

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 How Many Scientists?

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 disarmed. 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 cumshaw.

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 himself as a contributor to the Times. His death occurred Sunday, May 10. At that time he had composed several articles for this newspaper, one of which appeared last week. 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 136 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 this. 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; for 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 money 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

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 tommy 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 batting, your worth to your team fades away." "I'm takin' each thing," he replied, "in its turn, and battin' 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.

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.

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"—Vikings, Christians, etc.

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 cuss an income tax payment properly in hot weather.

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 early 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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RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

"STOP" OR "SLOW" TRAFFIC SIGNS

GREENSBURG (Ind.) city council held one of its long-sit sessions the other night while debating whether traffic signs erected at dangerous crossings should read "stop" or "slow."

The weighty question of statecraft was acrimoniously argued.

Half of the council believed "slow" means nothing to drivers and "stop" means only to slow down. The other councilmen thought motorists would "slow" or "stop" as the signs directed.

Both factions were wrong.

To many automobile drivers traffic signs, no matter how worded, mean nothing at all. They don't believe in signs, and conscientiously ignore them. They think they know better how to drive than an inanimate sign.

"Stop, look, listen," has been the painted appeal at railroad crossings for years. Yet every day some heedless person flashes past the warning, without slackening speed, directly into the path of a train.

Others will drive across white lines on the pavement, past painted warnings, through safety gates and Pearly Gates.

Highway authorities and traffic officials devote much time and talent to perfecting safety rules and installing safety devices on streets and highways. Their efforts will never be more than partially successful until to every driver "slow" means slow and "stop" means stop.

Until in public opinion the little home game and social nip become as morally reprehensible as professional gambling and a lusty blind tiger, gambling and prohibition laws will be enforced with difficulty. In the final analysis public opinion, not the statute, defines crime.

After the horse is stolen

THE hold-up of the Sixteenth St. Bank, Thursday morning, has made city authorities, they immediately undertook vigorous measures to prevent repetition of such outlawry.

Police officers snugly ensconced in swivel chairs have been routed out. Police have been taken from special assignments, selling tickets, leading parades, watching ball games, and put to work on crooks.

A policeman has been detailed as guard with orders to "shoot 'em down without words."

All of which is locking the barn after the horse is stolen.

Doubtless a police guard at each bank will effectively cow professional crooks. But that is an emergency measure—justified only by the seriousness of the crisis. Policemen can not be permanently detailed as special guards of premises liable to bandit visitation. If so every barbecue stand and filling station in the city must have its policeman.

The bandits who are preying on Indianapolis are local talent. They are not post-graduate crooks from Chicago, New York or London, who fit in here "pull a job" and flit out.

They do not jump from Sunday school and lives of rectitude to banditry. They are the product of local poolrooms and joints, graduating from wayward youths to full-fledged crooks—practically under the eyes of patrolmen on beat.

Chasing bandits after a crime is thrilling, but it doesn't suppress banditry. Thorough acquaintance with the places where they breed and surveillance of all suspicious characters all the time is more effective. The job requires a disciplined police force, efficiently handled, plugging away day in and day out, not spurred into sudden spasms.

IF I WERE YOU

"You have a bad tooth. I would have it out if I were you!"

"So would I—if I were you!"—Le Rite, Paris.

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. Fell-mell they rush to lunch counters and settle down before their food, enlarged insects devouring enlarged crumbs.

Then the curbs are lined with them, basking in the sun's warmth and comfortable 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.

There before a millinery shop are clustered female of the species, their stomachs not so full that their purses 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. Futility!

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 futurity. 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 cages running their own treadmills, as unwitting 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



Mrs. Max Leckner Will Present Pupils in Recital Friday at Public Library

ON next Friday night in Crosey auditorium at the Public Library, Mrs. Max Leckner will present her pupils in recital. Miss Christine Houseman will be the accompanist.

