

The Indianapolis Times

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No law shall be passed restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print, freely, on any subject whatever.—Constitution of Indiana.

Taking Candy From a Child

SOME people are pacifists. And some merely want peace.

Pacifists object to armies and navies. They want us to disarm. The other great powers, would quickly follow our lead, they explain, and soon sweet fellowship would reign over the earth.

The others, however, reply that there are times when it becomes necessary to fight for peace. So they plug for the national defense.

To the pacifists we would say: Consider China.

China to all intents and purposes is unarmed. Yet she enjoys less of peace than any other nation in the world.

China has had four major wars in as many years with at least a dozen lesser ones between provinces thrown in for cumshew.

China has a population of 400,000,000—one-fourth the total population of the globe. And she is potentially probably the richest of nations. Yet Japan with a seventh, Britain with a ninth and France with a tenth her population, not only can lick her in her own front yard but have actually done it, each and severally, without provocation.

Today everybody is boss in China but the Chinese. Foreign ringmasters crack the whip and the Chinese jump through the hoop.

Do you imagine the Chinese have no resentment? They feel it about as keenly as you would. Do you think they would stand for it if they were adequately armed and knew how to use their strength? Not on your life!

If you want to be treated like that, just disarm your country.

"Taking candy from a child." You've heard the expression.

Most individual adults have progressed beyond that stage. Nations have not.

Among nations the candy is safe only if there is a guard about it strong enough, as the saying goes, to knock anybody who tries to take it for a goal.

They are taking the candy away from China now.

They would take it away from us if they thought they could get away with it.

How Wealthy Are We

Editor's Note: For many years Herbert Quick, distinguished novelist and economist, had been a regular contributor to The Times. At that time he had contributed several articles for this newspaper, one of which was "What Is Wealth?" The others will appear from day to day.

By Herbert Quick

In an editorial which the reader probably saw the other day it was stated that the national wealth of these United States has increased in the years since the war from 186 billion dollars to 326 billions. Whether your wealth and mine has almost doubled or not, it is interesting to be assured that the United States as a nation has had this stupendous increase in wealth.

What is wealth? It is well worth while to think of it. Wealth generally means well-being, prosperity. I do not believe that our national well-being and prosperity has almost doubled since the years before the World War. But when the statisticians announce that we have nearly twice as much wealth as a few years ago, they mean that we can make property statements showing that state of things. They mean wealth as economists define it. And the most generally accepted definition of wealth is our store of useful and agreeable things which have exchange value. Health is not wealth, in spite of the proverb: it can not be exchanged.

What Is Wealth?

Wealth is our possessions in agreeable and useful things of certain kinds; those things which involve labor and sacrifice in their getting, and which have exchange value—which can be sold or traded off for other desirable things. This is the usual definition, but even this is faulty.

Now what accounts for this huge growth in what the loose-thinking statisticians call "wealth?" You will find it consists in very large measure in the growth in value of monopoles of one sort or another.

When a great motor car company is reorganized, and the stock doubled or trebled in amount, and a profit of millions and millions made by the promoters of the reorganization, there is a great increase in value. But is it wealth? In the true sense it is not. Not a single machine has been added to the factory. Its capacity remains the same. Not a single useful or even desirable thing has been produced by this issue of paper. Yet these figures go into such statements of our wealth as increases.

Values Are Artificial

If the railways, light companies, power companies and water companies were permitted at once to raise their rates freely, their stocks and bonds would at once soar by billions of dollars. Huge increases would take place, but would they be increases in wealth? No. They would be in large measure mere license to

Graduates



Upper—Thelma Peterson, graduate in dramatic art from the Metropolitan School of Music.

Center—Lorinda Cottingham, graduate from the violin department of the Metropolitan.

Lower—Mildred Casey, graduate in public school music from the Metropolitan and Butler University.

Learnin'

By Hal Cochran

They're choosin' up sides on the old vacant lot. They're plannin' on baseball, no matter how hot. Keep out of the sun? Why, it's all to my rot. You did the same thing when a kid, like as not.

Wee Willie admits he's a pitcher supreme. He also admits he's the head of the team. He'll tell ya quite frankly he's got lots of steam. When batters strike out, you should see the kid beam.

Three men likely face him each inning: no more. His hurlin' deprives them of chances to score. He's baseball enthusiast down to the core. He knows what each move and each action is for.

But, say, let Wee Willie come up to the bat and, frankly, he doesn't know where he is at. He swings very wild and his efforts fall flat. He shortly returns and sits down where he sat.

"How come, Mister Pitcher?" I asked him one day. "When battin', your worth to your team fades away." "I'm takin' each thing," he replied. "In its turn, and battin's one thing that I've still got to learn."

The moral, I guess, is, you're smart, and not dumb, to take things and do them up right, as they come.

HOW WE DO BRAG

"So you are from America. Do they build palaces there as high as they used to?"

"Oh, yes. The last one they did, the workmen had to lie down to let the moon pass"—Vikingen, Christiana.

Tom Sims Says

What's become of the girl who could keep a fellow in love with her just by talking to him?

There isn't any law against a man who smokes carrying matches.

A last year's June bride tells us she is using her fifth can opener.

It's easy to be popular with your friends. All you have to do is get rich first.

