

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.

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 goat 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 charac-

terize 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 war was on. 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 perfection. 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. 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.

If you don't believe it, ask any mother what she would not give if that war had not happened which smashed the body of her son. Not of self, as Lodge's ghost would have it, but of mothers was Wilson thinking when he gave his life to the ideal of a warless world.

NOW that a Senator has been appointed we can get back to the business of letting George V. Coffin pick a mayor, too.

WE wonder if Senator Robinson knows just what Helen Maria wants to do with the Senate rules.

THE police chief says only persons engaging in dangerous amusement or destroying property will be arrested Halloween night. What a wonderful night for the bootleggers!

A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

Text: "Whose adorning, let it be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit." I. Peter 3:4

A man never gets so old and infirm that he will not sit up and take notice when a good looking woman comes along. There is not a woman living who does not desire to be good looking. That is not necessarily an unworthy ambition. It is all right for a woman to present herself all the grace and charm of feminine beauty.

The text does not forbid attention to the matter of dress and outward appearance. It simply says that attention should be directed chiefly to the adornment of character. What it says applies to man as well as woman, but the writer seems to have women specially in mind.

Real beauty is an internal quality. Some women seem to think it is an external quality, and so they spend

a lot of time and money on dress and features of the face and form. Real beauty is a subtle thing. It does not depend upon facial proportions. It is sometimes seen upon the most irregular features. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one really beautiful. Cultivate in the heart the spirit of meekness, quietness, gentleness and modesty, and the face will shine with a beauty that is divine.

Many faces reveal a spirit of boldness, vanity, haughtiness, hardness and harshness. If a woman has a spirit of that kind, no amount of perfume and feminine bewitchery can conceal its mark upon her features. And when I see a woman with her features so marked, no matter how well proportioned her facial lines, no matter how graceful in figure and form, no matter how pleasing the fashion of her dress, I do not consider her a good looking woman. I consider a woman good looking whose beauty is the outward expression of an internal quality of soul.

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

RURAL AND URBAN WEALTH

D. R. LIONEL G. EDIE, director of the bureau of business research at Indiana University, reports that the wealth of Indiana is about evenly divided between agriculture, industry and urban wealth.

According to his figures urban wealth represents 29.4 per cent of the State's wealth, industry 23.6 per cent and farms 27.7 per cent. The remainder is personal property. As over 60 per cent of the population may be classed as urban and industrial, it appears that Indiana wealth is evenly distributed among all classes.

In three neighboring States farm wealth only amounts to 17.5 per cent of the total. New York has an overwhelming preponderance of urban and industrial wealth; in Kansas agricultural wealth predominates.

The diversity of wealth and resources is Indiana's strength and assurance of economic stability. It has several irons in the fire at once.

When the bottom drops out of the wheat market Kansas slides into bankruptcy. West Virginia's prosperity is bound up with its coal mining. When industry falters, England—a highly organized industrial country devoid of agricultural resources—feels the pinch of privation and stark war stalks.

But Indiana, when its agriculture is depressed, tightens up its belt and turns to industry to produce a fragment of prosperity. When its industry is sluggish its farming resources pull it through to the right side of the ledger.

The State's very diversity of resources—none of which it monopolizes like Florida does sunshine—may prevent it from experiencing sensational booms. But it guarantees steady prosperity for steady people year after year, regardless of weather.

POLLUTION OF RIVERS

THE State River below South Bend is so polluted from oil and waste materials dumped into it that the stream is inflammable, according to residents who have complained to the State conservation department.

Perhaps their fears are groundless. It would be somewhat of an anomaly to call out a fire department some brisk night to prevent a river from burning up—though such conflagrations are not unusual in oil fields where miles of river have been consumed by fire.

Civilization is hard on rivers—at least in Indiana. Fifty years ago we had dozens of limpid, sparkling streams gurgling joyfully between grassy banks. There are none such now. The immortal Riley would be tongue-tied if asked to sing of his beloved Brandywine as it is today.

