

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 annually distributes approximately \$5,100,000 from the public tax revenues for the purpose of education, among the minor civil divisions of the State.

THE PYGMIES

Scientists have discovered a new race of little men and women, giants among them being four feet high and the average less than three.

They have lived for centuries, just how many no one knows, up in the mountains of Java.

To get beyond the dense tropical marshes, the scientists used airplanes.

To conquer the obstacles of the mountains, they had every invention of modern times.

They bring back the information that these little people were cool and unafraid and friendly.

All sorts of scientists will now try to explain life and the history of the world through this strange people with a strange tongue.

So, perhaps, will students of religion who will want to inquire whether these pygmies are descendants of Adam and Eve and just how it happens that they are small, a sort of Maltese terrier race compared to the German police dogs or mastiffs.

They apparently have inherited no language from any other known race. Their words are not those of ancient tongues of civilized peoples.

That will give the students of physiology a chance to demonstrate and prove their theories.

But most of us will be interested in their emotions, their natural reactions to kindness and cruelty, what they have learned of the problem of living together.

They have been, so it is asserted, saved from "foreign wars" by their remoteness.

Other human beings, larger than they, could not penetrate the fastnesses.

So they are reported to be unafraid because they have not learned to fear when another people who speak a different tongue appear to take from them what they may have created.

But even if they have no racial hates, do they have internal wars among themselves?

Do they reverence virtue in woman and is it something for which men fight and kill, as men have fought in our civilization from the time that Helen of Troy started a war and probably long before that.

Do they rush to the aid of each other when sickness comes, or do they permit their aged to crawl into holes and die as old dogs die?

What are their customs of courtship, and do men or women have the larger voice in ruling their lives?

What sort of food do they like best? What sort of a government have they established, or have they a government at all?

Is there an institution of marriage, and what is it? Do men grow envious of each other and try to become champions in feats of strength or of a keenness of mind?

Is there jealousy and fear and hate or love and trust, and kindness?

Do their women try to beautify themselves and spend their hours in seeking gaudy clothes to attract the male or cause other females to look upon them with envious eyes?

Here is a race of people, unspoiled and unaffected by the vast changes that have come to life.

They are apparently a natural people, if they be human beings at all—and there also is a question over which scientists and fundamentalists may start their battle all over again.

For while they are built in human form, is it possible that they are not human beings, but a superior sort of animal in the form of man and woman? Does size differentiate?

Perhaps a study of these little creatures may give man a hint on his own condition.

He may discover what he traded for civilization and get it back.

Or he may learn to prize education and culture so much more highly that he will devote at least as much to the support of a state university for a year as he does to the staging of a single prize fight.

Watch those pygmies. They are important.

IS THIS AMERICA?

Refugees are straggling up into the North, out of Florida. They come into a strange world, of a world that must seem strange to them. It's a world in which they find a dying state of excitement over a prize fight and a growing state of excitement over a series of baseball games. A world in which, some of the stragglers have reason to feel, the name of Florida is forgotten.

Fifty such refugees arrived in Washington Saturday. They were women and children, whose men had remained behind, engaged in clean-up and rescue work. They were discovered huddled in Union Station—hungry.

"We haven't had a real meal since last Friday," said one Hollywood woman. "We've lived on sandwiches and coffee all the way."

They were without money, with one exception. "A man at the station information booth gave me \$5," said this woman. "Three dollars was to buy a berth for the rest of the trip to New York, and he said I might need the other \$2."

Some were weeping. "Part of the time I cry and part of the time I laugh," said one. "People up here will never realize what we went through."

She told the truth. People outside of Florida never will realize what they went through. People outside of Florida, having had their first thrill out of the hurricane's horror and a very few—having warmed their own hearts by contributing a certain amount of cash to the Red Cross, apparently are unwilling to face any further duty toward the stricken State.

A limited number of American citizens on Thursday night of last week paid almost \$2,000,000 to see Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney fight one half hour in the rain. Up to that time, four days after the holocaust hit Florida, less than that amount of money had been contributed by the whole community toward relief of the men, women and children fighting with death in the devastated region.

Two million dollars for the two prima donnas in the esquil bowl. What for those two men in

Miami who for hours, with their bare hands, held up the roof over the heads of their women and babies?

The day after the disaster the Red Cross announced that \$5,000,000 would be needed to care for the injured and homeless, to bury the dead and stave off pestilence. That \$5,000,000 should have been forthcoming in less than twenty-four hours if the heart of this prosperous country held half the generosity we like to believe it does. It has not been forthcoming yet.

If you haven't sent in a contribution, won't you do it now?

REGISTER, OF COURSE

Take no chances on the interpretation of laws but register and make sure that you have a vote.

