

The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)
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"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way."—Dante.

A Tale of Two Nightmares

Fortunately, a bad dream can not prolong itself forever.

Indianapolis had one that lasted longer than most. But it's over.

And now Chicago, with stomach full of political welsh rabbit, does off into a season of fitful sleep, to moan and toss and groan a while.

A distinct similarity exists between the two nightmares, each being dominated by a fear of invasion from afar.

With Indianapolis it was the pope. With Chicago it is King George in the role of the dragon.

We can't predict just how long it will take Chicago to come out of it.

But we do give thanks that our own bad dream has passed; that we are awake; that the sun is shining through the window, that God's still in his heaven, and that, with the exception of a hard forenoon's job of bedmaking, all's right with the world.

Endowed Journalism

State Auditor (or Editor) L. S. Bowman has hit upon a great scheme, and it is a wonder that some bright Indiana politician hadn't thought of it before.

He has begun to publish a regular periodical, entitled the Indiana State News Bulletin, the editorial mission of which is to uphold that which is, administratively.

Much has been said about the power of the press.

How great the power varies, according to the publication and the editor.

But assuming, for the sake of argument, that the press, properly edited, is all-powerful. And assuming further, that State Editor Bowman packs the literary punch necessary to maintain such power. Then the administration is saved, and only death can end it.

Such a conception is neat indeed, and approaches as nearly as is possible in this vale of tears, perpetual motion.

And what though the idea fail? It is certainly worth trying, since the taxpayer, and not Bowman, pays the bill.

A Place for Teachers

Occasionally we hear of a college president who knows just what a college should be. Ernest Hatch Wilkins, new president of Oberlin, seems to be well fitted to carry the work from Henry Churchill King left it after twenty-five years of splendid teaching.

In his inauguration speech at the Ohio school, Dr. Wilkins, among other things, said:

"What shall it profit a college to add to its teaching staff a man who has a fine voice, is a natural mixer, plays golf in the eighties, is a tireless and efficient committee man, a productive scholar, an idealist in life and work—and can not teach? Teaching is the soul of the enterprise. Unto the teacher these other qualities may well be added; but teaching ability must be there as the basic quality of all."

It is refreshing in these days of educational frills to be reminded that a college staff should consist of teachers.

Loaded With Dynamite

Every race track has its players with a "system." Play 'em this way or that and you can't lose. It sounds good but it doesn't work.

That's the way it is with the Chinese puzzle. Most every observer, student or statesman who goes out there comes back with a "system"—a plan by which the puzzle can be solved. But the plans never work.

Senator Bingham of Connecticut, is one of the ablest men in our upper house. After some months in the Far East he suggests to Secretary of State Kellogg that China should be split up into five or six autonomous regions and, later on, merged into a single federation like the British Empire.

Theoretically this plan like many another, looks good on paper but it would not work. China is already divided into several autonomous parts, and has been for years, but instead of living in peace, the south is after the north and Manchuria is after the lot. They won't behave. They won't stay put.

To express it in a simpler way, A, B, C and D lord it respectively over four different sections of China. A licks B and C licks D, whereupon the winners, A and C fall to and fight it out to see which will rule all. Neither one ever does, of course, because before he gets started, new war lords have sprung up where the old ones had been and the merry-go-round of war starts all over again. The result is what you see . . . eternal chaos worse confounded.

There are only three possible solutions to the Chinese puzzle and all are loaded with dynamite.

Number one, the great powers can keep hands off and allow the Chinese to fight it out—a solution requiring a great deal of cool patience.

Number two, the great powers can intervene after agreeing to some sort of scheme for overseeing the job of putting China back on her feet—which would take less time but would be extremely dangerous for the powers themselves.

Number three, the great powers can partition China and divide the pieces . . . then go to war among themselves over the spoils.

Senator Bingham's plan would fit in very well with solution No. 2. Each autonomous section of China would have to be supervised by outsiders pending the time when a central government could really be made to function. Otherwise the sections would go right on doing what they are doing now—fighting.

No, the China picture is not very bright. But it is not so black, either, as it might seem. China has been asleep for the last two or three thousand years. The clock with her has stood still. She can not be expected to catch up with the rest of us in a day. It will take decades upon decades of education, road-

building, slow absorption of modern ideas, and so on, to put her where she should be.

