

Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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WHAT has become of the man who insisted that the Goodrich regime was seeking to reduce, not increase taxes!

HAVE any arrangements been made to supply Carl Bernauer with his customary drug while he is in jail awaiting a second trial?

What About Our Taxes?

Most noticeable for its absence in the city campaign which is now approaching white heat is a definite program on the part of any candidate for providing what the people of Indianapolis most wish—a reduction in the municipal expenses that are paid by the taxation of property.

Investigation of the finances of Indianapolis discloses that in the last year the "operating expenses" of the city were increased more than two million dollars, causing a disbursement of approximately eight million dollars merely for the normal maintenance of the corporation.

In addition to this tremendous sum, more than two million dollars was assessed against property owners for street improvements.

Ten million dollars a year is a tidy sum to pay for the government of a city of 350,000 inhabitants, but it does not, by any means, constitute the whole sum that residents of Indianapolis are expected to put up for their government.

Taxes that fall upon public utilities, such as the gas, water and street car companies, are collected by an indirect method from the citizens of the city who are patrons of these utilities. The taxes of public utilities are classified as operating expenses by the public service commission and rates are established to provide revenue sufficient to pay them.

The Indianapolis Street Railway Company is now asking greater revenue in order that it may take care of taxes amounting to approximately \$250,000 a year. The Indianapolis Water Company recently obtained increases in rates for the same purpose. The Citizens Gas Company pleads for more revenue to meet taxes, and while the two light companies have not yet been heard from, it is not unlikely that they and the telephone company will seek some method of charging increased taxes directly to the citizens of Indianapolis.

It is apparent that at least a million dollars will be taken from the pockets of property owners of Indianapolis in order to permit the utilities to meet the increased taxes which are to be collected to enable the city administration to meet increased expenditures.

This is the vicious circle to which property owners and property renters object without, in many instances, realizing against what phase of the government their objections lie.

Those who do not own property in Indianapolis are nevertheless affected by the high tax rates. They pay the landlord's taxes in their high rents. They pay the merchant's taxes in the additional price which the merchant must charge for his wares in order to take care of a constantly increasing overhead.

For the last four years or more the State has been tinkering with the tax laws and politicians have been assuring us that high valuations do not necessarily mean higher taxes.

Experience has taught us better. For no sooner were the valuations of Indianapolis property fixed at a higher level than ever before than the tax rates were moved back to approximately the level that existed before valuations were increased.

Not a single candidate for mayor of Indianapolis has outlined a method by which he hopes to reduce taxation. All have, in general terms, declared themselves opposed to high taxes, in much the same manner that a candidate professes loyalty to the Nation.

It is unfortunate that there is not a more general realization of the problem of the day, not only among the candidates, but also among the voters.

Why Secrecy?

We do not care very much for the society of the man who has no consideration for dogs. There seems to be something missing in the make-up of the individual who has no sympathy for the dumb animals who have proved themselves such faithful companions of men, such loyal and constant friends.

And we question very seriously whether we would care to risk human life under the knife of a surgeon who harbors no compassion for a helpless puppy that is ready at all times to yield up its life even for no better purpose than that man can see the throbbing of its heart.

For that reason, we confess that we cannot understand the attitude of the surgeons under whose directions dogs undergo fearful operations at the Indiana University School of Medicine.

The medical profession has advanced to a point where operations of any kind can be conducted painlessly, where convalescence can be obtained without suffering, where even the mental condition of a patient may be controlled.

One would think that since a large measure of these great boons to humanity are attributed by surgeons to the assistance given them by the multitude of dumb animals that have given up their lives in the advancement of science, the surgeon would feel that he owes to his brute ally all the consideration that he can give it.

There is a right way and a wrong way of conducting the experimental and instructive surgery that goes on in the medical school.

If it is conducted the right way there is no reason in the world why an open door policy should not be maintained. There is no reason why the world should not know what goes on behind the closed doors of the surgery.

If it is not conducted the right way, there is every reason in the world why the public should know it, and knowing, force a cessation of the methods employed.