Most of our streams just crawl under their burden of silt, mud, sewage, rusted tin cans, oil waste and germs. Pall Creek, Pleasant Run and the noble St. Joseph, for example, some of them exude an aroma that will curl the paint off a wall or bleach hair.

It is impossible with intensive cultivation of the land and crowding population to keep Hoosier rivers in their original state of pure loveliness. But much of the present pollution is unnecessary. For the sake of future generations, if not for our own, Indiana rivers should be kept clean, even if State authorities have to pick them up and sponge them off occasionally.

RIGHTS OF MAJORITIES

THE Tennessee evolution statute was assailed by Walter Lippman New York Journalist, in a recent address in Indianapolis. He called it an example of the tyranny of majority rule when it seeks to regulate personal lives, habits and consciences.

"It amounts to saying that if a majority of the Legislature decided that the earth was flat, the children in the public schools would have to be taught that the earth was flat," he said.

Well, the school children in Zion City, Ill., are taught that very thing. Wilbur Glenn Voliva and a majority of his followers—who maintain the schools—believe the earth is flat, and so their schools teach. No one gets very excited about the tyranny of it.

Majorities are not always right, neither are minorities. The latter can be just as tyrannical, unyielding and intolerant. If evolutionists present the down-trodden minority in Tennessee—had controlled the

Legislature, how much consideration would they have shown the beliefs of the anti-evolutionists? In a republican form of government the majority must rule. The only alternatives are dictatorship or anarchy.

Majorities may not always be enlightened—frequently they are behavior is ridiculous. But who has a better right to determine public policies, and for what purposes public funds shall be spent—whether in the management of public schools or in the conduct of a war—than a majority of the people directly concerned?

DECLINE IN INTELLIGENCE

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM, former Hoosier, author of "The New Decalogue of Science," "The Fruit of the Family Tree" and other biological lamentations, told the Indiana Teachers' Association the other night that American intelligence is declining—that the college graduate is a dying race.

"A thousand Harvard graduates at the present birth rate, within six generations, have only fifty descendants left," said he. "But a thousand unskilled laborers will, at the present birth rate, have 100,000 descendants."

Probably that's a terrifying prospect. Judging, though, from Saturday's football scores Harvard men aren't such superior beings.

Civilization makes the world safe for stupidity, is the plaint of biologists. They worry because the more intelligent elements of the population have a lower birth rate than the less intelligent. One-fourth of every generation produces one-half of the next. Consequently one-fourth of the present population will be the grand generations from today.

And the one-fourth thus destined to be such grandparents is not the most intelligent one-fourth. That's what disturbs the biological gentlemen.

But this same biological law has been in operation for some time—at least since Adam. People of the meaner sort, the rabble and the tenement dwellers have always been more prolific than the blue bloods and intellectuals. Yet the percentage of brains seems to be as great in the world today as ever.

Not always is intelligence the product of intelligence. The forbears of Abraham Lincoln were not of the intellectually superior classes.

Nature has a habit of amending biological laws when necessary. So probably six generations hence there will be sufficient intelligence in the world to do the work of civilization even if all the college graduates of today go to the races and leave the rearing of families to the presumably less intelligent.

Tom Sims Says

You get mad at a friend. Call him a fool. He calls you a fool. Both are right. Or you wouldn't be mad.

Some men are successful chiefly because they didn't have the advantages others had.

When two young folks get their heads together they can do wonders with all the dance steps.

A peculiar thing about short dresses is women seem satisfied with the least they can get for their money.

Never be too harsh with a young fellow before he has found himself. Nothing's more discordant than a violin being tuned.

Cards may be a waste of time, but they will bridge that yawning chasm between dinner and bedtime.

Perhaps an auto which ran into a bank in Birmingham, Ala., wanted to see if its owner had any cash left.

Laughter is golden. Don't take our word for it. Look at people's teeth when they laugh.

They claim an Ohio man who smashed a player piano was crazy, and we claim he wasn't at all.

Next to hen's teeth the scarcest things are coal dealers who are hoping for a mild winter.

