

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.

To Sao-ke Alfred Sze:

(Chinese Minister to Washington)

THE situation in your unhappy country is desperate.

But for mutual jealousies the great powers—aside from the United States—would swallow China piecemeal.

Even as it is she is threatened with foreign intervention, your people are being driven and exploited like cattle by foreigners and are clubbed and shot down whenever they have the temerity to object.

Piling insult on injury, your foreign exploiters are flooding the world with their own, highly colored versions of what is going on, deliberately poisoning public opinion against you and making people everywhere believe that they, not you, are the outraged parties.

Frankly, you haven't a chance so long as you continue to play the game this way.

If you want to win you must play your own game your own way.

What can China do?

China's one best bet now is to do what Austria did in 1922.

Ruined, virtually down and out, Austria appealed to the League of Nations for a strong, neutral Commissioner General to take charge—practically as a receiver.

An able Lutchman, named Zimmerman, without politics, prejudices or axes to grind, took Austria in hand. And proud Austria, be it said to her everlasting credit, of her own volition passed laws making Zimmerman's word law. He trimmed expenses, raised and collected taxes, balanced budgets, fired useless political job holders, stabilized currency, reformed banking and generally reorganized the government.

It hurt, but it saved Austria.

China needs a Zimmerman.

No one nation can save China, not even America. There are too many jealousies. No small concert of powers can save China. There are too many suspicions. Anyway, China would not stand for "foreign intervention." That way means war. Perhaps a world war.

But the whole world, acting through a common agency, could save China as it saved Austria. And while the policy of the present Administration in Washington is to keep out of the league, it could not and would not refuse to cooperate with it in the salvation of your country. That is, if you asked it.

Nor could the league refuse to help if asked. Even those great powers now pitilessly exploiting China would have to join in and, with the whole world looking on and taking part, they would not dare refuse you a square deal.

There is no humiliation in such a step. Austria stands higher in world opinion today than she did five years ago. Much.

China's humiliation lies in her present plight. It lies in allowing her corrupt tuchuns, her little, self-appointed war lords, to remain in control, selling themselves now to Japan, now to Britain, now to Russia, now to France, now to the highest bidder, whoever he may be.

China's vindication lies in finding and following an honorable way out. She needs to disband her mercenary provincial armies and to create a new, smaller and more efficient national one. She needs schools, good roads and better communications. She needs fiscal, judi-

cial and governmental reform, customs revision and whatnot. She must get rid of graft. Extraterritoriality will take care of itself.

Austria has shown the way. Indeed what other way is there, short of intervention by grasping, individual foreign powers and a possible bloody melee that would spell the final break-up of China?

If China wishes help similar to that given Austria, she must ask for it herself. No other nation, not even her best friend, can do it for her.

Largely, therefore, it is up to you and leaders like you.

A Decision and Apology

FEDERAL Judge Kennedy's unqualified approval of the Teapot Dome lease came as a shock to a great part of the public. Only three weeks earlier, Federal Judge McCormick's decision in the case of the Doheny leases had vindicated the public's belief that the Fall-Sinclair-Doheny transaction was not only illegal, but essentially dishonest.

Now the cases are back where they were. One Federal judge has found the California oil leases very bad. Another has found the Wyoming leases good. It means that higher courts, and eventually the Supreme Court, will be called upon to make the final decision.

Though they grew out of the same investigation, the Doheny and Sinclair cases were not precisely alike. In the one case there was the evidence of a delivery of money to Fall while the negotiations were in progress. In the other this was not proved in court, though government lawyers attempted to introduce evidence of it.

But there was a still greater difference in the two trials. In Los Angeles, Judge McCormick had the advantage of hearing all the important witnesses. Then he gave his verdict. In Cheyenne, in the Teapot Dome case, four of the most important witnesses could not be produced by the Government. Two were in France, another in Africa and another in Mexico and points south. Two came back after the trial; two are still absent. Maybe these witnesses will have occasion to be heard before the oil cases pass into history. Their evidence might change the verdict.

There is another marked difference between the two verdicts, viz.: Judge McCormick offered his without apology, while in Judge Kennedy's there appears the following strange paragraph:

"In reaching a conclusion in this case we fully realize the degree of unpopularity with which it will be received. This is true, in the nature of things, because the great general public is reached only with the sentimental features surrounding the transactions involved, and being largely in the dark as to all the other multitudes of circumstances with which the case is surrounded, and knowing perhaps less of the great legal principles which the experience of the ages has taught mankind must control in dealing with the rights of persons and property."

