dries in New York are Republicans, but Tammany's assistance appealed to him as worth the price.

Where he slipped up was in assuming that Smith and Tammany would be willing to trade along the old lines.

They had other fish to fry in this particular campaign, but he overlooked the fact.

Now he finds himself out on a limb, with nothing to show for all his dripping wetness, except a threatened dry bolt.

He finds, too, that the national administration is inclined to regard his extreme views with fear and consequent coldness.

In order to save the situation, he has already begun to soft-pedal the liquor question, to suggest that since New York will have a referendum by which the people can express themselves, it is no longer a paramount issue.

That is what usually comes from trying to steal the other fellow's thunder.

Governor Smith had made himself the recognized wet champion of New York, if not of the entire country, before Wadsworth tried to divide the honor.

The upshot of his attempt to divide the honor is that the Republicans are more than likely to lose another senatorial seat.

What is a Flapper?

"Just what is a flapper?" Lady Astor wants to know.

She has heard a lot about them, she says, and would like to see one. "Flapper" is merely a new name for a very old institution.

There were flappers to dance in Athens the night that Socrates drank the hemlock.

There were flappers to parade the streets of Jerusalem the day that Christ was crucified.

There were flappers in Rome during the reign of Augustus, so many of them as to give the old man much perturbation of the soul.

There were flappers to kiss the Crusaders good-by and then marry other men while they were away fighting to gain control of the holy land.

There were flappers to talk nonsense during the thirty years of war to enjoy the buffoonery after Cromwell's death, to hold hands with American soldiers during our own revolution.

Letting that suffice for the past and coming down to the present, there are flappers in Turkey dancing for Kemal Pasha; flappers in Russia making fun of communism and all the rigid economy; flappers in the Congo; flappers in China; flappers in the South Sea Islands and flappers in Lady Astor's own home town.

"Flapper" is just a name for the girl, who hasn't found herself; who is filled with the joy of living; who doesn't know how to live; who capers and giggles and jumps up and down, because of that excess of energy with which nature has endowed her in preparation for motherhood.

Ninety per cent of the flappers make mighty fine women.

Tragedy of Love

A young man weeps at the central police station in Cleveland, Ohio, not only because his sweetheart is dead, but because she died of medicine which he gave her, and which involves the possible charge of murder.

"I tried to help her," he cries. "I loved her and she loved me. She was subject to morbid spells, fits of depression. I gave her love pills to make her gay, to make her love me more."

The police and chemists think he is telling the truth, which adds to the pathos of the tragedy.

She was an unsophisticated country girl and he had studied medicine just enough to be fascinated with its power.

Both were in a frame of mind that was common three hundred years ago, when men bought love filters as we buy quinine, when drugs were supposed to have a magic, as well as a physical effect.

One is reminded of the "perfumers" whom Mary De Medici kept about her not only to mix poisons, but charms, of the astrologers and alchemists who held kings under their mystic sway, of such men as Dr. Dee and Paracelsus.

"To make her gay, to make her love me more"—how many young men have been moved by the same thought in the past, and how many trusting maidens have paid the price?

LIKED 'BAWLING OUT'

Society Girl Marries Officer Who Stopped Her For Speeding.

By United Press
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Peggy Koehn, a young society girl, was "bawled out" by Motorcycle Policeman George Gottle when she was stopped for speeding. They were married three months ago secretly and today were on a honeymoon, after the public announcement of the wedding. Her parents approved of the match.

You Don't Need Heat In Winter If You Have Gompers and His Hot Clarinet

By Walter D. Hickman

When the wild winter winds blow this winter you will not need heavy undies nor steam heat if you have Harry Gompers and his wild clarinet present.

And if you have him around in warm weather you sure will need an electric fan going full blast, because this Okeh-Gompers record is one of the warmest things I have bumped into in many a moon.

Really both of the numbers that Gompers plays is so bloom'ing hot that it will make you wild. He brings out the groans and the shrieks, the screams, moans and everything that a clarinet possesses.

If anybody can make a clarinet forget it has a soul, then this man Gompers is the boy. He plays one of the most wicked clarinets in the world. If you ask me if this man has hot lips I will tell you that he sure owns 'em hot.

Am trying to tell you about Gompers playing "Lone Desert Blues" and "Nanny Goat Blues" on a new Okeh release. Okeh has a hot and a real winner in this number. You will fan yourself to death when you play this record.

The three instruments present in both numbers are the clarinet, piano and banjo. This combination certainly puts the jazz hoofin' fever in one. It sure makes me feel wicked.

To cure myself after playing this Okeh record, I find it necessary to order more ice and ginger ale.

Really this Gompers-Okeh record is the real hot article. I know that you have been waiting for this one.

Meeting New Ones

Here is a good way to get acquainted with some new releases of musical companies. I have played all of these many times and here is what I think of them.

We will first start with the artist playing the numbers as follows:

Mario Chamelee—Here is a tenor who is in much demand as a concert singer. His voice fits the demands of the new method of recording with ease. His new record is "E'en As The Flower" from the poem "The Passion Flower" and "Pleading." Both numbers have the tenor with orchestra. Here are two numbers done with delightful artistry. It is a Brunswick.

