

The Indianapolis Times

FELIX F. BRUNER, Editor.

ROY W. HOWARD, President.

WM. A. MAYBORN, Bus. Mgr.

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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.

Don't Elect a Boss!

IN just one week the voters of Indianapolis must choose a mayor. We sincerely hope that he will be the last mayor Indianapolis will ever have, that the city will join the hundreds of other American cities that have abandoned the political system of government in favor of the business system.

But the system has not been changed and we must choose a mayor. We should choose the man who can serve us best under the existing political system.

The issue in the campaign seems to be clear cut. It is not so much a question of whether Walter Myers or John L. Duvall would make the better executive if allowed to be mayor. It is a question, rather, of whether George V. Coffin shall become the supreme ruler of the city of Indianapolis as well as of the State of Indiana.

Coffin has had an interesting history. A few years ago he was a policeman. Then he was sheriff, then chief of police. He later became Republican county chairman and Republican city chairman. And while he was doing these things, he became a political boss, with ever-increasing powers.

When George V. Coffin says the word, things happen at the Statehouse. When he says the word, his candidate for United States Senator goes to Washington to represent Indiana. Now there is a movement on to exchange Bill Armitage for George V. Coffin at the city hall. John L. Duvall has said Armitage will have nothing to do with his administration. But Armitage says he still is for Duvall.

Duvall has not repudiated Coffin. He does not dare repudiate him if he is elected mayor. On the outcome of the coming election depends whether Coffin will be boss of Indianapolis. It is a bigger question than the personalities of the two candidates.

We cannot guarantee that Walter Myers will be the best mayor Indianapolis ever had. He would not have been our original choice as a candidate for office. But as between Myers and George V. Coffin there can be but one choice.

Indianapolis must not be ruled by a boss!

Misrepresenting America

DOES the United States tremble on the verge of political upheaval, with discontent and class hatred in the breasts of millions, and with fires of incipient red revolution smoldering so close to the surface that only a breath is needed to blow them into an all-consuming conflagration?

It does not. It never did. This newspaper has investigated the situation carefully and can assure its readers that at this writing there is no cause for alarm or a general call to arms.

Is the United States a nation of dear but timid old ladies, frightened into tears at the cry of "boo", leaping to table tops at the scurrying of each tiny mouse, pale and breathless at the merest tale of a bad fairy or bogie man? It is not. It never was. But—that is exactly the way it has been represented to the rest of the world by its State Department under Secretaries Hughes and Kellogg, all within a period of twelve months.

Hughes would not let the Hungarian republican leader, Count Karolyi, come into this country to visit his sick wife without promising not to speak in public. Hughes, representing our Government, acted like a child with his thumbs in his ear afraid he might hear a ghost story.

Kellogg first ordered refusal of the visa of the passport of the British Indian member of Parliament, Saklatvala, who was a delegate to an interparliamentary conference at Washington, simply because Saklatvala was a communist. Second, Kellogg has ordered refusal of the visa of the passport of the Countess Karolyi, who now waits to come to this country to pay a social visit, apparently simply because he is afraid she might have communist leanings. In both instances Kellogg, representing our Government, has acted like an hysterical and peculiarly near-sighted old lady who visualizes one red cow in a pasture as a whole stampeding herd of Texas long horns and herself a helpless creature with two wooden legs, the gout in one of them, and no man within ear shot.

The barring of foreigners from this country for any purely political reason whatever is serious because it is a break with the entire American tradition of free speech and a fair deal for everybody's opinions. The serious aspect of what Hughes and Kellogg have done should not be minimized. But worse than that it is ridiculous and makes this nation ridiculous, as a confession of a weakness in the American social structure which does not exist. On either or both counts no man in the hysterical State of mind which seems to characterize

Secretary Kellogg should be permitted to continue to hold office and misrepresent this country.

A Wrong Reason for Being Right

A BAD reason for a wise decision is offered by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, assistant United States Attorney General, in charge of prohibition enforcement.

A citizen having had his premises searched on a warrant that was issued following a telephone call from an unidentified person, carried the case up to the United States Supreme Court. Now the Department of Justice says it will drop the case and return the liquor to the abused citizen.

"I am too strong for enforcement of the law in meritorious cases," said Mrs. Willebrandt, "to permit such cases to render the Supreme Court impatient by their consideration."

The personal impatience of the dignified gentlemen on our highest bench should hardly be a determining factor when there is a question of law enforcement. Mrs. Willebrandt says the case was unwarranted in the first place and that is true. It involved plain disregard of this citizen's constitutional rights. Reason for dropping the case was sufficient, but the reason given is rather ridiculous.

The Ghosts of Lodge and Wilson

THE odds are now against war between Bulgaria and Greece. The League of Nations has acted with commendable swiftness to spike the guns which had already begun to belch. Monday, at Geneva, its council is expected to take the necessary steps to prevent further bloodshed.

Who, reading this, can doubt that the spirits of the dead rise from the grave to carry on a crusade begun in life?

For the very hour the League was acting to stop a war, a new book by the dead and gone, Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts and arch foe of the League and arch foe of its founder, made its spooky appearance to chant its author's greatest refrain in life: That the League is a failure.

Amongst the leaves of the book one can almost hear the ghostly, gleeful chortle of Lodge's spirit as it marches on belittling the memory of his enemy whom he cannot leave in peace even in his tomb—Woodrow Wilson.

Wilson was not a great man. He was not a scholar. He concealed the truth. He was weak, timid, selfish. He put himself before country. He was guided by an exaggerated conception of his own importance. Thus unbecomingly speaks the ghost of one dead man of another. And he was glad, said the ghost, that the League Covenant had not been ratified because it had proved futile.

Even as Lodge's spirit spoke, Greece and Bulgaria came to grips. Cannon thundered, airplanes roared. Another Balkan was won. Such a muss had, in 1914, started the World War going. Unless something were done now and quickly, another Armageddon might grow out of this. So the spirit of Wilson came forth to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by the ghost of Lodge, and through the League put an end to the conflict in Macedonia.

Certainly the League has not been perfect. But has it been futile? It might have done things it did not do. But the same thing might be said with equal truth of the United States, of Lodge's Senate, even of our Constitution. Our Constitution is supposed to be our Covenant—of liberty of thought and speech and conscience and press and religion—but often it fails lamentably. Is it, then, futile?

A thing is worth while if it does no harm and only occasionally makes the world a little better place to live in. If the League stops one war in a dozen, its worth is proved.

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON
RURAL AND URBAN WEALTH

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