A lot of people are now saying the nationalist movement is all bunk, that there is no such thing in China. Let them fool you. What it takes to make a nation the Chinese have. The spirit may not be very strong at present but it will grow. The nationalist movement will likely behave like a tide. Waves upon it may rise and fall but steadily the tide itself will mount higher and higher, until, with a roar, wave and tide together will reach a crest and sweep everything before them.

China will probably never be a copy of the United States or Britain. We need not expect it of her. Her ways are not our ways. But ultimately she will come into her own—if the great powers do not prevent her. Meantime America should study her and be patient and remain her traditional, helpful friend.

Such a policy will pay big.

The Way Fess Figures It

For reasoning around a circle we commend Senator Fess of Ohio to your attention. Following that interview at the White House from which he came forth somewhat flushed and flustered, announcing that the President was displeased because he (Fess) persisted in telling the country that he (Coolidge) would be renominated, the Senator talked to the reporters.

"The President," said Fess, "insisted with some heat that the country would assume that he did not mean what he had said. I said to him, 'of course, you mean what you say.'"

"I told him, and others have told him the same thing, that unless he makes a more definite announcement, making it very plain that he would not accept the nomination, the convention was certain to turn to him. Furthermore, I told him that in the absence of some amplification of his Black Hills statement, he could not honestly turn the public and the party down by refusing to accept the nomination. . . ."

"I do not feel that I have been bound to silence. In my opinion, the President said to me the only thing he could, under the circumstances. He felt that he had to show me that he was displeased at my putting him in an inconsistent position. In my opinion that was as far as he intended to go. . . ."

"It is my opinion that the mere fact that the President does not say something more . . . is proof enough that he intends to accept the nomination when it is offered him."

There you are. The kitten has finally caught its tail!

Of course, like most of the country, we consider that Coolidge intended himself by his don't choose statement and that he did, in fact eliminate himself. But here's a close friend, political and personal, a Senator of the United States, who feels differently. Still feels that way, he declares, after the visit to the White House woodshed, and is going to keep on feeling that way unless the President "makes a more definite announcement."

It must be very embarrassing to the President. He may be compelled to accept Senator Fess' hint and make a more definite announcement, just to end this embarrassment.

Point Your Boy to the Top

Don C. Seitz, New York newspaper man, addressed the Indiana High School Press Association at Franklin, Ind., the other day. Reports of his speech quote him as denying the truth of the old saying that "there is plenty of room at the top."

We disagree with Mr. Seitz. We hold that there never has been a time in the history of the world in which the call for men of unusual ability has been as great as it is now.

Plenty of men always are available for the routine task. But there is an undersupply of men with vision who know how to transform vision into reality—of men who dream and are capable of making their dreams come true.

Father, impress upon that boy of yours that, way up at the top, there is a job waiting for him.

The path that leads to it is a winding highway on which there is much work for mind and hand. There are bound to be disappointments along the route. There are sure to be days in which your lad will wonder whether the struggle is worth while.

But the struggle is worth while, for at the end of the road there are alluring rewards for those who remain steadfast in their fight; for those who are inspired with the zeal to do things and who do not exhaust patience as they go their way, unafraid.

"Home, Sweet Home"

In London, 104 years ago, the opera, "The Maid of Milan," was sung, and a classic given to the world. That was "Home, Sweet Home" and it never will perish.

Now we hear that the home of John Howard Payne, its author, in Easthampton, L. I., is to be preserved. Taxpayers of the village voted yes on a \$60,000 expenditure to save the house and make it a museum for mementoes of Payne and other American antiquities of that region.

No one remembers the opera in which the song was introduced. The song, expressing old but constant sentiment, goes on and on. It is fitting that its author be honored as the man who best expressed it.

Falling in love should be done intelligently, says a New York sociologist. Same thing, we suppose, applies to falling out of a cherry tree or an airplane.

Law and Justice

By Dexter M. Keezel

The owner of an automobile invited a friend to go duck hunting with him. While driving along a mountain road at about twenty miles an hour, he lost control of the car, it went into a ditch, and his friend was injured. His friend sued him for damages, claiming the accident was due to negligent driving which made the automobile owner liable for his injuries.