The man or woman who does not register will be a cipher in government and in citizenship in November.

Two great organizations, the League of Women Voters and the American Legion, are trying to get a more general participation in government on the part of citizens.

One of them has discovered that very many people have taken the attitude in this State that politics are so corrupt and the grip of the machine so firm that it is impossible to get anywhere at the ballot box.

That is exactly what political machines want independent-minded and thinking people to believe. They want the spirit of hopelessness to pervade the public mind.

They are quite willing to do the voting for the rest of us, to pick our Senators and judges and other officials.

They have enough men and women on their pay rolls and under their protection to take care of things unless the men and women who want nothing from government but decency and honesty take the trouble to go to the polls and vote.

Get on the lists so that you can vote. Even if you do not vote in November, be in position to vote if you want to.

Even that will help some.

INDIANAPOLIS FIRST

Today the business men of this city leave their desks and carry on the crusade for Indianapolis First.

That much has been accomplished already toward the creation of a more universal civic spirit. The crusade itself is worth while if it did nothing more than to bring these workers together in a united front to protect and advertise and push forward the gospel of Indianapolis.

It is worth while if it awakens in the minds and thoughts of these few men the latent faith and optimism which must be there.

It will do more, of course.

It will make the Chamber of Commerce, just housed in the most magnificent building in this city, the voice of Indianapolis because it will bring it into closer touch with every activity and enterprise of this city.

It will make it the symbol of a revived faith which will extend to every man and woman who finds here the opportunity for usefulness and happiness.

Every city must have a voice. Not often do city governments speak for the city. They are too remote from the real heart and purposes of citizens.

But the Chamber of Commerce can give voice to the aspirations, the hopes, the pride, the claims of Indianapolis.

It can do so only if every one who is intent on making it bigger and better, who believes it to be the best of all cities, who has Indianapolis first in his heart, helps to give inflection and volume to that voice.

Make your home city first in your heart and it will become first in enterprise and spirit.

We all can't be president, but most of us can have a better time.

Even though you hear a lot about self-made men, you can't think of any men who are not that.

Friday is unlucky. It usually comes the day before pay day when you are broke.

Bad luck is usually cursed for bad luck, while good luck is usually taken for granted.

Football's here. We heard a quarter back telephoning and he scared central calling the signals.

Sometimes talk is cheap. Sometimes it isn't. There are times when a little of it costs a man a lot of money.

If it takes all kinds of people to make a world, this one certainly is well made.

HOW TO REMAIN BEAUTIFUL

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

How shall I become beautiful? This is the modern feminine wail. We set out upon the quest for physical loveliness as the knights of old sought for the Holy Grail. And so many of us know not what we seek.

This elusive thing called beauty is more of spirit than of body. Youth always has a certain softness of skin, a certain brightness of eye, a certain suppleness of form. But, like the tender down of the peach, they are easily and swiftly destroyed. Immodesty will take the blush from your cheek, evil thoughts will dim the brightness of your eye, unclean living will transform your sylvan-like figure into one of ugly rotundity. And once lost, these things can never be had again.

Girls who smoke and drink and are too promiscuous with their kisses are not ever lovely for very long. For dissipation will inevitably coarsen and eventually annihilate all beauty.

It makes no difference how often you may go to the beauty parlor nor how many dollars you may spend for lotions and creams, you will never obtain and keep your heart's desire until you have learned that in some strange, intangible way all beauty relates to the soul and has its roots in the spirit.

All the dainty courtesans of old became in a few years hideous old women. And no matter how fair you may be, as each quick year hastens by you will give to it some fragment of your good looks.

And so the modern girl, though she be lovely as the immortal Helen, cannot hope to remain so for long if she indulges in fast living and loses her beauty sleep and gets drunk on cocktails and otherwise ignores the rules of good health.

We are placing too much faith in the beauty parlor these days. A fatal error.

It is a truism that beauty partakes largely of the spiritual. Those who think upon this realize that it feeds upon thoughts and actions and inner sensation far more than it does upon massages and cold creams.

In our keen desire for outward loveliness, is it not strange that we fail to take this fact into consideration?

Tracy

Sport Has Become the Safety Valve of Modern Life.

By M. E. Tracy

Taft and Tunny were in New York Saturday.

The latter, who won his right to recognition by thirty minutes of boxing, was tendered a public luncheon and given the keys of the city.

The ex-President and chief justice of the United States was interviewed by a few newspaper men as he paced the station platform.

Sport has certainly taken a deep hold on the modern mind, which an English professor says is due to the monotony of machine labor. He says that men no longer take interest in their work; that they can't; that there is little about it to challenge their ambition and he sketched their hunger for variety; that they are bored with standardized motion.

