

# The Indianapolis Times

ROY W. HOWARD, President.

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No law shall be passed restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restringing the right to speak, write, or print freely, on any subject whatever.—Constitution of Indiana.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

There is every reason for faith that those who have a wish of a happy and prosperous New Year their neighbors will see that wish realized. The old year in this State has brought a new ending, not only of industry and material, but spiritual.

It has helped to lift something of a burden that has been borne so long by Indiana, a burden of export abroad and distrust at home.

It has seen the beginning of a new spirit and new faith, rather a revival of the old spirit and old faith of the fathers.

It is passing, very rapidly, the belief that can be done to make equality more than a in the dictionary, law and justice more than a, more than commodities upon the bargainers of the powerful and privileged.

It is being driven back into its caves and consciousness stands out of the shadow of fear in it lingered for so long.

In its sincere wish to the people for the coming The Times knows of no better or higher hope that this awakened spirit will take on new strength and new zeal.

It trusts that before another year shall pass history that the people of this city and of this will feel themselves redeemed and uplifted.

It believes that before another celebration is that there will be pride of accomplishment and

the shackles of bondage to the mercenary and greedy will be broken.

It wishes to a much larger family on this than it did one year ago. For The Times is growing and enlarging its circle of friends followers. Where three families found this of good will one year ago, there are four now reading it today.

And with the wish of happiness and prosperity good will goes anew the pledge of service and

faltering fidelity to the causes which will make it come true.

## SWEARING OFF

There may be those who laugh at the ancient of swearing off their bad habits on the of the year.

The strong may look upon it as a device for a trick to bolster up a failure of force or of will power.

Of course, the time to stop any habit or custom that is injurious and detrimental is the individual decides that the habit is or dangerous or wasteful.

But if the day does give courage to those who otherwise find within themselves the power and curb their own wanderings, it is a to stop and take stock and throw aside all that bind one from a full life.

For nearly twenty-four consecutive hours Burton talked against a rivers and harbors appropriation bill then pending.

Congress was about to adjourn, and Burton had only to talk long enough to prevent the bill from coming to a vote.

He talked and talked and talked some more. A page brought him some soft-boiled eggs. Burton ate them daintily, still talking, while congressional wags yelled, "don't egg him on!"

Burton is proud of the fact that this was no Mother Goose or Holy Writ or Shakespearean filibuster, but that he was so well informed on his subject that he could have talked on it alone forty-eight hours, if necessary.

Perhaps Burton, who says that the price of fame is bachelorhood, knows whereof he speaks.

Who but a bachelor could have had any opportunity to get in trim for such a vocal marathon?

With hundreds of miles of water behind and hundreds more ahead.

"I know people," says Dr. J. C. H. Beaumont, this chief surgeon of the White Star fleet.

"People are nowhere so easily known, so transparent, so all that they are, as on the high seas, away from all the ties of land."

The doctor knows how people face danger. That is an unfailing guide to character.

## OLD-FASHIONED!

That anything or anyone is "old-fashioned" is one of today's most scoring attacks.

With the glib adjective "old-fashioned" we are inclined to dismiss everything and everybody that does not coincide with the thought of the passing second.

This comment by the late Anatole France on "old-fashionedness" is worthy of attention:

"The other day some one declared that Balzac was old-fashioned. I don't quite understand the word, in that sense, though I've tried many times to fathom its exact meaning. It conveys the idea, I think, of something that is antiquated, of no use. A necktie which the dandy throws away is old-fashioned.

"Is Balzac like a threadbare necktie? Should the thought of the human mind, the product of one's life force, really be doomed, thus wasted?

"In the great universe where not an atom is lost, not a tiny portion of the world's energy squandered, should it be only the creation of the human brain which is wantonly spent?

"Youth is so proud of its power that it wants to rid itself of the creations of the masters and try new paths which never have been trodden before. They are thinking ahead many centuries and the most modern isn't modern enough for them. They want to destroy so that they can build; they want to annihilate so that they can begin.

"They want to have a new Bible, Life's new Bible, written in a new language. Do they forget that the atavism of our blood? Don't they realize that they'll have to continue the subconscious life of their fathers whom they want to bury alive? How can they get away from the eternal continuity of things?"

A new sort of challenge to youth—the challenge of tolerance for "old-fashionedness!"

## THE PRACTICALITY OF IT

Congressman Theodore Elijah Burton, who just passed his 75th birthday and who, reviewing his life, opines that bachelorhood aided him to scale those heights which he has scaled, once led a filibuster in Congress.

This filibuster has gone down in history as the most famous of all talkfests ever witnessed within those sacred walls.

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## GOOD FORM AND GEOGRAPHY

These funny savages. How childish, how superstitious, how utterly irrational they are.

Take the South African bushman, for instance; he will not drink water unless he is standing and it into his mouth with his hands.

The Senoi of Malacca, however, will only drink when the water is held in a folded leaf.

And other races would feel defiled if they did not drink from pumpkins, gourds or coconut shells, and some from human skulls or cups made from the scalps of their slain enemies.

But suppose you told a bushman or a Senoi or some other funny fellow that there was a land where it was considered very, very bad to eat soup from the south instead of the north, that knives and spoons must be laid to the right of the plate and forks to the left, that napkins should only be half unfolded, and that the cups were never put on the table. How funny he would think of us.

Etiquet and good form seem largely a matter of geography.

## PIRATE GOLD

In the marshes of south Louisiana men and women still hunt the fabled gold doubloons buried by the Pirate Jean Lafitte.

