

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 spends approximately \$2.50 for new construction against a single dollar for the maintenance of her splendid system of highways. The policy of the highway commission is to maintain a high standard of repair on State roads, regarding this as more economical than permitting rapid deterioration, which would necessitate early rebuilding.

WILL THE DRYS PROBE?

If there be any sincere believers in prohibition who in the past have had some misgivings as to the propriety of turning over their votes to Senator James E. Watson, they certainly should demand a thorough showdown on the facts concerning the petition to release a conspirator from the Federal Penitentiary.

The merits of the case no longer matter. The Jones Brothers may be the worst traitors to the country or they may have been framed.

But the big question in the matter is whether or not Senator Watson signed a petition for their release.

The Times has the word of Dr. Shumaker, head of the Anti-Saloon League of this State that Watson, replying to an inquiry which Shumaker made over the telephone, told him that he knew nothing of such a case and had never signed any such appeal.

That puts any defense in the future that Watson might make that he wanted to correct an injunction out of court.

For Watson evidently believed that a signature to such a petition would affront the dry forces and took pains to deny that he had signed.

Did Watson rely on the rules of the Federal prison which forbid an official to divulge the names of signers to petitions for mercy?

The denial of Watson to Shumaker was contradicted by the statement sent out over wires of two big press associations which are considered reliable and many Washington correspondents for newspapers.

The accuracy of these reporters is their chief asset. Their reliability is their first claim to distinction.

It is significant that Watson has not received a denial from any newspaper correspondent or any press association.

He did deny it to the man who has always endorsed Watson to the voters of the State as a friend of prohibition to whom he should give their votes.

He did think the matter important enough and perhaps dangerous enough to his "dry" record to tell the Reverend Shumaker that he had signed no such appeal.

Denial, of course, is the easy way, especially when the rules of the prison board are such as can be invoked to prevent an inquiry or disclose the signature, if it be there.

Perhaps the dry forces, if they believe that Watson should have proof of his assertion to Shumaker, will give them a release from this rule and join them in a petition to the prison authorities to show the petition and the papers on file?

For clearly the issue is no longer one of the Jones case but whether Watson tried to deceive the dry voters of this State.

If the press associations and the newspaper correspondents all lied concerning Watson and his signature, it might seem that he would have, before this demanded a retraction.

Either these associations and newspapers made misstatements concerning Watson or the Senator deliberately tried to deceive the dry forces of this State.

What will Shumaker and the dry forces say if they should find that Watson had made at least an inaccurate statement to them?

Would that convince them of what many believe, that Watson has not been a sincere friend of either wets or dries but has cast every vote on the ground of expediency and then lend no aid through naming friends of enforcement when he had the chance?

If he tried to bunk them on this matter, would they believe that he has tried it, successfully, before on other matters?

The dries should demand a probe—quick in the name of justice to Jim or themselves.

AN ECHO FROM '96

Bryan is dead and stagnant water reflects the moon in more than one mine shaft in the West.

But some veteran silver-haired silver miners still believe the value of their ore should be fixed by law, sixteen ounces to the ounce of gold.

The highly interesting thing is that this tenacious theory is not nearly so decayed as it sounds.

There is pending in Congress right now a measure, which, to some extent, proposes just what the great Commoner professed when he attempted in 1896 to seize the presidency shouting "Sixteen to One."

Silver is selling today on the open market for about 61 cents an ounce. This measure, introduced by Senator Pittman of Nevada would compel the United States Treasury to purchase 14,500,000 ounces of silver at \$1 an ounce.

Silver is selling, as compared with gold, at about 33 to 1. The treasury would be forced to pay about 20 to 1. And the bill already has passed the Senate.

This "twenty-to-one" silver theory started in 1918 when Congress passed an earlier Pittman bill ordering the treasury to purchase 200,000,000 ounces at \$1 per.

The treasury, under this bill, has already paid the silver mines a bonus above market prices of \$58,169,000, according to Gerrard B. Winston, under secretary.

Only twice in the last fifteen years has silver been worth \$1 or more an ounce on the open market. In 1918 the price reached \$1.12 and in 1919, \$1.02.

THE PLACE TO TALK

Words, words, words. They have been spilled by millions on the subject of the recent Pennsylvania election.

It remains for Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska to spill a few where they will do the most good in Pennsylvania.