A new radio device fits into a pocketbook. But that isn't needed to make money talk.

Happiness consists of being glad your \$5 bill isn't a one instead of sorry it isn't a ten.

Dogs have more sense than people. Dogs howl at the moon. People sometimes howl at nothing. (Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)

THE SPUDZ FAMILY—By TALBURT



'Pony Express' Is a Real Success; Barthelmess Has New Fightin' Role

By Walter D. Hickman

HERE is something romantic about the pony express rider of history.

He was a vital factor in connecting the East and the West, because he came before the railroad.

"The Pony Express," is another epic movie, directed by James Cruze, who made "The Covered Wagon," what it is today.

He has done just as well with "The Pony Express," although it is more melodramatic than the "wagon." It is upon this idea that "The Times" is conducting a "Pony Express" essay contest, open to all boys and girls going to grade schools, high schools or parochial schools of this city. Many essays have been received. Such movies as "The Pony Express," results in the bringing home the fact that many people fought to make this country what it is today. The plot is centered upon the efforts of a group of men to prevent California from staying with the Union during the time Lincoln was elected and just before the Civil War.

The rider of the express is the man who does carry the news of Lincoln's election to California instead of delaying it for a few days. Delay would have resulted in California, as the movie shows, probably joining with the South.

In the working out of story we meet some unique characters. In a western town, we meet "Ascension" Jones, a man who believes that God's coming is near. He is a strange figure in a land where everything was young but rough. He had a beautiful daughter, Molly, who naturally falls in love with the rider of the Pony Express. Ricardo Cortez is the chief rider of this story. Betty Compton is the sweet and pretty Molly Jones.

And there is a rip snorting Indian fight. Cruze is a wizard when it comes to directing such things. Probably the finest piece of work in the picture is given by Wallace Beery as the down and out western tramp. He was always wanting to get back to Rhode Island but lost his right to gambling when he just gets ready to start.

Beery does some of the finest work of his career and the truth is, he is just about walks away with the picture. To look at him is to get a laugh.

The cast is as follows: Betty Compton, Ricardo Cortez, Wallace Beery, "Ascension" Jones, Ernest Borgnine, "Rhode Island" Red, George Bancroft, John Carr, John Fox Jr., William Russell, William Frawley, Sam Clemens, Charles Gerson, Andy, Rose Tully, Vondell Darr, Babe, Express, stacks up as real entertainment of a high order.

The bill includes "Ebeneszer Ebony," a news reel, and Emil Seidel and his orchestra.

At the Apollo all week.

BARTHELMESS AGAIN HAS FIGHTIN' MOVIE

Going back to the formula that a picture should have at least one good

fight, Richard Barthelmess now offers "The Beautiful City."

It is a melodramatic crook story with Barthelmess fighting to save

his brother's reputation. Barthelmess is Tony, a good boy, and Nick (played by Frank Puglia) is just the other way.

Tony serves time for Nick and then fights the man, Nick Di Sura, who caused all the trouble. This is a rapid light scene in a Chinese theater. There is a happy ending because Tony marries the girl he loves, Mollie, played by Dorothy Gish. Barthelmess is a clever actor but this story doesn't give him much to do along comedy lines. People like to smile these days and they are looking toward Barthelmess and the others of his class to furnish the smiles.

There are moments when the mother love theme doesn't just seem to hit the mark. A mother should love both of her sons, and they generally do. The mother in this picture becomes confused regarding that idea and she seems to like Nick the best because he gives her more money.

"The Beautiful City" is not another "Tolable, David," which is the picture that most people like to remember this man for making.

Bakaleinikoff is conducting the Circle orchestra through an overture called "From Italy." Dessa Byrd is at the organ playing a novelty number, "Looking for a Place to Live." The stage at the Circle this week presents Charlie Dornberger and his Victor recording orchestra. More about this orchestra later.

At the Circle all week.

"KENTUCKY PRIDE" IS ANOTHER "BLACK BEAUTY"

Ever hear a horse talk, and a race horse, at that?