Melody Sheiks and the Gooftus Five—On one side you have the Gooftus Five playing "Where'd You Get Those Eyes" and on the other side the Melody Sheiks playing "Baby Face" with vocal chorus by Theo Alban. Two pretty good dancing fox trots. Both are popular tunes. It is an Okeh.

The Peerless Four Quartet—On this record you will discover two melodies of other days. Rather think that the old folk will like "Love Old Sweet Song" and "A Perfect Day." Ask Dad he will tell you about these two tunes of other days. They are done in an old fashioned quartet way by the Peerless Four, a male quartet. Here is a mighty pleasing record. It is an Okeh.

Mishel Piastro—Those who build a library of records with discrimination will have nearly all of the records of Piastro a violinist. His technical skill is most interesting and his tones have that golden quality. You hear him in a thoughtful and pensive mood in "Serenade" by Arensky, and "Irish Lament" by Franco. Two beautiful numbers. This record will be in the worth-while musical library. It is a Brunswick.

Gooftus Five and Jack Glassner and his Columbia orchestra—It is getting the fad now days quite often two present two different orchestras on one record. "To-Night's My Night With Baby" is played by the Glassner organization. "Ya Gotta Know How to Love" by the Gooftus Five. Two dance numbers which are popular with the hoofers. An Okeh record.

Waltz Music
The Cavaliers—I do not know whether you are familiar with the Cavaliers. They are known as the waltz artists and I am glad that I got acquainted with this organization. In the last ten days I have played many times "Kentucky Lullaby" and "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose." Both numbers have vocal choruses by Franklyn Bauer. Both numbers will recall memories of roses and moonlight nights. I call this record my "rest cure" as I play both sides of it when I am very tired or lonesome. You know we all get that way or both ways. Am speaking of a Columbia record.

Melody Sheiks and Okeh Syncopators—You know what a hit "Valencia" is. Well, this record has brought in a new complexion of music. So much so that the music publishers are busy turning out similar sounding melodies. You have a twin sister to "Valencia" in "Barcelona," played by the Melody Sheiks. It has a snappy and pretty swing. The Okeh Syncopators play "My Little Nest" one of the hits from the operetta "The Love Call" by Lehár. Here is a splendid Okeh record.

Ted Lewis and his band. Here are two fox trot numbers played by Ted Lewis and his band. The numbers are "That's Why I Love You," and "Where'd You Get Those Eyes?" Lewis sings both choruses. Quite a record done in true Ted Lewis style.

Could tell you about many other records, but will call it a day of melody right now.

Indianapolis theaters today offer: "The Love Test" at English's; Nathal at the Lyric; "Nell Gwyn" at the Palace; "It Must Be Love"

An Artist



Lamberti

It is the truth when one says Lamberti is the best xylophone player on the variety stage today. He is certainly living up to that honor this week at the Lyric.

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Questions and Answers

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times, 214-220 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202. We will answer questions for you. Medical, legal and marital advice cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unsigned replies cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

What is the meaning of the Latin phrase "Sic transit mundi?"
"Thus passes away earthly glory."

Is it legal for a person to write a book under a fictitious name?
A nom de plume is perfectly legal.

Can a naturalized citizen become a member of the cabinet in the United States? Would he be eligible to the Presidency in his turn if he was foreign born?

A naturalized citizen of the United States can become a member of the President's cabinet. He would not be eligible to the presidency.

Are the seasons below the equator in South America the same as they are in the north?

Below the equator, the seasons are reversed, and the three winter months are the summer months of the north.

To what race do Italians belong?
To the white race.

How should one address a letter to a boy ten years old who has the same name as his father?
Address him "Master" and add "Junior" or "Jr." after his name.

What is the fee for automobile to enter Yellowstone National Park and Glacier National Park?
Yellowstone Park, \$3. Glacier Park, \$1.

What are the salaries of the President of the United States and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court?

The salary of the President is \$75,000 per year with \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. The salary of the chief justice is \$15,000 per annum.

How can flyspecks be removed from windows and light fixtures?
Brush them over with white of egg and then rub with a soft cloth.

How can one tell pure silk from weighted or filled silk?
Burn a piece. Pure silk will leave a soft ash, but silk that is weighted will hold its original shape.

When and where did the study of veterinary medicine begin?

In France in 1763, to train men to save the horses injured in battle.

How can the life of wooden fence posts be prolonged?

Treat them with creosote. Many kinds of woods that ordinarily are almost worthless may be made to last for years by that treatment at moderate cost.

What is the double ring wedding ceremony?

This has become very popular of late. In this the bride gives a ring to the groom and the groom gives one to the bride.

Why does salt cause ice to melt?

The freezing point of water, as that of any other liquid, is considerably lowered by dissolving in its substance of any kind. Sea-water on account of the solid in it (salt) will freeze at 27.5 degrees to 26.6 degrees. Instead of 32 degrees, the freezing point of pure water. Mixing salt with ice, therefore, is equivalent to re-combining water and salt, and the pure ice, which freezes at 32 degrees is melted because the freezing point of a mixture of water and salt is not 32 degrees but 26.6 degrees to 27.5 degrees.

OUR QUALITY STANDS FAR ABOVE OUR PRICE

"FACTORY TO HOME"—Save the Middleman's Profit

YOUR LAST CHANCE—ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS LEFT TO SEE THIS FINE UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE BUILT BY MASTER WORKMEN IN OUR WINDOWS!