The idea is worth a second thought, but chiefly because of where the boredom may drive the restless, the venturesome, the most intelligent. The idea is worth a second thought, but chiefly because of where the boredom may drive the restless, the venturesome, the most intelligent. The idea is worth a second thought, but chiefly because of where the boredom may drive the restless, the venturesome, the most intelligent.

There is probably more excuse for fire prevention week than for most of these periodic spasms which have come in with the "start a movement" craze.

The enormous losses which we suffer through fire are due to carelessness and ignorance. They can be prevented to a large extent by calling attention to a few simple precautions.

The Boy Scout, who said "Break the match before throwing it down," saved this country millions.

Challenges

A Pennsylvania court has just decided that the loss of a big toe is worth \$6 a week on the ground that it incapacitates a man for work.

Einar Barford, head of the Pennsylvania Insurance Bureau, and formerly head of the securities bureau, is minus half a foot, but shows no lack of capacity on account of it.

Some men take life as an excuse to whine about their troubles, while others accept it as a challenge to make good, no matter what happens.

Seeing It Through

Einar Barford was born in Denmark and took to the sea when 14. Five years later found him captain of a three-masted schooner in the Dutch East Indies. Then he came down with beriberi, which wrecked all hopes of a maritime career in that quarter of the world.

Drifting to Philadelphia, he took a course at the Drexel Institute and got a newspaper job. The city editor took his broken English to mean that he probably couldn't write and gave him "leg work" in connection with routine political and financial stories, especially the latter.

Barford made such a reputation as an exposé of shady deals and crooked corporations that when the Philadelphia Better Business Bureau was established he was asked to take charge of its investigation department.

The bureau went broke after a few months, but rather than quit the thirty cases he had worked up, he sold what little property he had and started a service of his own. This service brought little financial reward, but it gave Barford such a name that Governor Pinchot placed him at the head of the Pennsylvania Securities Bureau.

The fearlessness and energy with which he conducted that bureau has become a nation-wide knowledge. Barford is the man who worked up the facts with regard to G. L. Miller and Company.

He lost his foot by walking around on it after it had become infected, and after he had been told to go to bed, in order to keep tab on that immortal piece of political thuggery which resulted in the imprisonment of eighteen gamblers from New York to intimidate the voters of a Philadelphia ward.

Contrast

Pennsylvania is a state of amazing contrasts—one man getting \$6 a week for the loss of a toe, while another performs splendid public service in spite of a lost foot, a William S. Vare riding to power through machine politics and misused wealth, while the chaste poverty of a William B. Wilson strikes no fire, a Grundy employing his brains and money to debauch primaries, while a Mitten works intelligently and romantically for the betterment of industry.

Nerve

Vare, Republican nominee for the Senate in Pennsylvania, made his first campaign speech Saturday night. He forgot to mention the slush fund, but told working men how much money they had to be thankful for on account of the tariff and exhorted them to sustain the Coolidge administration.

If President Coolidge had the proper sense of value, he would tell Vare, as Woodrow Wilson once told George Harvey, and with far less justification, that support from such a quarter is injurious and unwelcome.

Another Aspect

On the same day that Vare sought to obscure the debauched primary with a screen of platitudes, Thomas E. Miller, head of Philadelphia's street car system, spoke to the American Congress of Industry on his plan to eliminate strikes and increase efficiency.

His plan is to make employee stockholders, to let them share in the profit and assume a part of the responsibility. He has put it into effect on the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, where the employees already hold more than one-third of the common stock, where fare boxes and ticket clocks have been done away with, where there has been no strike threats for more than a decade and where the employees have a disposition to increase efficiency and give better service because it means money in their pockets.

Bring on the Throne and Place Comedy Crown on the Brow of Harry Langdon

By Walter D. Hickman

Bring on the comedy throne and place a third seat on it. Meaning for Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd to crowd over and make room for Harry Langdon.

Don't mean for one second that Langdon has kicked Lloyd or Chaplin off the high bench of comedy honors, but mean that the throne should contain three chairs. That's what you will agree with me in this when you see "The Strong Man." First National pulled no mean trick when they tied this man up for a contract. Langdon was the bird who did a "night out" stunt in such a "mug" a little later than Keaton. Langdon is a clever showman, and he knows many tricks of the legitimate and variety stage. These tricks he brings before the eye of the camera. The truth is—Langdon gets his best and most noisy fun out of the scenes where he is going it alone.

I nearly passed out when he manufactured a cold and began plastering his chest with "anti" something but got a jar of Imburee cheese. He finally admits that he is getting back his sense of smell. And how? Again he landed me a comedy wallop when he turned out to be a strong man in disguise. This is an old burlesque idea but Langdon does it with so much individual charm that he turns this scene into one of the comedy delights of the season.