The automobile owner denied that he had been driving negligently, but said that even if he had been his guest would only be entitled to damages if the car was being driven with a complete absence of care. He argued that an automobile owner isn't liable to his guests for damages resulting from his negligence, but that he is liable only when he drives without any care at all.

HOW WOULD YOU DECIDE THIS CASE?

The actual decision: The Supreme Court of the State of Washington held that the friend was not entitled to damages. The court said that "before an invited guest can recover a showing of gross negligence is necessary," and defined gross negligence as "want of slight care."

TRACY

SAYS:

In Twenty Years the Great Problem Will Be Not How to Fly, but Where to Light.

Home from Europe with three experts and a model, Charles A. Levine prepares to begin work on the most gigantic airplane ever constructed in this country.

It will have a wing spread of 180 feet, carry fifty passengers and be driven by five motors.

The cost is estimated at half a million dollars, and the time required for completion at one year.

If Mr. Levine carries this project to a successful finish, he will have done much more for aviation than he or any one else has done through the dare-devil transoceanic flights thus far recorded.

Betting on the Air

The big multi-motored airplane is the hope of long distance flying, especially overseas.

The magnificent displays of courage and astonishing feats that have made this year immortal prove nothing so vividly as the utter folly of attempting to employ the present type of airplane for transoceanic flying.

The man who bets his money on bigger and better airplanes is doing far more good than the man who bets his life on a chance of getting by where two out of every three are doomed to failure if not death.

Plane Parking Problem

Meanwhile, those who doubt the progress of aviation, or who can not visualize it as one of the most important fields of human achievement ever opened, have neglected to keep in touch with what is going on.

Anthony H. Fokker may be indulging in poetic license when he pictures the average grocery clerk taking his sweetheart up for an evening's spin in an air flivver, but his portrayal of a sky darkened by great fleets of commercial and pleasure craft is not beyond the range of possibility.

In twenty years the great problem will be not how to fly, but where to light.

Cut Scientific Eyeteeth

Those who worry less man has delved too deep into the secrets of science should wait. The next generation will offer them a far better excuse.

Man barely has begun to cut his eye-teeth in a scientific way, barely begun to realize the possibilities of material force.

We who grew up with Old Dobbin and kerosene lamps, who jump every time an auto honks its horn and who imagine we are going to be killed by a falling live wire when the wind blows ought to screw up our courage for the children's sake, at least.

The laboratory, technical school and work shop have taken command of the imagination of youth.

All that grandpa ever dreamed and more, the boy of fifty years hence will be doing as a matter of commonplace routine.

Dead Sea Proves Rich

For thousands of years the Dead Sea has haunted men with its bleak sterility. They have visited it for no better purpose than to gaze in horror, and have found no better explanation for its existence than the wrath of God.

Now comes science, refusing to be abashed, or doubt the presence of something good, worthwhile and useful simply because the forces of evil seem to hold full sway.

Science has tasted the noisome water, penetrated beyond the surface of those murky depths and discovered secrets of tremendous value.

There are millions of tons of potassium chloride calcium chloride and other minerals to be had for the asking.

A Russian peasant's land may yet be fertilized, a Chicago dump disinfected and a Bagdad merchant buy a paper salt because of the Dead Sea.

Kill Incurables?

Once more pops up the question of whether a parent has committed murder in putting his suffering and hopelessly incurable child out of misery.

This time it is a hard-boiled English jury that answers, and the answer, strange as it may seem, is "No."

The case was peculiarly pathetic. The 3-year-old daughter of Albert Davies, a laborer, having been afflicted with tuberculosis since birth, had spent most of her life in sanitariums or under medical treatment.

Just before her death she had undergone an operation for appendicitis, had contracted pneumonia and measles, after which gangrene had set in.

Davies confessed that when her torture became so painful and her condition so hopeless that he could no longer stand it, he took her into the bathroom and drowned her.

