

# The Indianapolis Times

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## THANKSGIVING TIME IN INDIANA

INDIANA will go along an even tenor of peaceful ways this week. Weighty affairs of state may be threatening war in Europe, Coolidge may be worrying over the taxes, bonus or world court, and Governors may be involved hopelessly in legal tangles.

Such things do not count, however, when Thanksgiving time rolls around on the Hoosier calendar. It's a real family observance for the three million folks that Riley made famous in rhyme.

At Noblesville, for example, Fred Hudson is proudly proclaiming that he holds the best corn husking record in the State. And husking 3,300 bushels in thirty-three days is an enviable record.

That means more to Fred, we'll bet a good ripe pumpkin, than being elected high angust and most worthy potentate of a Noblesville order.

Then turkeys "may drop to half dollar," reads a news item. Who said the world was going to the dogs?

To make the time ideal, wintry blasts with real freezing weather and maybe a snow—for that's the weatherman's dope—will make a cheery fireplace after the feast.

The entire world goes into eclipse this week. At least, in Indiana.

## GOD AND AMUSEMENT

P. T. BARNUM of "bunkum" fame and the devil didn't have much in common, after all.

That the greatest of all American circus kings found time in life to engage in many worth-while things, such as purging the theater of many evils and devoting some of his restless energies into the church, is a true compliment to the profession which was his—the theatrical art.

Dr. Edwin Cunningham, pastor of the Central Universalist Church, Indianapolis, said a mouthful when he declared Sunday:

"The church, the stage and the circus need not be enemies. Human nature is such that it craves both God and amusement. Those who take up the work of entertainment as a profession can render a real service to their fellow men. True fun is of God, not the devil."

That many of the Broadway plays, musical comedies and revues have out-done all the salacious daring of Europe in recent months is no indictment against the American stage.

Conditions on Broadway have become rotten.

This is charged by the acting mayor of New York, who has ordered nude shows to be censored. Policemen, appointed on a special commission, will now give Broadway shows the "once over," according to plans adopted.

Broadway doesn't represent the sentiment of the Middle West, however, and it never will.

## A TIP ON TIPS

HOTEL keeping is a great business. A born tavern keeper can think of many ways to make money. At Washington, D. C., one of the cleverest of them all has a scheme that ought to be passed on to all his brothers between the two coasts.

You know the development there has been in the hat check custom in hotel restaurants. First hat and coat racks were placed inside the restaurant, where they'd be convenient, and the waiter helped you on and off with your coat. Then they were placed just outside the door, with a bell-hop or a girl to keep an eye on them. Then checks were introduced and, if you felt inclined, you could give this attendant a dime for finding your hat and coat when you left the eating room.

Presently it became a fixed charge—that is to say, you met a fixed glare in the attendant's eye that compelled you to deliver the dime. However, you could take your hat along with you into the restaurant and hide it under your chair, if you were strong-minded. Then they found a way to prevent that. They sent the attendant in after you to bring your hat out. That seemed the final development, the complete scheme for extracting your ultimate dime, the apex of money-making methods in the tavern business.

But now a Washington hotel host has found something still better. It is an expression of true genius. Know what he does? He doesn't have any hat and coat checks at all! No, sir, you walk right into his restaurant, in one of Washington's finest hotels, and you throw your coat and hat on one of the chairs at your table and it stays there until you are ready to leave. The host doesn't make a penny out of the fact that you take off your hat and overcoat when you eat. He sacrifices a good many dimes in the course of a day, but he is getting the eating business of Washington. His restaurant is filled and busy when the waiters and check boys in other restaurants, otherwise just as good, are hiding yawns behind their itching palms.

## CRAIG'S CASE; YOUR CASE

WITHOUT knowing Charles L. Craig, city controller of New York, personally, The Indianapolis Times is glad that it is he who is going to jail for offending the feelings of Federal Judge Mayer and not some obscure local labor leader, as is usually the case.

By ordering Craig to jail Judge Mayer has dramatized his judicial sensitiveness. He has made his personal pride a first page news story through the conservative East. You could send a thousand ignorant immigrants to jail for irritating a dyspeptic judge and scarcely get into these newspapers at all. But with Craig it is different. Craig is the elected financial guardian of six million citizens. He is needed on the job and the judge sends him to jail.

