

The Indianapolis Times

EARLE E. MARTIN, Editor-in-Chief ROY W. HOWARD, President
ALBERT W. BUHRMAN, Editor O. F. JOHNSON, Business Mgr.

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"HAPPY ENDING" FOR TAXPAYERS

YOU like a "happy ending," the movie directors say. Director of the Budget Lord is taking precautions to see that you get the thrill of a happy ending, in tax paying.

Director Lord anticipates now the government will have something like \$30,000,000 less this year than will be spent.

You are supposed to be struck dumb, to worry yourself sick. But next June 30, when the fiscal year ends, by some more hocus-pokus, Director Lord will pull a "surplus" out of the air. He will show the government has spent less than it has taken in. Then we will have a happy ending and much talk about economy.

How do they do it? Last year they did it by predicting the government would have far less revenue than it actually got. By that simple device a predicted deficit of \$800,000,000 was turned into a surplus of \$300,000,000.

This year, Director Lord predicts the government will collect \$43,722,760 less in taxes than last. The taxes collected this year will be on a complete twelve months of business prosperity. Last year's taxes were on six months of prosperity and on six months of normal business.

The government should get \$50,000,000 more in taxes than it got last year, instead of \$43,000,000 less.

Consider a part of the revenue record for July, the first month of this fiscal year. We got \$7,000,000 more from the tariff than in July of last year; \$5,000,000 more from income and profits taxes and \$8,000,000 more from miscellaneous internal revenue.

The game is something like this: If you were sure you would have a salary of \$3,000 this year and you would have to pay out \$3,000, you should convince yourself that you were only going to get \$2,000. Then you would have convinced yourself you'd be \$1,000 in the hole at the end of the year. You could then worry yourself into a fine fever if you liked. But next year you'd find you got the \$3,000, assured you all the time, and you'd come out even.

Then you'd have a happy ending.

STOPPING OPERATION LEAKS

OPERATION efficiency is one way of combating high cost of utility service and high rates to consumers.

The Union Traction Company of Indiana in its magazine Safety reveals the interesting fact that the company used only 163,996,000 pounds of coal in 1922 as compared with 248,060,000 pounds in 1919.

The figures are headed "What Coasting Helped Accomplish." "Coasting the cars down grades and up to stops by the motormen is a very great help in power saving work," the magazine says.

If some other utilities would give as much attention to stopping operation leaks as they do to demanding increased rates, higher rates might not be necessary.

THE MYSTERIOUS RABBIT

GOVERNOR McCray presumably is looking for some one to take a place on the public service commission to succeed Glenn Van Auken, about to retire.

A public service commissioner should be a man of sound common sense, a man not easily swayed by the theories and technicalities of engineers employed to confuse the issue and to persuade the commission new property value is present where there is none before.

Expert witnesses are too much inclined to emulate the professor who pulls a rabbit out of a hat. The kind of a commissioner needed is one who will not believe the rabbit was in the hat all the time.

PROGRESS OF WOMAN

MISS ELLA H. SNYDER has been appointed assistant postmaster of Indianapolis. She is said to be the first woman ever to hold this position in a city the size of Indianapolis.

This is just another example of the recognition now being given women in business and public affairs. Miss Snyder has been secretary to every postmaster since 1902. She probably knows more about the job she is to fill than any person living.

A few years ago the mere fact she is a woman would have made Miss Snyder ineligible in the eyes of the powers that be to hold such a job. Her appointment is a sign of progress.

SPENDING STATE MONEY

AUDITOR ROBERT BRACKEN is to be congratulated on his move to enforce a check on State expenditures. Recent occurrences in connection with State finances have revealed how easy it is for shortages to occur and to continue for a long time within the knowledge of only one individual.

It has been the custom for some departments to draw from the treasury through the auditor's office lump sums for the meeting of pay rolls and expenditures. In this way little check on the disposition of State funds was possible as the money was spent.

Such a way of doing business was slipshod, to say the least. Itemizing State expenses should be offensive to no one and at the same time it will enable the public and officials to know what is being done.

NOW is the time for all good men to try to head the party.

LIFE at the Statehouse is becoming just one shortage after another.

SUGAR prices are still high despite slight drops. Wonder how much the farmer gets out of the original beets or cane.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE pitched hay the day before he became chief executive. The President's job is becoming so strenuous such preliminary exercise may be found useful.

THE "somer, strained" Jack Dempsey of Shelby, Mont., is no more, say sport writers at Saratoga Springs, who are wondering what caused the change. The soothing prospects of yellow-backs, perhaps.

AN alleged mail car robber has been sent to Ohio for trial because the car he is supposed to have robbed was in Ohio while the remainder of the train was in Indiana. What would have happened had the car been just on the line?

REPUBLIC BEGINS TO KNOW 'CAL'

President Emerges From Shell and Reveals Self as 'Regular Fellow.'

BY FRASER EDWARDS
United Press Staff Correspondent

TEMPORARY WHITE HOUSE, WILLARD HOTEL, WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—After a casual acquaintance with Calvin Coolidge as Vice President for two and a half years, Washington today began to "really know" the man who has become President.