Who was re-elected last time at a cost of \$100,000 stamp—if that is a fair statement of

the fact that the only letter he wrote was one in which he said he didn't wish to be a candidate—is going into Pennsylvania to oppose the election of William S. Vare.

Vare spent something like a million to obtain the nomination on the Republican ticket. He proposes to make his opposition as effective as possible by advocating the election of a Democrat—William B. Wilson.

It happens that William B. Wilson is a first-class man; that is what makes it possible for Norris to support him. If Wilson goes to the Senate it will be with only one idea—that of serving the whole public as intelligently as he can. This is Norris' own platform and program as a Senator and he would welcome Wilson as a colleague, since there are none too many statesmen of that broad calibre in the Senate.

Norris' example might well be followed by other Senators. At the coming short session, if Vare is elected, the Senate will resound with the voices of outraged orators protesting against the pollution of William S. Vare's presence.

Days doubtless will be spent on the subject. Then at the session of the following Congress when Vare, if elected, will appear to be sworn in, there will be more days of this. Several Senators, as committee members, will have to give up a good deal of their time to consideration of the charges against Vare. When their report is brought in, many more days will be consumed in angry eloquence. Eventually, it seems certain, Vare will be voted out.

Will listen to Republican Senators if they follow the example of Senator Norris.

There is little to be gained by any other course. If Vare is elected and then ousted, the Governor of Pennsylvania will name his successor. The Governor will be a man elected by an even larger expenditure of money than was the case with Vare. He was the running mate of Senator George Wharton Pepper, Mellon's candidate, and the campaign fund for the two was admittedly close to two million dollars.

Vare's successor probably will put up a respectable front, just as Pepper does; but his seat will have been bought for him, just as they tried to buy it for Pepper.

Other Senators understand this as well as Norris does. Is he the only one with the courage to act on it?

THE COLLEGES BECKON

Many thousands of Indiana boys and girls this week will enter the colleges of the State.

Many will come to Butler. Others will go to Indiana and Purdue and De Pauw. They will go to schools of law and medicine and dentistry and religion.

If there be anything in experience, these boys and girls, twenty years hence, will be earning, on the average, much more money than the boy and girl who thus far have been their companions, but who enter the busy, active life of industry and commerce.

Whatever else happens to them, they will be, commercially speaking, more productive.

They will be the executive, perhaps, in this age of machinery, which is producing more and more of the comforts and necessities of life.

They will be profitable because they will learn how to think in a straight line and bring into play hidden powers of the brain that they will develop.

But if that be all that they gain, the difference will not be enough to justify the four years of study.

They should bring out from those college halls greater strength of character, more vision and a greater capacity for personal happiness.

They should be able to find companionship with thought as well as with persons, contentment in reflection as well as in a six-course dinner or a high-speed car, appreciation of beauty in ideals as well as in beautiful landscapes or works of art.

If they but contribute more largely to the material comforts of the world, they will fail signally.

The world is getting along very well from the standpoint of material comforts. It is producing more than ever before. It is providing more ease and more comforts.

But it is not, apparently, enlarging its wealth of ideals, the same kind of ideals which led to the establishment of the colleges in which they study.

This nation will call for a continuous answer as to the course of its destiny. That answer should come from those boys and girls who get something more from their college course than a better job than otherwise would have been theirs.

PUSSYFOOT'S PROPOSAL

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

A vast number of interested citizens can not understand why Uncle Sam does not utilize the magnificent powers of Pussyfoot Johnson in prohibition enforcement work.

In a recent magazine article Mr. Johnson asserts that it would be the easiest thing in the world for him to get rid of the booze menace once and forever. Just turn the entire business over to him, he says, and he would shortly have all the bootleggers on the rock pile and America as dry as the proverbial bone.

And his methods, as explained by himself, are so simple, so lucid, so easy of accomplishment, that the mystery is somebody has not thought of them before.

Mr. Johnson would deputize a great number of helpers over the country, all ardent souls dedicated to the work of reforming; then he would arm them to the teeth and issue one short order, "Shoot to kill."

It seems wondrous strange that none of us have not hit upon this excellent method long before this.

Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Andrews had followed this superb plan of killing off all the citizens who were caught drinking or peddling beverages. The country would now be in a pious and quiet condition with over half the population peacefully stowed away in the tomb and Mr. Johnson and the Anti-Saloon League enjoying themselves hugely.