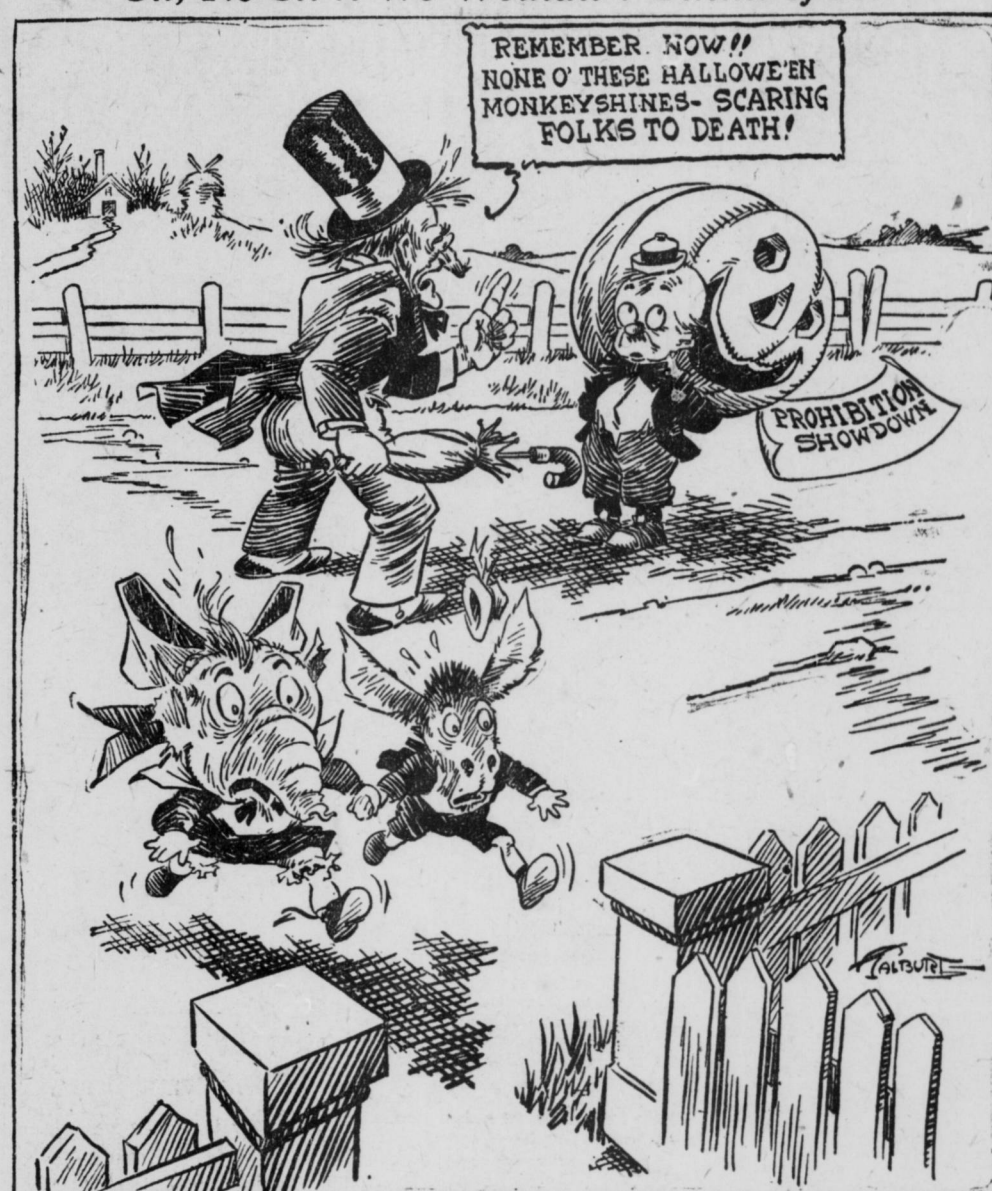
In his charge to the jury, the judge said that if Davies did take the life of his child, it was out of love and sympathy.

"It is a matter that gives food for thought," he said, "when one considers that had this poor child been an animal instead of a human being, so far from there being anything blameworthy in this man's action in putting an end to the child's suffering, he would have actually been liable to punishment had he not done it."

Is Independence Day a national holiday?

There is no Federal law creating a holiday in this country, but there are certain holidays—among them Independence Day—that are always celebrated nationally and in that sense they are national holidays, and so recognized by common usage.

Oh, No Sir!! We Wouldn't Think of It!