There are several comedy scenes in this picture which requires several hundred people to put it across but Langdon is so powerful in his fun making that he stands out over the head of the angry mob. You will enjoy that expression after you see this really clever comedy on the screen.

An warning you that you have a right to see a comedy that is crowded full of fun and fun as I am concerned the "rob sister" scenes of Langdon could be eliminated, but such scenes have direct bearing upon the story.

If you like this type of a Langdon comedy, write me at once and I don't to the same, because I am going to write Langdon a long letter and tell him what you thought of "The Strong Man." And I have the hunch that he will read it and answer it. So help me write my letter.

The Circle Orchestra this week, under the direction of Stolarevsky, is playing selections from "The Burgomaster," a comic opera which was popular years ago. And the melody is delicious. A mighty good idea to do this sort of thing, Mr. Stolarevsky.

Dessa Byrd is strutting her comedy moments this week again by letting the audience entertain her. It went over to big success when she presented. And there is a cute comedy on the bill. His services of a wee comic called "Big Boy." Found "Parted," another of "Twisted Tales" series having a good idea, but being poorly directed. A good director would do wonders with the brains back of the idea of this series.

At the Circle all week.

HISTORY AND SOME INDIAN FIGHTING AT COLONIAL

There are many reasons for being interested in "The Flaming Frontier."

It has a mighty interesting historical background and one that most of us know something about. It deals with General Custer's last stand.

It takes lot of Indians to put this one over and they have been splendidly handled. They actually act like I imagine Indians acted when they put on a certain terrible slaughter. Well, it is good melodrama at that, done with probably a nice regard to history.

An effort has been made anyway, it seems to put both brains and history into this movie. As it stands now on the screen at the Colonial, it is more than a historical document, it is interesting and moving entertainment.

The greatest trouble with historical characters on the screen generally is that they act more like ghosts of the past than actual living characters. The director has gone beyond this handicap and the result is that the characters seem to have living things to do.

Of course you interest will center upon the big fight—when the Indians pulled a terrible Tunny upon General Custer. There is lot of fine intelligent direction in these scenes and I believe a lot of historical brains.

The movie brings out the point that rotten political influences caused the downfall of Custer, but the lesson and assurance given that the guilty ones were punished. But I am concerned just now in its value as entertainment. "The Flaming Frontier" will hold your interest and at the same time will give you something to think about.

This picture will demand attention. It is more than an Indian picture or a Western. It is big and broad enough in theme to be called a movie dealing with the event in the history of the country.

An Indian Princess sings some songs, one being a jazz number, in a stage presentation given under the name of Princess Lillian and Company, called "On the Rio Grande." It is rather heavy with scenery. As the act develops it turns out to be a rather modern jazz band. Bill includes a comedy and orchestral music.

At the Colonial all week.

MAC LEAN USES OLD FORMULA IN NEW COMEDY

Some of the better known comedians are going back to the aged formula—chase scenes.

The chase is really the basis of the

story used by MacLean in "Hold That Lion." The story itself is old-fashioned, and so is the treatment had to be as old-fashioned as the story.

It is one chase from the first reel until the last. MacLean first chases a pretty girl all over the world to give her a handkerchief which she dropped, or he thought she did that little thing.

Real lions are used in the chase when the party lands in Africa. Of course it is necessary to use real lions in the chase because MacLean had to do his lion act.

It is interesting to note that MacLean has the comedy services of Walter Hiers, the fat comedienne. Hiers hasn't so much to do but to chase MacLean all over the world and then finally to be chased by lions.

Charlie Davis and his gang are giving another stage presentation this week. Bob Gordon again is in the organ. A comedy film and other events are on the bill. At the Ohio all week.

OLD STYLE SLUGGING PICTURED IN "BLARNEY"

Guess it is year 1870. Anyway it is the days when prize fighters didn't wear gloves and when they slugged until one of the fighters couldn't drag himself to the center of the ring.

"Blarney" is a sort of a little cameo of an ancient day when the women wore hoop skirts, or what ever they called 'em, and the men doted up like sheiks, although the world didn't call 'em that then. They were spoken of as "fast and dashing gentlemen."

Will admit that it took me quite some time to adjust myself to the atmosphere of "Blarney." And even after the movie was completed, I didn't just know what I was going to do about it. It is different, that's all.

Other theaters today offer: "Capers of 1924," at the Lyric; Eddie Leonard, at Keith's; "The Wedding Ring," at the Palace; "The Family Upstairs," at the Uptown; and "The Texas Streak," at the Isis.

Keith's opened its new season Sunday by attracting marvelous audiences.

At the Apollo all week.

At the Isis all week.

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