My dear Pussyfoot, according to himself, is such an eager, swashbuckling soul, so anxious to make everybody good and dry like himself that it seems a shame he is not allowed to do something in an official capacity.

He is certainly imbued with the zeal of the inquisitors, and with his one eye—companion to that orb which gave its light for the cause—can spy intoxicating liquors farther than the keenest nose of the most bibulous soul can scent it.

We have got to start some drastic measures about this matter sooner or later, so why not turn the whole thing over to Mr. Johnson and his gunmen? He comes to us with the highest recommendations from himself.

Most of our wine bibblers would just as soon be shot and have done with the arid existence, anyway.

Tracy

Mussolini Indulges in a Little Piece of Bally-hoo.

By M. E. Tracy

What does Mussolini care about bombs. Nothing, absolutely nothing, the darling of fate—but his work must go on.

It may be written in the stars that a bomb shall hit its mark. Meanwhile, if one misses, why not make capital of it. No glory in being the target of a marble cutter, but the target of a nation—that is different.

The great brain of Mussolini functions without a hitch as his driver steps on the gas and speeds away from the belated explosion. People are dying back there, but no matter. "France," cries Mussolini, as soon as he can get his breath and an audience, "France."

And the Fascists have a new cause for remaining solid and obsequious. No more attempt of a lone lunatic to kill the duce this, but the sinister denouement of plots which a foreign government permitted to hatch.

It is the time-honored ballyhoo of dictators, but seldom fails to work. "Fear not," said the great Julius to a scared boatman, "Thou hearest Caesar."

Two Victims

Mussolini and the marble-cutter who tried to kill him are blood brothers in one respect. Both have become victims of an overpowering idea, but while one would scale mountains, the other would push him off a precipice.

You can forgive a Napoleon his peculiar slant of mind for the things he tried to do, but not a John Wilkes Booth.

All the odd passions that ever gain control of the human mind that of relief through assassination is the most devilish and futile. Brutus stabbed to save the republic and Rome became an empire.

Booth shot to save the South and brought on reconstruction.

Soul Rot

It is amazing how men can hope for good in the destruction of their fellows, yet the thought persists—a crimson, ugly threat marring the warp of life.

Some are born with it, some acquire it from others and some toy with it until it rots their souls.

Fear Is Evil's Parent

Take the case of Clyde Reese Bachelor, the Alabama youth who hired a negro to kill his father-in-law so that his wife could inherit her share of the estate and thus save him from financial difficulties.

If some one had told him a year ago that he would be facing a murderer's doom today, he would have laughed. He was decent then, and remained decent until he got to playing with an evil thought.

Fear drove him to it at the start, fear of not being able to meet his bills, fear of losing his property, fear of being scorned as an unsuccessful man, fear of having his family and friends turn against him.

It was fear, too, that caused him to bribe a Negro to do the shooting, fear of committing a crime so repugnant to his better self, as well as of the consequences.

Fear, when you come to size it all up, is the parent of most evil thoughts.

Childishness

The Nebraska bread and water case is just ridiculous enough to become renowned—a piece of unutterable childishness such as might be excused in an old maid, or an old-fashioned reform school, but wholly out of keeping with the twentieth century.

If the guns and killings of an army of dry agents can't hold bootleggers down, what is to be expected from a forty-day dose of unbalanced diet?

Even the brother of the judge who imposed the sentence is disgusted and has employed lawyers to see, if it cannot be set aside.

Such things do more to bring the law into disrepute than its violators.

Invention the Savior

The Berlin police are in a quandary.

A young railway auditor has been caught \$10,000 short in his accounts, and it is his business to arrest him, but first they must get a warrant.

They cannot do this because he is asleep, and has been asleep for nine months—the victim of a peculiar disease.

Meanwhile, Irene Dupont says that we may find drugs that will keep us awake all the time, and if that is possible, why not drugs that will keep us asleep indefinitely?

If such drugs were to be discovered, why couldn't criminals evade the law by putting themselves to sleep, or would the law warn them of a difficulty by compelling everybody to take wakeful drugs so that it could be sure the police would always be in a position to serve warrants?

Inventiveness is a wonderful thing, chiefly because about every invention gets us into some kind of a scrape that calls for more inventions to get us out of it.

One man invents an auto and another invents a gasoline monopoly. Just now we are looking for some genius to invent a substitute fuel and he is on the horizon, if not actually present. The Germans have already discovered a wood distillation that will work, while the current issue of Power reports that a Ford has been run by sweepings from a flour mill.