The "sentimental features" to which the judge refers no doubt include the Little Black Bag, to say nothing of "Apples," and "Peaches" and other fruity aspects of the deal that delivered the Navy's oil into private hands, under cover of the dark.

TOM SIMS SAYS

The Japanese question has quieted down a bit so sunburn is now our leading yellow peril.

Life is so funny. This is the summer we wished for last winter.

The nice thing about most of us is we can't be married for our money or good looks either.

The annual fish lie about standing behind a tree to bait your hook is doing as well as ever.

If you would be healthy and wealthy and wise never laugh at a woman with tears in her eyes.

Being too serious is very serious.

When system and good luck meet system usually wins.

If there were no women, this world would be a lot more fun. This is why we should be glad there are women.

Two heads feel better than one in a porch swing at night.

Only a few more shopping months before overcoats.

Our idea of nothing to worry about all night is what we usually worry about all night.

Half the fun of loafing is knowing you should be working.

Opportunity passes by quicker than the fastest auto, which is why it is so hard to grasp.

Money doesn't talk very much until it grows up.

You can't say those north pole explorers got cold feet.

The enchantment lent to summer by distance has vanished.

Knees don't attract half as much attention as they once did.

Be interested in yourself alone and you alone will be.

Sunburn brings the skin you hate to have touched.

If you have a checkered career it's always your move.

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Canning

By Hal Cochran

OM'S laid aside all her cleaning and stitching. There's something more thrilling at hand. You'll find her right now working out in the kitchen. She knows that there's fruit to be canned.

It's pleasin' to watch, as she turns to the toil of washin' the berries up clean. And then, when they're sugared and put on to boil—Oh, pappy! You know what I mean!

The mess starts to simmer; then bubbles a bit and there's narry a drop goes to waste. The kids hang around and they all throw a fit until mother will give them a taste.

The household is filled with the odor of jam, as the fruit jars are set in a row. The world ought to know just how happy I am as down in the cellar they go.

No wonder a fellow starts smacking his lips when he looks at the fruit on the shelf. He soon will be making the wintertime trips for the jam mother put up herself.

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RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

MORALS AND CLOTHES

B LATANT disregard for God's standard of dress is the most common manifestation of immorality today, declared a speaker at the Union Bible Seminary at Salem Park near Indianapolis recently. Women's apparel, bobbed hair and cosmetics were all scored.

What is God's standard of dress? He created Adam and Eve without a stitch of clothing between them. Every human being since that time has been permitted to come into the world in a state of frank nudity. Evidently the regard for modesty is as essential.

Prudes, puritans and bigots continually rail at woman's attire, and its immodesty. Crime, pretentiousness, and fallen arches stalk in the wake of the rolled stocking, they claim, and a lipstick shatters the moral foundations of the universe.

They are unduly alarmed. Clothing styles have little to do with morality.

Never was a people less addicted to vice and immorality than the classical Greeks, especially the Spartans, and never was a people less concerned about clothes. They exposed their bodies without shame. At the Olympian games the competing athletes dressed only in olive oil. Some of our modern prudens can not even look at a Greek statue without blushing.

The immorality of the French court in the days of the Great Louis is proverbial. Yet there courtiers, mistresses and the whole immoral crew were covered from head to heels in frills and ruffles.

Perhaps there is greater purity in bustles, cotton stockings and fingerless knit gloves than in present styles, but it is doubtful. Immorality is a state of mind not a state of the wardrobe.

DEATH AT THE WHEEL

J AMES HISLE, Marion (Ind.) business man, suffered a fatal heart attack the other day, while driving alone in his automobile along a country road. The uncontrolled machine plunged off a hill and was wrecked.

An Indianapolis banker was similarly stricken a short time ago while driving his car on a city street. Fortunately, it was not during a rush hour.

What would have happened if either of these fatal attacks had occurred in a crowded thoroughfare? An automobile has no brakes; it must be guided by human hands and intelligence. An automobile with death at the wheel could cause untold havoc. The increasing use of motor cars, increasing density of traffic, and increasing strain of modern life on the human heart, may soon give automobile designers and safety engineers something more to worry about.

The problem of making the automobile go has been pretty successfully solved. The next problem may be to make it stop.