Generally regarded as cold and silent, Mr. Coolidge, in the four days he has occupied the presidential chair, has begun to emerge from his shell and reveal himself as a "regular fellow."

He's not a "half fellow, well met"; he's not boisterous; far from it. But once you do meet him, you find a cordial friendliness all his own.

The United Press correspondent ducked under that barrier of reserve, by acting as a photographer's assistant and penetrating the presidential suite in the temporary White House set up in the New Willard Hotel.

Photographer Is Tardy

A photographer who had been tardy in getting a picture of the new President, sent in a note through "Ted" Clark, the President's secretary. Despite the press of official business, Mr. Coolidge showed his human side by agreeing to sit for the late arrival.

The reporter was to hold a newspaper opened wide on the shadowed side of the President's face as a "light kicker."

"Let's get busy, young men," said the President, with severity as the photographer and his drafted assistant entered. "I'll do anything if you do it quickly," he added, and a twinkle was noticeable in his clear, blue eyes.

Taking courage, the photographer said he wanted to "shoot" the President seated at a desk. The President glanced around the colonial paneled living-room of the suite. There was no room in sight.

"Come on," he said. "We'll get the desk from the next room and drag it in here."

President Lifts Desk

Without hesitation, the President of the United States took a grip on the corner of the desk, Mr. Sherrill, his military aide, grasped another, while the photographer and reporter took the other end.

"Hey, look out for that glass door," cautioned the President as the strange quartette of furniture movers passed between the rooms.

For half a dozen poses the President sat at the desk while the photographer "shot" him from every angle and the assistant "kicked" the light upon Mr. Coolidge's stern New England features. When it was necessary to move the desk to get a better light, the President always took a hand or moved it alone without waiting for help.

"I'd like to get you on the telephone now," said the photographer. "But there is no telephone in the room."

Quick Decisions

"We've got too many telephones around here anyhow," said the President. "Just cut some of them off the wire in another of the rooms." It was done. The President's voice and tone are gentle, but he does not say "please" when he asks for something he wants. Apparently he is going to get it.

Then the photographer wanted to get a picture of the President standing with the American flag, the President's flag and the flag of the Governor of Massachusetts as a background. But the staff on the presidential flag which had just been presented to Mr. Coolidge was too long. It could not be stood erect in the room without doing damage to the ceiling.

After a glance at the staff the President said:

"Take that brass cap off the bottom of the staff. Then it will stand up without knocking down the plaster."

A single screw held the brass cap in place. There was no screwdriver in the suite. There was not time to wait for the house carpenter to come up.

Offers Penknife

"Here," said the President, drawing a little gold-handled knife from his pocket, "use this as a screwdriver."

"You'd break that, Mr. President," said the reporter, and produced an old bone-handled knife that had seen all sorts of service. But when the screw came out the brass stuck. The reporter tried to pull it off and so did the photographer.

"Give it here," ordered the President, reaching a strong, slender hand that had been recently toughened by pitching hay on a Vermont farm. One tug and off came the cap.

"Send my wife in here," said Mr. Coolidge when the photographer wanted to take the President and the first lady together.

The President explained gently to Mrs. Coolidge the photographer "was up against it" and must have their pictures. Mrs. Coolidge smiled and readily consented to sit.

Throughout his "ordeal" the President "kidded" the photographer when he stumbled over chairs and rugs in his nervous haste to get the various poses.

Ma's Pet Learns 'Em.

"And did my little pet learn anything at school today?"

"I learned two kids better'n to call me 'Mama's little pet,'"—London Mail.

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Heard in Smoking Room

I TALKED myself dry," said the undertaker who had been entertaining the crowd in the smoker with stories of professional experiences, as he got up for a drink of water.

"Speaking of funerals," remarked the man who took his chair. "I heard an odd one from West Africa. Down there the freight steamers calling at the various ports pick up crews of natives of a certain negro tribe and use them as deck hands and surf-boat paddlers. These natives come from Sierra Leone, Liberia, and the Ivory Coast. They are known as Kroos. They spend their lives traveling up and down the coast and they speak a pectoral pidgin-English.

"Sango, a Kroo boy, died aboard a steamer during the coast voyage. The corpse had been made ready for burial at sea when the head-man of the Kroo gang approached the captain of the vessel.

"Sango, he done go die," said the head-man. "He now be ready for water. Will you stop dem ship? It will be all right for dem God palaver. Me savvy it fine."

"So the captain stopped the ship.

The corpse was brought up on deck, also Sango's personal effects, a box containing an assortment of trinkets such as found in small boys' pockets.

The Kroos gathered around and the burial service was conducted by the head-man, who said:

"Sango, you done go die. We go

put you for water and dare you sit down till dem big Massa, for topside heaven go call you. Wen you mud-

der born you, you bring nutting. Wen you die go die go die, then nutting. Dem

corpse for we. Ober side."

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