Program follows:

"Sextet"—Lucia (left hand) Leckner, Lucia (right hand) Leckner, Lucia (left hand) Leckner, Lucia (right hand) Leckner, Lucia (left hand) Leckner, Lucia (right hand) Leckner.

"March of the Dwarfs"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"The Year at the Spring"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Love Songs"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Jimmie Burrin"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Obstinacy"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Aria"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Swiss Echo Song"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"You Alone"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Miss Ada Brown Smith"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Know a Lovely Garden"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Stolen Wings"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Die Lorelei"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Mrs. Louise Seide"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"The Piano"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Oh! Moon of My Delight"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Sonnet"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Ahl! Fore! La Traviata"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"The Piano"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"L'Orchestra"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Stride"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Home to Our Mountains"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Miss Eleanor Honan"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"On My Little"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"My Love He Comes on the Ski"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Bostage"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Miss Jeanne Jackson"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

MRS. KANOUSE TO PRESENT HER PUPILS

Mrs. Frank Kanouse will present her pupils in recital at her home, 2247 N. Rural St., on Saturday afternoon, June 20. Those taking part will be: Buchanan, Evelyn; Ellison, Wanda; Kanouse, Ruth; Leckner, Marian; Newman, Martha; Fry, Margaret; Armstrong, Monell; Davis and Anna May Nevins.

MONDAY NIGHT CONCERT ANNOUNCED

Helen Warrum Chappell will present her pupils in recital at the Herron Art Institute on Monday night, June 15. Helen Smith Politz will be at the piano.

Program follows:

"Chorus"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"The Piano"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"On My Little"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"My Love He Comes on the Ski"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Bostage"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

"Miss Jeanne Jackson"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

MORE COMMENCEMENT EVENTS AT METROPOLITAN

Commencement week at the Metropolitan School of Music will begin Monday evening with a recital by Marie Haworth, violinist, pupil of Hugh McGibney, assisted by Mrs. Dwight Ritter, soprano, pupil of Edward Nell. Tuesday evening Alma Miller Lentz, violinist, pupil of Hugh McGibney, and Florence Keepers, pianist, pupil of Flora M. Hunter, will give a joint recital for graduation. Thursday evening, Lorinda Cottingham, violinist, pupil of Hugh McGibney, will play a recital, assisted by Miss Dorothy Ryker, soprano, pupil of Edward Nell. The public is invited. The following will be the program:

Sonata in B minor—Tartini

"Aria"—Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner, Lucia Leckner.

Second Concert in D minor—Wieniawski

Ah, Love, But a Day—Mrs. Beach

Come and Trip—Mrs. Beach

La Cunita—Mrs. Beach

In Wings of Song—Mendelssohn-Achorn

Caprice Viennois—Kreutzer

Miss Frances Wihard and Mrs. John Ryker will be the piano accompanists.

For the annual thirtieth commencement, which will be held Friday evening June 19, Dr. Henry Noble Sherwood will give the address and present the diplomas. The following program will be given:

Trio—Moderato, D. Major—Hayden

Violin—Lorinda Cottingham

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Violin—Lorinda Cottingham

Paul Rindner, Audron Duncan, Esther Trobaugh, James Hill, Marriet Lindeman, Roberta Fergus, James Brown, Raymond Noel, Melva Shull, Helen Donelson, Lucille McDonald, Doris Craig, Elizabeth Pringle, Helen and Robert Peacock, Opa Sullivan, William and Robert Lynch, Opal Neddig, Sylvia Huffman, Harriet Trinkel and Bessie Blake.

VIOLIN RECITAL ON MONDAY NIGHT

A violin recital will be given at the Nathan D. Davis Music Studios, 2237 Central Ave. on Monday night.

Program follows:

"Reverie"—Richard Moutet—Spaulding

"Dance of the Elves"—Kearns

"To a Wild Rose"—McDowell-Hartman

"La Cunita"—Mrs. Beach

"Humoresque"—Robert Simons

"Post and Nightingale"—Oehmyer

"Traumerei"—Laura Louise Metzger