Stage Verdict

English—"It's a Boy" is not a great show but is good entertainment. Gives the Berkell favorites good roles.

Palace—Fair all-around bill with Fenton and Fields the high spot.

Lyric—Miller Sisters and Bob stand out on a good bill.

SLOW DOWN THE BUSES

BECAUSE its schedule required violation of the speed law, the Intercity Safety Coach Company of Kokomo, was denied a permit to operate a bus line between Indianapolis and Peru by the public service commission Saturday.

The commission held that the buses had not operated "lawfully" for a period of ninety days prior to the bus regulation law and the line, therefore, was not entitled to a certificate under the ninety day clause.

The ruling should have a salutary tendency to slow down the buses. To maintain schedules between Indianapolis and Kokomo, the buses frequently made forty or forty-five miles an hour on open highways. Other lines also habitually disregard the speed limit, it is charged.

Lighter vehicles give them plenty of elbow room on the roads. Shivering flivvers have learned that it is unprofitable to contest the right of way with them. After a ponderous bus has pounced on a flivver the latter becomes a chronic invalid—if nothing worse.

But, despite their arrogance and the attitude of other traffic toward them, buses don't own the roads. They have no more rights than other traffic and the same deference to the speed law should be exacted from them as from private vehicles.

Thirty miles an hour, the legal limit, is no snail's pace. At that velocity buses can negotiate the distance between any two termini in the State in a few hours.

It is better to slow them down to that limit now than to let them speed unrestrained until a fatal crash involving an impetuous bus brings a spasm of law enforcement. Passengers speared in a bloody heap on the highway furnish interesting news, but it's hard on the passengers.

CHANGE OF VENUE

REV. FREDERICK E. TAYLOR, of the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis, in his sermon Sunday night, denounced the general practice of taking a change of venue from Marion County courts in important criminal cases.

Undoubtedly he hit between the eyes one of the most flagrant evils in the administration of justice in this city. Trials are transferred to other counties on the slimmest of pretexts not in the effort to secure, but to hamstring, justice.

Of course, to insure every defendant impartial trial there must be some provision to escape local prejudice and inflamed public opinion. But in Indianapolis change of venue is invoked as an ordinary legal stratagem to delay trial.

In consequence Marion County's important criminal business clogs the judicial machinery of courts in adjoining counties.

Five important murder cases from Marion County are now pending in other counties while the Marion County Criminal Court fritters away its time with petty bootleggers, blind tigers, and speed addicts.

Perhaps in some of these murder cases transfer is justifiable, though it is doubtful if in any case there is sufficient local prejudice to preclude fair trial in Marion County. In most of them the circumstances of the crime and the names of the defendants are forgotten by the public.

Bar associations frequently discuss reforms of judicial procedure. Collectively lawyers worship justice. But until individual changes of venue and other technicalities there will be no reform in judicial procedure and justice will limp.

THE SPUDZ FAMILY—By TALBURT



Importance of Babies and Bracelets Discussed in 'It's a Boy'

By Shaffer B. Berksire

IS a baby, even a boy baby, more important than bracelets dinner parties and Bohemian social aspirations?

That is the question around which William Anthony McGuire wrote "It's a Boy," this week's bill of the Berkell Players at English's.

Chester Blate, Milton Byron, was quite a boy in Carbondale, Pa. He owned a ten cent store, had an option on a good corner in Scranton and was expanding his business.

Already the boys called him "Woolworth" Blake. And when Chester, Jr., came along he had ambitions to build a big business to hand over to his son some day.

But Phyllis, his wife (Edythe Elliot) had other ideas. Phyllis had married young and, to be perfectly frank wasn't quite ready to assume the duties of motherhood when the baby came. She had her ambitions, to get to New York and live among what she considered interesting people.

When the big syndicate offered to buy Chester's store and location and give him a place in their New York office she made him take the offer against his better judgment. At the end of a year Chester is in debt and out of a job. The syndicate had given him a year's contract just to get the corner location in Scranton.

Phyllis is having a good time and the boy is in the care of his grand mother. Chester decides right then that Phyllis must either give up the butterfly life and become a mother, proper or go her own way. It shouldn't be hard for you to guess which she does.

Do not go into English's late this week. To me the prologue is the best scene in the whole show. It is a splendid little picture of domestic life.

"It's a Boy" stacks up as good summer entertainment. At English's all week.

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