So the people who read even the most reactionary of Eastern newspapers are permitted to see just what the issue is. And it is this:

May the man on the bench be the complaining witness, the prosecuting attorney, the jury and the judge, all in one, in a case that concerns himself? Men on the bench have been assuming this four-part role more and more frequently of recent years. Is there any authority for it, in logic or in law?

Craig's case has just the necessary element of the spectacular to drive the question home to millions of serious citizens who will want to know the answer. We are sorry for Craig—though in New York it is now said his unexpected martyrdom may make him mayor—but we are pleased to think the judge, in picking his victim, unwittingly picked to good public purpose.

## FARMER IS HOLDING TO OLD VIEWS

Class Consciousness, However, Is Coming, Herbert Quick Declares.

This is the last of a series of articles on the agricultural problem in the Indianapolis Times by Herbert Quick, former editor of Farm and Fireside. This article is on "Social Aspects."

By HENRY QUICK

POLITICAL upheavals come from some sort of what the socialists call "class consciousness"—in our day at least. There is little of this consciousness now as between farmer and farmer or farmer and landlord in America.

Some of the "blanket toters" who do the seasonal labors on farms belong to the I. W. W. They have a rabid class consciousness. I think there was a tenant revolt in Iowa, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Texas and some other States in some recent elections which affected that result.

In the main, however, in the United States farm tenants and those who are losing out to their mortgages, while they feel despair, hold to their old political ideas so far as they hold to any.

But class consciousness is coming. When it comes, look out for attack on existing conditions. Now, the despair of the submerged third or half in the country takes the form of migrations. The burnt-out farmers of the drought-stricken districts of Montana have lost their farms by thousands. They have, I am informed in letters, gone to the Pacific Coast to get work. They have joined the proletariat.

Answer Is Obvious

If you were to throw into the passing crowd a handful of diamonds, they would in the main be picked up by poor people. But who would have them in a week or a month? The answer is obvious. They would pass into the hands of people able to wear diamonds.

Farms in good farming regions have become more precious than diamonds. They are not for people in even moderate circumstances as working people go. Lands on which I lived in my boyhood, and which sold for \$5 an acre, have been sold in recent years for \$500 an acre. Yet I remember when young men used to buy these lands after saving their wages as month hands on farms for two or three years, and equipping themselves with a team and wagon—buy them and in a few years pay off the small mortgage. They would be laughed at for trying this now.

Rich people in country towns and cities bid with unvarying success against the farmers for the ownership of farms. Farm ownership brings social distinction to such town dwellers. As with diamonds, they like to wear a necklace of farms about their necks. And moreover, they can buy farms knowing that every increase in population or progress in society will make them more valuable.

When the owing farmer dies it sends his children to town, in part, or plunges them into debt. One will try to buy the farm from his brothers and be sunk in debt, and the others will be lost to farming. Or they will all refuse to take the farm and the land will be added to some landlord's necklace of farms.

Subject to System

Thus our rural life is becoming Mexicanized—in the old Mexican sense. Our rural dwellers become more and more subject to our rental system—which is the worst in the world.

If a man had dyspepsia, sinus trouble, abscessed teeth, infected gall-bladder, stone in the kidney and cataract in each eye he might think it well; but if at the same time a great vampire bat were to be coming every night and sucking his blood, getting rid of these other ailments would do him some good, to be sure, but mainly it would only give him more blood for the vampire.

And that illustrates in a way the state of the farmers as I see it—and I have been looking at it for a long time.

The vampire is land values. That is what is really the real trouble with the farmers. I have never seen in any discussion of the depression of the farmers any intelligent recognition of the part of any of the men who are proposing remedies for Congress or the State Legislatures. Those who know the truth dodge it. Yet no man who knows the situation can fail to see the truth once it is called to his attention.

DAUGHTER WELL PROTECTED

"Is this, then, to be the end of our romance?"

"Oh, no, my lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."—Boston Transcript.

One for the Minister

"Wake up! There are burglars in the house."

"Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves."—College of the Pacific Weekly.