Part of the Life Story of Theodore Roosevelt Is the Basis for the Story of 'The Rough Riders'

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

Regardless of one's political faith, there is room in the memory chamber of all for Theodore Roosevelt.

As in the case of Abraham Lincoln it is most difficult to bring such personalities onto the stage or the screen.

Lincoln has yielded to the dramatic requirements of both stage and screen, and now we have

Theodore Roosevelt as the central character in a movie called "The Rough Riders."

The very title, of course, causes one to immediately associate Roosevelt with it. I think that an honest effort has been made on the part of the man who wrote the story to incorporate in the story some of the sterling qualities of this remarkable leader who caught and held the imagination as well as the faith of the Nation.

We are chiefly concerned with the influence of Roosevelt and his rough riders in Cuba, and some of his well-known characteristics as being "de-lighted" and his fine regard for the safety of his men regardless of orders higher up, as well as his contempt for governmental red tape. These characteristics are not played up in the story in hokum style, but rather in a way to arouse one's personal respect for the man.

As far as the movie is concerned one is chiefly interested in the work of Frank Hopper as Theodore Roosevelt. Hopper has attempted, I feel, to create Roosevelt as he was in appearance and action as he actually was—first as assistant secretary and then later on as lieutenant colonel when Leonard Wood was in chief command of the Rough Riders. And then when Wood was promoted Roosevelt became a colonel and remained as such until the Rough Riders returned to this country after the war.

Hopper has attempted to give an honest characterization of Roosevelt and he fortunately does not overact in an attempt to give an acting portrait of this man.

Equally interesting is the work of Col. Fred Lindsay as Leonard Wood. The comedy interest is carried on by Noah Beery as "Hell's Bells" and George Bancroft as "Happy Joe," both very rough rough riders. The love elements supplied by Charles Farrell, Charles Emmet Mack and Mary Astor.

I found "The Rough Riders" to be a comfortable experiment of making history entertainment. Was especially impressed by the work of Mack as "Bert," who proved that he was not a coward.

The bill includes "The Camp," with Ralph Leigh and others, and "On the Air" as well as a news reel.

At the Circle.

JOHN DREW OF THE MOVIES

It has taken me some time to ac-

quaint myself with the story of John Drew of the movies.

Years ago when Paul White-

man made his first "concert" appearance at the Murat I was impressed with both the man and the artist as well as his organization.

White man's attitude has changed since those days in comparison with his general all-around showmanship ideas of today.

As I watched him yesterday make really beautiful symphonic pictures out of what we call modern music, I believe that I understood and appreciated both his artistry and showmanship more than ever. White man is just as individual as a director as Sousa.

White man now is swaying his body as a baion. He seems to be a part of the rhythm of every number played by his orchestra. At times he nearly dances, but he doesn't over do it. This

time he has the assistance of some scenery in the song poems as I call them. He is playing this sea-

son a modern composition along extreme, modern lines, reminding one of "The Rhapsody in Blue." When they play this number White man announces that he hopes the people will like it, as he is making an effort to encourage modern writers.

This is splendid, both for the new writer as well as the "new" audience. As usual, White man permits individual members to strut their individual talents and some of his "children" just about stop the show. But the big thing back of it all is Paul White man, the genius and the big showman.

Because of the record business done Saturday (Ace Berry telling me that all Saturday records were shattered on opening of White man's engagement), and I know that people stood for a considerable time before seats were obtainable yesterday. White man and his orchestra will make four appearances at the Indiana today.

The feature on the screen this week is Harry Langdon in "There's a Crowd." He seems to me to be striking a Charlie Chaplin pose in this comedy of moods. Of course, Langdon always has the sort of passing out expression on his face and when he is supposed to be most sad, he generally is the most funny.

Langdon is about the whole works in this story of a weird bachelor who loved dolls because he was so lonely and who became overjoyed when fate wished upon him a "wife" and a new born baby.

About the only way that one can judge this strange mixture of extreme hokum is to see how an audience reacts. And they sure did react when I was present.

Maurice, organist, is attempting to be a comedian this week. As such he does not appeal to me. It is my own opinion that he is doing too much extreme noise stuff on the organ instead of bringing out the vast beauty of great music which sounds like a symphony upon this great pipe organ.

Bill include a news reel and "Football Sense."

At the Indiana this week.