Secrecy has no other purpose, in connection with the operating on dogs at a medical school than to cloak the methods with which these operations are conducted.

Only a mistaken idea of the public concern closes the doors on public representation and observation.

Not one valid reason can be advanced for secrecy in the dog surgery of the Indiana Medical School. Hundreds of doubts of sincerity and propriety are raised by this secrecy.

Can Indiana University afford to ignore the destruction of confidence in its instructors when such destruction is wholly unnecessary?

A Laudable Purpose

Whatever opinion may be held of the method he has adopted, no honest man can fail with the purpose of the suggestion by Ed J. Robison of the appointment of a committee of seventy-five citizens to work for a clean city primary.

Heretofore, time and time again, the expressed will of the public has been defeated in party primaries.

It was so when Taft was proclaimed the unanimous choice of the Seventh district over Theodore Roosevelt in the most corrupt primaries ever held in Indianapolis. It was so when Samuel Lewis Shank was deprived of a nomination corruptly given to Charles W. Jewett. It was so when Hiram Johnson was defeated by primary manipulation in favor of Leonard Wood. For years past the crowd that controls the primary boards has been the successful crowd at the primaries and the stories of corruption that have been told, corroborated and are susceptible of legal proof are a crying shame in this community.

We have no desire to attribute to the supporters of Mr. Thomas C. Howe any inclination to debase the coming primaries in his favor, but we cannot refrain from pointing out that the ardent supporters of Mr. Howe are the same persons who supported Taft against Roosevelt, Jewett against Shank and Wood against Johnson. And in each of these races the men they supported won by corruption in the primaries.

Mr. Robison charges that his efforts to insure a clean primary are received in a "noncommittal manner" by the backers of Mr. Howe. If this is true it is a mistake.

Sooner or later the people of Indianapolis will have a clean primary and will elect their choice to public office. The course of those who would impose their will on the community by fair means or foul is almost run. This primary may not see the end of their effort, but the end is in sight.

And no man is big enough to become mayor of Indianapolis who is not ready to do all in his power to insure that the selection of a mayor be not debased by the election crooks who have heretofore succeeded in upsetting the expressed will of the electorate.

The Maoris of the Past



By W. D. BOYCE.

OTORUA, New Zealand—We are in the heart of Maoriland, and having made the trip by rail from Auckland to Rotorua, site of the boiling sulphur springs, I no longer wonder why the Maori (pronounced Mowrie) fought so desperately against the white man. It was to save for himself and his descendants the wonderful lands with which nature has endowed New Zealand. On the eight-hour journey from Auckland a vast panorama of fertile fields, well laid out farms and neat, well-kept homes and barns is followed by a succession of bush-covered mountains and great forests whose undergrowth reaches to the very edges of the rails themselves.

Rotorua, the place to which the tourists always are urged to come, is not so much in itself. It is operated by the government as a bathhouse and sanatorium town, where the ill may come to receive the benefits of waters of innumerable kinds, or where the sportsmen may find fishing in Lake Rotorua and the smaller streams which run into it, and where the tourists in search of scenery or the weird sights of geysers, boiling water springs or hot mud pools may get his fill.

The government encourages New Zealanders to see their own country. I could hardly believe it when I was advised that for about \$60 I could buy a ticket covering all the New Zealand railroad over 3,000 miles and ride on the ticket for six weeks. There was no limit to the use of it. You could travel day and night and repeat trips as often as you liked. The result was that the tribes of hundreds of years ago. They had no signs or symbol characters like the American Indians which made history. Their memory was short, indicated by the fact that when Capt. James Cook visited them in 1769 the Maoris had no knowledge of the fact that 127 years before Abel Tasman had been there and had had a battle with the Maoris, although his inability to understand that they were not enemies.

CASE OF MUTUAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

Badly frightened as the Maoris were by the appearance of these strange white men, their chief sent a herald to announce that he would visit the strangers and their ships. But Tasman and his Dutch crew misunderstood and when the chief sent out from shore with several small warships as an escort Tasman sent a boat with a war party to attack the Maoris, believing they were attacked, began to fight, killing four Dutchmen. Tasman at once fired a broadside into the canoes and left with his ships.

