

## BIDDING BATTLE WINDS UP WITH EVERYBODY MAD

And It Looks as If We Needed Mr. Culbertson to Help Out.

(Continued From Page One)

of Mr. Fry's office. In a minute he emerged, was surrounded by the entire group, and the "war" was on.

The four bidders first asked if the quotations could be unsealed in their presence at that time. The request met a sharp denial.

They repeated their desire to have a list of the bids already in, but with no more success than at first.

"We have done our part by getting our bids in time, Mr. Fry. We only ask that you do yours by telling us who has bid," said some one.

Mr. Fry was getting more irritated by the second. His retorts were sprinkled liberally with profanity.

### We'll Make No Exception'

"Why should we go to that bother for you," he snapped. "We don't have to do it and we won't. You men always are causing trouble. Only the bids that are in now will be considered. They will be tabulated when we have time for it and then they will be open to the public. We handle thousands of other bids and we couldn't possibly have a public opening on all of them. We'll make no exception for you."

"But what assurance have we that other bids will not come in after the deadline?" was the next query.

"You heard me say that no more bids would be considered," Mr. Fry answered. "What is this, anyhow? You can't tell me how to run this office. If you don't like our methods why do you try to do business with us. Don't you trust us?"

"No," chorused the four.

### He Changes His Mind

After a few more heated exchanges Mr. Fry left the building. A reporter followed him and asked him if he would not reconsider in this one case, pointing out that it should be a simple matter to get the names of the bidders as there were probably less than a dozen, and adding that it would clear up the matter to the satisfaction of everybody.

Mr. Fry replied that it could not be done at once, but that if the reporters would be on hand at 2 they could have the list. He said that he did not care what the bidders thought, that he was only doing it for reporters.

Back at the office the siege still held. Some men were sent out to rustle food and the others were posted in strategic positions.

Two reporters went to Mr. McAlpin's office and seeing that his secretary was there, asked if it would be possible to get the list of bidders from her.

Mr. McAlpin denied that he had said that his secretary would give the information and said that he would have to await orders from Mr. Fry.

### Aha! Another on Scene

The reporters withdrew in fair order and rejoined their detachment.

In the meanwhile, The Times reporter had been informed on good authority that only one bid had been received by Mr. McAlpin's office prior to the four that came in at noon. This was the bid of the Aetna Cabinet Company, according to the informant.

At exactly seven minutes after 1, an alarm ripped down the sentry line and George B. Morrison, a frequent bidder on office equipment, walked into the office.

Mr. Morrison is president of the Indianapolis Office Furniture Company, of which W. A. Barney is secretary and Bowman Elder is treasurer.

Mr. Morrison asked to see Mr. McAlpin and passed into the rear of the waiting room, followed by the reporter. He waited for a few moments and then went into an office across the ante-room from Mr. McAlpin's. After a few more minutes he came out into the ante-room where reporters asked him if he had submitted a bid on state employment equipment.

### Thi—Yesterday Afternoon

"Yes, my bid is in," said Mr. Morrison.

"When was it submitted?" he was asked.

"Thi—yesterday afternoon," said Mr. Morrison, looking slightly. "One of the boys brought it over," he added.

Then he left without entering Mr. McAlpin's office.

The sentry line was reformed, many persons entered Mr. McAlpin's sanctum, both from the outside and from other inner offices, but none whom the guards recognized as potential bidders on the state employment office job.

At the stroke of 2, reporters asked to see Mr. McAlpin. He was occupied. Five minutes later Mr. Fry entered and escorted the press into Mr. McAlpin's room.

He opened a drawer and produced six bids; the four that had been handed in at noon, one from the Aetna Cabinet Company and one from the Indianapolis Office Furniture Company.

### Open Them If You Wish

"There they are; open them if you wish," said Mr. Fry.

"I know when four of them were brought in," said a reporter, "but I'd like to make sure of the others."

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BALTIMORE & OHIO

## Death Plays a Role on New York Stages—Even Comedies Are Killing



BY PAUL HARRISON  
NEA Service Staff Writer

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—In a perfectly reasonable effort to bring life into the Broadway theater, death stalks the boards of its stages. Death in manifold forms, from homicide accomplished with pistol, paper-knife and poison to natural demises brought about through the horrific workings of some of our well-known diseases.

The coroner has had a busy day. At "Ladies Money," a spine-chilling melodrama of the goings-on in a theatrical boarding house, he finds a dark deed done with a butcher knife. The motive is jealousy; the victim is a public enemy who deserves his fate.

In "Small Miracle," the record of much excitement in a theater lobby, a killer with an automatic squares accounts with a squealer. And the law, in turn, metes out leaden justice. . . . "Lost Horizons," provides the paper-knife murder. "A Sleeping Clergyman," just closed, revealed a natural death and a poison slaying right on the stage. . . . "Merrily We Roll Along," a musical comedy with an acid-thrilling that is as shocking a crime as Broadway has witnessed in many a season, but it's not certain that the victim died.

Temporary blindness is to be a harbinger of imminent death, and when the warning comes she gallantly sends her doctor-husband out on an emergency case. The whole play is so emotional, and twangs at heartstrings so ruthlessly, that it seems a little unfair to its onlookers. But it's a sturdy vehicle for the talents of Miss Galliher.

Anticipation may not be actually worse than fulfillment, but at least it provides opportunity for more effective histrionics. "Dark Victory," for example. In the first act the audience understands that the young woman impersonated by the turbulent Tallulah Bankhead is doomed by a tumor. The clinical scene is so realistic that some of the flittering hearted patrons have had to dash for the lobby, or the nearest bar.

The tragic tension is heightened by the patient's ignorance of her fate, and through subsequent

scenes the audience is obliged to observe her gayety, her realization of the truth, her mad fling in a vain quest for happiness, and her ultimate acceptance of love and unselfish service for an all-too-brief period of peace.

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