FORD STERLING HAS GOOD COMEDY OPPORTUNITY

Figures don't lie, but at times they make the truth hard to believe. Esther Ralston becomes involved in many jealousies and is, in fact, the central figure.

Bob Blevie becomes jealous of Mr. Jones, his boss, and Mrs. Jones is jealous of Janet, Mr. Jones' secretary, and Janet is jealous of Mr. Blevie's stenographer and she is jealous of Janet. But Mr. Jones. What of him? He is so forgetful that he probably forgot to get that way.

Ford Sterling is the Howard H. Jones, insurance

broker, who is always forgetting things. His wonderful memory is his secretary, who remembers every thing for him and helps him out of trouble with his wife.

And one day Bob Blevie wondered how Mr. Jones had gotten along this far without him and became affiliated with the firm. He and Janet were already

fighting the h. e. n. Richard Arlen gives good account of himself as the high pressure Bob Blevie.

Eulalia Jensen is the wife of Mr. Jones and comes breaking into his private sanctum several times and finds her spouse saying things that are a bit compromising as they stood, but had she heard all it would have been a different matter.

Janet Wells was one of these self-contained young women who think that they are as hard as nails and are always frigid toward possible suitors until the right person comes along and even then they put up a hard fight, but finally give in. Janet was the secretary to Mr. Jones and Bob became the sales manager of

the organization. Because each had a very determined nature neither would give in to the other.

Mr. Jones and Janet come near to getting shot by Mrs. Jones, but Janet explains that she was trying to make Mrs. Jones a little less jealous and to get the man she, Janet, loves. It all turns out very prettily.

Outside of the acting, which is good, the picture has nothing to offer more than it is diversion. It is a modern theme handled in a splendid fashion, but it is only light and entertaining.

Connie and his band, with Jimmie Hutton as the soloist, present several novelties. Joe Alexander gives another of his organologs. News reels and a complete program.

At the Ohio this week.—(By the Observer.)

Other theaters today offer: "Fog," at English's; Memphis Collegians, at the Lyric; Jane Green, at Keith's; "Peg O' My Heart," at the Colonial; "Is Your Daughter Safe?" at the Band Box; Ginger Girls, at the Mutual, and "Isabel," at the Isis.

Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany every contribution, but on request will not be published. Letters not exceeding 200 words will receive preference.

To the Editor:

Being a citizen of no mean city, I am somewhat interested in the address made Thursday at the McKinley Club by Senator William T. Quillen, president of the Hustling Hundred, and better known as "Resolution Bill."

He has criticized Congress and the various acts of Governors of sister States, is now holding two lucrative positions, one as State Senator and the other as attorney for the park board for the Duval administration, and in his speech last night at the McKinley Club said, "That the good people and citizens of Indianapolis, are suffering severely from 'cyclological hysteria' for criticizing the Duval administration."

I wonder what the Senator was suffering from, when he introduced the resolution in the State Senate against the Electric Light Merchants, and when he was criticizing the Indianapolis Water Works.

We are firmly of the opinion that Mr. Quillen will have to be chloroformed in order to get a new president for the Hustling Hundred.

E. W. LITTLE.

To the Editor:

Some time ago I saw where Senator Arthur R. Robinson demanded that you make certain retractions with regard to statements you published about his tampering with the Supreme Court, and he gave you three days to retract or he would enter suit for libel.

Will you kindly advise what became of the matter; did you retract, or did he enter suit?

CHARLES S. BATTI.

Terre Haute, Ind.

The answer is, NO, to both questions.

The Editor.

Concerning a New Sweetheart

By WALTER D. HICKMAN

America has a new sweetheart of song.

Her name is Marion Talley and her lofty position at this hour is the youngest prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera.

I was sure that she was a "sweetheart of song" as I heard her yesterday afternoon at the Murat sing before one of the largest audiences ever attracted in this city by one person.

There is so much to this young singer that must be taken into consideration in considering Marion Talley as she appeared in concert.

First we have the lovely American girl, really from a Main St., who by hard and honest work is a prima donna of a great operatic organization when most girls are making their society debut.

In the first place she radiated complete happiness and loveliness when she walked upon the Murat stage yesterday. The stage held as many people as could be packed onto it and the auditorium proper should have been larger.