Wife's Mistake

"I believe these sweet potatoes would have been better if you had cooked them a little longer, my dear."

"Good Heavens! Those are the flower bulbs I was going to set out today."—Judge.

A Thought

Confess your faults, one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.—Jas. 5:16.

W E easily forget those faults which are known only to ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

## Science

Why photographic plates prepared by one method are fast and by another are slow, has just been discovered. The British Photographic Research Association has solved the problem after five years' study.

Plates are made by mixing a solution of ammonium bromide with a solution of silver nitrate in gelatin. These salts unite to form silver bromide. This much was known. By placing a thin film of the final solution under the highest power of the microscope and projecting the magnified image on a screen the secret was revealed.

When the solutions are first mixed, crystals begin to form, but they are so small that the plate is slow to a degree that enables it to be handled in ordinary light without fogging. As the crystals grow, or the plates are said to ripen, the plates get "faster."

The facts uncovered by these researchers are expected to be of great help in improving the photography of the stars.

THE train had killed a cow. The smokers were talking about it when the journey had been resumed. "I suppose every cow killed by a train means a claim for damage against the railway company," said the cigarette smoker. "You betchya," said the man at the end of the seat, "and it reminds me of the story about Emory Storrs, the famous Chicago lawyer. Storrs one time attended a banquet of stock breeders in his home town, and, toward the shank of a locomotive."

Heard in the Smoking Room

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evening, was called on by the chairman to make a speech. He held back a little, but finally got up and said:

"Gentlemen, I have listened with great interest to the merits and good qualities of the Jersey, Holstein and other fine breeds of cattle, but, as an attorney for railroads, I can assure you the most valuable and highest-priced animal in the world is the offspring of an ordinary cow crossed by a locomotive."

SONNY UNDERESTIMATED

"Oh, Diddle! Who taught you to swear like that?"

"Taught me to swear? Why, it's me that teaches the other guys."—Denver Parrakeet.

Happy? Happy? School Days

By JOHN CARSON

Times Staff Correspondent  
ASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—War

came. With it came also the cry to buy bonds until it hurt.

Many went to work after she hid the bonds in a chest. Ann cleaned the chest and burned the papers and incidentally the bonds disappeared.

The evidence was complete that the bonds were burned, but Ann could not swear she knew they were burned.

They did not get the money. The Government refused to pay or restore the bonds.

Many Similar Stories

The story is true with the exception that the names are changed.

You can read it into all the soaps you want and they'll not be misplaced.

Somewhere today are \$5,218,760 of Government interest bearing securities on which the interest has ceased and which will be paid on presentation.

These bonds may never be presented—the Government may never have to pay. What stories would they tell if they could be brought forth?

And yet—

Today, the Treasury Department was called on to pay a bond of 1790. It was presented by a bank. Its history was not related.

"Each year we get some old bonds," said C. N. McGroarty, head of the treasury division dealing with such bonds. "They come out, somehow, from an old teapot in a chimney and so on. Usually we get them through banks and do not get the story.

GO On Assumption

"So we cannot assume the Government will have to pay bonds outstanding. We've got to assume the bonds will be presented."

The story of Mary and Ann Jones was related.

"That's too bad," said McGroarty. "But we've got to assume the bonds were not burned until we have proof. We had a case a few years ago where a ship went down. Everything showed the safe in the ship had certain bonds in it. We were convinced of that. Yet a few years later, the bonds started to turn up here."

It might be assumed that the United States was populated with careless savers. But McGroarty, with thirty years of experience behind him, says it is not so.

Scattered Over Country

"Think of the number of bonds outstanding," he said. "They are scattered all over the country, in fifty-dollar lots, maybe. If a fifty-dollar lot is lost or misplaced, not so much is heard about it. But those fifty dollars lost here and there count up."

Undoubtedly there will be a good many more bonds lost out of circulation than bonds because there were so many more bonds issued.

"If we could only get the people to register their bonds. That would be the safe course. But they do not seem to realize it."

What Editors Are Saying

Inconsistent

(Daily Clintonian)

But there are people so gullible they will listen to the advice of a stranger in preference to that of their own banker, whom they should know personally and whose advice they trust.

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