For 100 years diggers have pried up and down the great coastal stretch southwest of New Orleans, turning the ground in the hope for a glint of gold. Certain districts resemble war-torn areas in Belgium and France. On Pecan Island, in Vermilion parish, trees have been torn up and the Indian mounds looted of their arrowheads and bones.

It is man's age-old search. Steam-heated apartments, street cars, radio, automobiles—they all fail to quench the eternal Argonauts that still lives in man's heart.

The glint of pirate gold! Adventure! Romance! Man goes far for the treasures he can not find.

A report shows 61,302 women have railroad jobs in this country. Pretty soon we'll be able to go down to the depot and flirt with the lady brakeman.

One person in every five in the United States owns a car now, according to registration figures. That is, they did before Jan. 1.

A New Jersey girl routed a burglar by kicking his shins. It must take nerve to dance the Charleston with a burglar.

"Scores homeless in fire," says a headline. How about those millions homeless in autos?

European firms have boosted the price of rags. Such a demand over there from chewers, perhaps.

Britishers are carrying snuff boxes on their hips, according to a dispatch. Not much room for a snuff box in this country.

# THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

## Tracy

New Year's Day Is Reminder of Centuries Required to Make Calendar.

By M. E. Tracy

Well, another year has rolled into being, and you would never know it but for the calendar and the clock.

So many ticks to the minute, so many minutes to the hour and so many hours to the day—that thought out the system with all its elaborate detail and exactness?

It took 6,000 years and more to produce a reasonably dependable almanac.

There were natural phenomena to begin with—sunrise, phases of the moon, seasons—but it was very difficult to make them fit.

The earth turns over once every twenty-four hours, the moon goes around the earth once every twenty-nine and one-half days and there are twelve and one-half lunations during the solar year.

Men began to measure time by using one or another of these phenomena, but they did not succeed until they had learned to work the combination.

Rome's Troubles

Rome, in her proud, self-satisfied youth, decreed a year of 304 days, and got off the track before she was well started. An emperor added two months, hoping to correct the fault, but he fell short by ten days. Then somebody thought of the happy expedient of packing twenty-two or twenty-three days into February every second year.

The job of padding February was left to the high priest, and he doesn't seem to have been bound by any rules. If he liked an administration he could, and often did, prolong it by adding an extra week or so. If an administration did not meet with his approval, he could shorten it by taking reverse action.

For several centuries there was quite as much politics as science in the Roman calendar.

Varying Months

When Julius Caesar came on the scene, he found Rome running three months behind schedule, with spring where winter ought to be and summer where spring ought to be.

As was his custom, he took prompt and heroic measures to remedy the situation, first calling in an astronomer to find out what the trouble was and prolonging the year 47 B. C. to 445 days in order to start right once more.

Caesar Acts

You have wondered, perhaps, why we have seven months with thirty-one days, four with thirty days and one with twenty-eight.

It all goes back to the Julian calendar, supplemented by the vanity of a man.

The Julian calendar provided for a 365-day year, with an extra day in each fourth year.

In order to divide the year into twelve fairly equal months, it was decreed that there should be six of thirty and six of thirty-one days, running alternately in the 366-day year, and that a day should be taken from February, which was the last month, according to the Roman calendar, to provide for a 365-day year.

July, a thirty-one-day month, was named for Julius Caesar, and some years later August, a thirty-day month, was named for his distinguished nephew.

The distinguished nephew did not like this arrangement. He thought himself entitled to just as long a month as the great Julius, so he took another day from February to make it so.

The following programs will be given:

A. S. F. RECITAL JAN. 2

"Lungi del caro benni" from "Marriage of Figaro" . . . . . Mozart

"Sonny Boy" . . . . . Mrs. Mary Nugent

"Ah Tho the Silver Moon Were Mine" . . . . . Lohr

Selected Duets . . . . . Carl Bergman

Gertude and Adelaide Conte

Carol Cospick

Se Seran Recital . . . . . Artit

Thelma Caldwell

"Cavaller Fantastique" . . . . . Godard

"An Old Love Story" . . . . . Smith

Selected Organ Numbers . . . . . Adelante Conte

Readings . . . . . Mrs. Bertha Macy

Piano Numbers . . . . . Claude Foley

Miss Cooper, Miss Foley and Mrs. Macy are guest artists for the afternoon.

ENSEMBLE RECITAL JAN. 4

"Sketches of the City" . . . . . Nevin

Moment Musical . . . . . Schubert

"Rosary" . . . . . Charles Dickens

Arise, Singers . . . . . McDermott

Arne H. Agnew

Arabian Nightingale Smith

"One Fine Day" . . . . . Mme. Butterfield

"Where 'Ere You Walk" . . . . . Handel

"Canzone" . . . . . Pabst

"Sextette from Lucia" . . . . . Donizetti

"The Moonlight" . . . . . Schenbach

Prelude in C Sharp Minor . . . . . Rachmaninoff

Marche Militaire . . . . . Robert Schrepperman

Solo Dance . . . . . Catherine Smith

"Bell Man" . . . . . The Open Road

"Rag" . . . . . Ruth Fort

"Blush Moon" . . . . . Eva Feller

"Oh, No, John, English" . . . . . Schubert

"Who Is Sylvia" . . . . . Schubert

"Beside the Still Waters" . . . . . Schubert

"The Moonlight" . . . . . Ruth Fort

"Funeral March of a Marionette" . . . . . Liszt

"Rag" . . . . . Ruth Fort

"Rag" . . . . . Ruth Fort

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