'BEAUTY AND BRAINS'

Miss America Will Return to College This Fall.

By United Press ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 13.—Norma Shearer, winner of Miss America, has been deluged with lucrative theatrical and movie offers, but so far has preserved her determination to return to college in the fall.

'Black Pirate' and 'Fig Leaves' Are Two Pictures That Will Be Talked About

By John T. Hawkins

Pirates, the Spanish Main, Romance, Thrills and Douglas Fairbanks, all these combined into one big picture that has been made with the utmost in beauty that modern photography is capable of, technicolor. Such is "The Black Pirate" at the Circle this week.

It seemed that Fairbanks had just about reached the limit in "The Thief of Bagdad" but this new picture by him will prove to those who thought so that he is a very much more, to better what he has done before.

The picture is all imagination, there is not a thing in it that suggests old, dark reality as we know life, it is beautiful adventure, it is a mind and color that has a one purpose, to entertain. And it is a masterpiece in that way.

The story begins with the pirates, it shows them sailing the seas of a century or so ago and brings out vividly the life these sea rovers lead. A ship is captured by the pirates and is blown up and sunk. Only two escape, the young noble, as portrayed by Fairbanks, and his father.

The father dies and the son, in a quest of vengeance, joins a pirate band and kills the leader. To bring himself up further in the estimation of his crew he does the impossible, to them, he captures a ship alone and unaided. On this ship is the girl whom "The Black Pirate," as he has been chosen to call himself, falls in love with. Romance enters the picture at this point and is handled throughout the picture from then on.

In the final capture of the pirate ship, engineered by the "Black Pirate," there is some fine work.

The pirates are captured by the opposing forces by means of the attackers swimming under water to the ship and catching her unawares. It is a beautiful sight seeing a body of men swimming in military formation under water.

It wouldn't do to tell you all of the picture, however, as it might take just a bit out of your enjoyment as you see it. Know I am safe when I say that this picture should not be missed.

Included on the program is a special musical interpretation arranged by Mikhail Stokolsky, Comedy and news events.

At the Circle all week.

THEY SURE ARE GOING TO TALK ABOUT 'FIG LEAVES.'

Adam had his troubles when the serpent got busy in the Garden of Eden.

Then Eve right then and there longed for a better grade of leaves to cover herself.

In other words, the original Eve liked fashions and she wanted the latest in leaves.

And that is the basis of the story of "Fig Leaves" brought up to date. Here is a daring picture. At times it will make you gasp, then you will be smothered with beauty and then you will start howling with laughter at the comedy scenes.

"Fig Leaves" is the smartest kind of travesty. Light, yes, but done in such a gorgeous fashion that you will yield easily to the fun. It is a Howard Hawks production. Been wisely as well as smartly directed.

George O'Brien is the modern Adam and Olive Borden is the modern Eve. Clothes today are the cause of many domestic fights, just as they were in the first leaf time in the days of the first Adam and Eve.

In telling why he did such a daring thing as to bring Adam to the screen, Howard Hawks, director, said:

"How much do you know about Adam? He has had more publicity to the square inch than any man who has ever labored amid troubled surroundings, but what is really known of him?"

"Adam, to my mind, is one of the most intensely dramatic figures, yet he has been singularly lacking in an adequate Roosevelt. We take him as a matter of fact, but if we are to take him at all, why not take him at his best?"

"He must have been a man of some humor, for it is conceivable that Eve was always repeating that familiar refrain, 'I haven't a thing to wear' and Adam laughed at that, of course, just as Adam Smith."

In our modern version, laughed at his tiny Eve—and I daresay that's what caused all the trouble.

"I felt, of course, that Adam had his human side, just as Eve had her, and I saw no logical reason why we shouldn't bring these to the screen. If a modern love story runs through the modern sequences, it is because an ancient love story runs through the Garden sequences, and that was as it should be. Love and Money! How far would we get if we didn't have these to keep us plugged in?"

It is our opinion that "Fig Leaves" is smart and mighty interesting entertainment. It is full of smart laughs and there is lot of beauty present.

The cast is as follows: George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Phil Haver, Joe André, André de Berger, William Jensen, William Austin, Lela Gold, Dorothy Dugan, Lela Gold, Charles Conklin.