A race horse who didn't make good tells its story in "Kentucky Pride" this week at the Colonial.

Here is a fine idea, because it makes all of us think more of dumb animals and what they must go through. This William Fox production is just a simple story—the story of a broken down race horse. This horse couldn't win a race to save the fortune of her master, but she did bring into the world a colt that carried the colors of a house to fame.

We get a closer view of horse life in "Kentucky Pride" than we have for many months. The subtitles are supposed to be the words of the race horse telling the story.

This simple little story of horse love and devotion has been so worked out that it is all family entertainment. It claims to be a horse story, and it is just that. Its race horse cast numbers such thoroughbreds as Man O' War, Negofol, Morvich, Fair Play, The Finn, Virginia's Future and Confederacy. Quite a fortune in horse flesh.

The human cast is headed by J. Farrell MacDonald, Gertrude Astor and Henry B. Walthall. Interest centers just now on MacDonald, who comes through with a fine Irish characterization, full of human understanding and love for both horses and humans. Walthall is cast as the man who loses his fortune at cards. His fortune was his race horses.

The Colonial management made no mistake in booking "Kentucky Pride," because this picture serves a fine purpose—it makes us respect more and more dumb animals. It is good entertainment and has a fine moral tone.

The bill includes short reel features such as Eddie Gordon in "Taxi War," a news reel, Aesop Fables and music by the American Harmonists.

At the Apollo all week.

"The Gorilla," a mystery comedy show, opens tonight at English's for the week.

William Demarest and Collette, and Bert Errol are present at Keith's. The Palace presents the Paramount All Star Revue, which

contains a chorus of Indianapolis girls. The Four English Madcaps are on view at the Lyric.

The Capitol offers "When East Is West." Burlesque is on the boards at the Broadway. Jack Hoxie in "Bustin' Thru" is at the Isis.

NOVARRO PLEASURES IN 'THE MIDSHIPMAN'

For a good clean cut picture of young American manhood "The Midshipman" at the Ohio this week is all that could be asked for. Ramon Novarro takes the part of James Randall, the son of a former Admiral in the United States Navy, who has been sent to the Naval academy to follow in the footsteps of his father. Novarro fans will be delighted with the showing the young star makes in this picture. In fact, he could scarcely show to better advantage than he does.

The story tells of the four years of training the young midshipman has to go through. Many points are brought out that have an interest outside the picture for most people, strangers as we are to the customs and regulations of this the most famous naval training school in the world.

But to get back to the story, Randall comes through all his training with honors and everything is plain sailing until the very eve of graduation, when, by the contrivance of a rival, he is placed in the embarrassing position of either giving up his sweetheart or of proving untrue to his duty as a future officer of the United States Navy.

The most gripping parts of the story are centered in this one eventful evening, but it all ends happily so you will not be disappointed.

Charlie Davis and his orchestra, featuring Cy Milders soloist, have a pleasant treat for you in an especially selected program of music and vocal selections.

Bill includes a Mack Sennet comedy. At the Ohio all week. (By the Observer.)

Ask The Times

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1325 New York Ave., Washington, D. C., enclosing 2 cents in stamps for postage. Legal and marital advice cannot be given. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unpaid requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

What is the meaning of the term "moratorium"?

In legal matters it is a title to delay in making a due payment. In legislative parlance it means an authorization of suspension of payment by a government bank, or treasury.

Christmas Presents

A reader of this column asks the Washington Bureau to supply a suggested list of suitable presents for various members of the family. Any other reader desiring such a list may obtain a mimeographed bulletin of suggestions for Christmas by writing to our Washington Bureau, and enclosing a two-cent postage stamp for reply.

When is the meaning of a half mile oval race track?

It is one in which one circling of the track from any given point is one half a mile.

How can angle worms be kept through the winter?

Place them in a large wooden box filled with plenty of earth from a garden or the earth in which you find them. See that there is plenty of vegetable matter in the soil. Keep the box in an even warm temperature all winter and keep the earth moist.