Tasman's account of what little he saw of the Maoris, although he and his men did not see them in New Zealand, described them as a hideous, war-like that the far-away islands which now made up New Zealand were shunned by white adventurers for more than a century. When Cook came he was not so easily daunted as had been Tasman and, despite the fact that at first the Maoris were quite inhospitable toward him, he remained for six months, sailed around the islands and went ashore without more than one real clash right after he first landed.

To me Rotorua and its principal attractions were not thrilling or awe-inspiring for I have seen Yellowstone Park, and it is by far the grandest of the two. But nowhere in the world have I seen another people just like the Maoris and at Whakarewarewa, just outside Rotorua, two miles from Rotorua, I found the Arawa, the largest and most interesting of the twenty principal tribes of Maoris now in existence.

The Maori came from originally no man knows. They themselves have a well-preserved legend that tells of a great tribe of hundreds of years ago which became weary of constant warfare with their neighbors and, inspired by the dreams of a medicine man, set out in a fleet of war canoes and after many weeks of plowing the Pacific Ocean, landed on the rocky coasts of what now is northern New Zealand and found ready to hand a veritable Paradise not inhabited by man. But the spot from which they came was so easily daunted as had been Tasman and, despite the fact that at first the Maoris were quite inhospitable toward him, he remained for six months, sailed around the islands and went ashore without more than one real clash right after he first landed.

Cook was different from the ordinary explorer, for he treated the natives with kindness and justice and finally won their regard. He never was able to go inland because of the constant wars between the various Maori tribes, but from those tribes with which he was in close touch we get the first authentic record of these interesting people.

The Maori old man belonged to a straight-laced, upright, honest, well-brown race. Although all of them sprang from the same source they never yielded to the leadership of any of their own number. Tribes were formed by close blood relationship and each tribe was governed by itself. Today the same condition exists. There are a score of principal tribes and each of them is divided into minor tribes between which there still exists blood relation which was instilled into them at a very early age and for which the cause may be unknown now. The old Maori was fond of tribal meetings at which all questions

at play before civilization reached the old natives remain.

A chief in ceremonial costume is shown at the top right. He has lived many years and is very tall and straight, with a good type of the Maori old. Tall, straight-limbed and proud, the Maori was first and last a warrior. Now the old Maoris are fond of shaking hands with white strangers and are more affable than the young men.

Another illustration, the old Maori soldier, rubbing noses. Kissing was unknown until the advent of the white man. "Tenu Koe" is the Maori greeting, meaning "hello" or "that's you" and is familiar to visitors, as the girls are not formal in the matter of requiring an introduction.

Maori life of old days. Tatooed lips and chin are seen now only on the faces of very old women for the younger generation has changed in ideas of beauty. The girl in the picture wears a greenstone and luck piece inscribed with her name. Today the new greenstone and "tika" is called, is made in Switzerland and sent to New Zealand to be sold to tourists as genuine Maori work.

Next is an old timer who has many a story to tell of the days when the Maori and Pakeha (white man) were fighting to see which would become supreme. Only a handful of these old natives remain.

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Bottom left is shown the old-time chief whose tattooed face tells a story of war and great achievements in his youthful days. Each line has a significance to those who can read it. It is said a Maori chief with a face like this would be a good target in war, for he wanted to be hit in the eye.

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carving the Maori would start at one corner of the timber and cut out the figures in detail as he went along.

He did not lay out a design before-hand, but carried it in his head, and when the work was completed both sides were found to be as nearly identical as if they had been laid out with callipers.

Continuing to the right is a view of Lake Rotorua on a placid morning and beneath it is shown the boiling pools of Tikitere in the heart of Maoriland. Lake Rotorua is in the interior of the island of Zealand, and the town of Rotorua is conducted by the government as a resort where the ill may go to receive the benefits of waters of innumerable kinds. Two miles from Rotorua are the Arawa, the Waikato and the