The reason more people don't stay at home is because they don't feel at home there.

We predict a very hard July. No man can earn an income tax in hot weather.

payment properly. You can't tell if a man is working too hard or has a radio.

The road to success is fast becoming lined with advertising.

If we came from monkeys we have picked up a lot of bad habits along the way.

Summer makes some people stop missing booze and start missing beer.

Days are longer now. It stays much later.

Fat men make the best salesmen because they are too lazy to get mad.

A man who sells used cars would make a good fisherman or golfer.

Two can live as cheaply as one until the first of the month.

It is easy to see why skirts are shorter again.

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In New York

By James W. Dean

NEW YORK, June 13.—It is noon.

The human ants are swarming out of great honeycombed piles of brick, out of the darkness into the soft sunlight. Pell-mell they rush to lunch counters and settle down before their food, enlarged insects devouring enlarged crumb.

Then the curbs are lined with them, basking in the sun's warmth and comforted with filled stomachs, looking at their watches and counting the minutes until they must return to the great brick ant-hills and resume the daily grind.

Before a millinery shop are clustered female of the species, their stomachs not so full that their purse may be the fuller to purchase a new hat or some bright badge to set them off from their sisters in the throng. The age-old striving for individuality, for petty distinction.

And here in the corner is a cage of white mice. The cage spins around in a mad whirligig. Around and around it flies, the little white things, chasing each other to the end of the cage, only to find there is no end.

Men and women press their faces to the window to watch the mice. They smile at the little fools in their cages, laugh at their fertility. But here is one sharp-eyed, wrinkled little man in shabby clothes who does not laugh. He seems in a brown study as he peers into the window. With a sudden start he pulls out his watch and nudges the man next to him. They look at the watch and hurry away. Others glance at their watches, turn on their heels and walk away.

Back they go to the piles of brick.

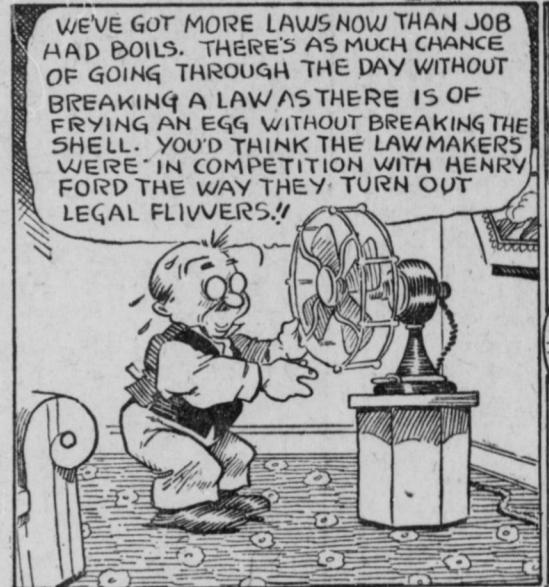
White mice in a cage running on to an endless end.

White men in their cases running on their own treadmills, as unwilling as the little white mice.

And so passes the noon hour for one to whom the New York looking glass reflects images of insects and animals in the shape of humans.

THE SPUDZ FAMILY—By TALBERT

SO THAT OLD BAG OF HOT AIR HAS GOT ONE OF THOSE LAW COMPLEXES TOO HAS HE! YOU'D THINK THAT LINE THERE SHOULD BE A LAW WAS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM THE WAY EVERYBODY IS SINGING IT! IT'S MORE OVERWORKED THAN A ONE ARMED TRAP DRUMMER IN A JAZZ BAND!



Mrs. Max Leckner Will Present Pupils

in Recital Friday at Public Library

ON next Friday night in Cropsey auditorium at the Public Library, Mrs. Max Leckner will present her pupils in recital.

Miss Christine Houseman will be the accompanist.

Program follows:

"Sextet"—"Leda" (first hand) Lechetsitzky

"March of the Dwarfs" (second hand) Greer

"Piano Pundit" of Mrs. Leckner

Aria—"The Lord Is Risen" (second hand) Mrs. Donald Stackhouse

"Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" (second hand) Mrs. Donald Stackhouse

"Jimmie" (second hand) Advances

"D'Fonsca" (second hand) Massenet

"Mrs. Walter Myers" (second hand) Leoncavallo

"Aria" (second hand) Nedda

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Leoncavallo

"Miss Christine Houseman" (second hand) Godard

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Mendessohn

"Miss Margaret Nylander" (second hand) Moore

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Anderson

"Piano Pundit" of Mrs. Leckner

"Swiss Echo" (second hand) Eckert

"My Riches" (second hand) Innes

"I Know You've Seen the Moon" (second hand) Mitchell

"Stolen Wings" (second hand) D'Almonte

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Francis Barlet

"Die Lorelei" (second hand) Liszt

"Mrs. Louise Seide Frell" (second hand) Anderson

"Prail" (second hand) The Piano

"Oh! Moon of My Delight" (Persian) Lehmann

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Raymond Hall

"Spring Song" (second hand) Herbert

"Ah! For'e Lul" (second hand) Leontine

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Verdi

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Mendessohn

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Nylander

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Anderson

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Leoncavallo

"Song of the Fisherman" (second hand) Leon