As a stage presentation this week the picture is being shown in the usual run of dancers, singers and orchestras and is offering the "Marie Macquarrie Ensemble," a group of eight girls playing harps, directed by Marie Macquarrie and assisted by Mary Moore, soprano soloist.

This group of 30 is a feature that ranks high in the writer's estimation, among the musical offerings in town this week. Hark ensembles

are a rarity, and this difficult instrument is capable of producing some of the most beautiful melody possible when in capable hands. The program being featured here consists mostly of ballads and melodies that are popular at the present time. Think they could make the program a little heavier, but it is satisfying as it stands.

At the Colonial all week.

A PICTURE OF VIENNA IN "WALTZ DREAM" AT OHIO

Gay, light-hearted Vienna before the war had come to make every one turn to more serious things. Where music was the soul of everything. That is the impression one gets from "The Waltz Dream" at the Ohio this week.

The theme of the picture centers on the familiar enough triangle, but at the time it is handled with a continental air that gives it a feeling of freshness.

A royal social climber, in the person of the prince of the ruling prince of some backwoods principality, comes to Vienna and brings his daughter with him, intending to marry her off to a Duke.

The prince's daughter is quickly fed up on the customs and conventions of his high born wife. In search of happiness the young lieutenant meets and falls in love with the girl leader of a Viennese orchestra. Then the princess decides to learn the life of her husband's people and as a teacher she chooses the girl that her husband has fallen in love with.

This is the point where the picture differs from the accepted motif, the young girl instead of making a fight for her lover aids his wife in bringing him back in every way possible.

All through the picture one is constantly reminded of a piece of music, "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

This gives a pleasant touch to the picture and enough variety to bring it into the class of good entertainment. Unlike a fast, fuzzy story, today you can rest while enjoying this one and not feel somewhat tired after the excitement is all over.

Mady Christians and Willie Fritsch have the principal roles.

The bill includes Miss Ruth Noller at the Organ, a Comedy and a News Reel.

At the Ohio all week.

NORMA SHEARER DISPROVES TITLE IN "WANING SEX"

"Women should fill cradles—not office chairs."

That's what the handsome young district attorney believed. But Nina Duane, for Nina was an attorney herself, and a good one she proved to the district attorney.

It's all in "The Waning Sex," at the Apollo this week. Norma Shearer is the lady attorney and Conrad Nagle the district attorney.

They clash. The district attorney loves Nina, the lady lawyer. Nina loves the district attorney. Shall she marry him and give up her career?

"Yes," he insists. "No," she declares, and proposes a series of comedy chairs.

At the Apollo all week.

MR. FIXIT

Irish Hill 'Forest' Terror to Resident.

Let Mr. Fixit present your case to city officials. He is the representative at the city hall. Write him at the Times.

In the tangled underbrush of Irish Hill stalk untamed monsters of the jungle, the fear of a revived fight, just as they were in the first leaf time in the days of the first Adam and Eve.

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Movie Verdict

COLONIAL—"Fig Leaves" is beautiful, smart and gorgeous fun. Something to laugh and think about.

CIRCLE—"The Black Pirate" with pirates, thrills and romance, gives Doug a perfect vehicle for romantic entertainment.

OHIO—Life and love on the continent and in Vienna, with a beautiful melody in the theme, make up "The Waltz Dream" at this theater.

APOLLO—"The Waning Sex"—a different kind of sex picture, Norma Shearer charms every one and just about convinces that the woman always wins.

tests. If he wins she'll marry him on his terms. If she wins she'll marry him and keep the career, too. Then the fun starts. They swim and Norma displays her charms in a bathing suit, but he wins the race.

They meet again in the courtroom. Nina defends Red Garrity, he with the unfortunate face and the "soul of an angel." The handsome district attorney prosecutes. The jury frees Garrity and the score is tied.

Then comes the third contest. But see it for yourself, then go home and try to convince your wife or the best girl that after all the man always wins.

This is a new kind of sex picture. The kind the whole family can see and enjoy a laugh, a thrill or two and argue about afterwards.

Norma Shearer is her usual charmingly vicious self. Conrad Nagle is the boyish lover most women like to see in all men, but yet is a man.

There is some "applesauce" of course. Even the most charming of feminine attorneys would hardly stage a fashion show in the office. But there are laughs for all, pretty girls, charming frocks, and good wholesome comedy.

At the Apollo all this week.—R. G. B.