

The Indianapolis Times

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Published daily except Sunday by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis
Subscription Rates: Indianapolis—Ten Cents a Week. Elsewhere—Twelve Cents a Week
PHONE—MA in 3500.

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.

Some Friendly Advice

WHILE John L. Duvall fled the city to avoid advice, we can't refrain from passing along a few suggestions that came to us.

Of course, we're a little late, most everything but dog catcher having been passed out, but J. L., according to the grapevine telegraph that communicates in devious ways with the home folks, has a few more stipends to announce.

For city health officer, a sterling young butcher boy who can read.

For building commissioner, a Brightwood citizen who can drive a nail straight. This specification may bar a woman but the job really requires some technical knowledge.

For assistant city attorney, some one with lungs of leather and a bit of musical knowledge. Keeping a police and firemen's band out of war is quite a job.

For street cleaning superintendent, a horse thief detective who carries a gun and everything. He should be used to cleaning up on unarmed persons.

For smoke inspector, a high-powered reformer who's against pipes, cigars, cigarettes and everything.

For city engineer, a fellow who is "right" on specifications for street improvements, "right" on letting the "right" guys be inspectors and who shed his conscience years ago.

For city plan commission secretary, a precinct committeeman. He plans his organization, but sometimes the "fodder" of jobs is not forthcoming.

For board of works secretary, a dumb, deaf, blind man who also has lost his memory. This is a safety first measure.

For board of safety secretary, a magician. For his hand must be quicker than the public eye to pass out enough police powers to satisfy the Duvall supporters with military aspirations.

For clerks, deck hands and other municipal chorus men and girls, those too tired to work and too dissatisfied to remain in bed.

Kelloggical or Coolidgical, Which?

HERE are a couple of ideas which we would like to pass on to you for you to take your choice.

One of them is from the President of the United States. The other is from his Secretary of State, Frank B. Kellogg.

The other day New York celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of her first newspaper.

In those days the British Crown was doing everything it could to prevent the press from printing things it did not want printed and to keep people from saying things it did not want said. In fact, it was even trying to stop people from thinking thoughts that were not agreeable to the Crown.

So when President Coolidge wrote a letter to the organizers of the New York celebration, he said in part:

"It is almost prophetic that the very order of the Crown which aimed to stifle liberty of thought and expression should have contained the words, 'Great inconvenience may arise by the liberty of printing,' for the press of America has ever been an inconvenience to bigotry and oppression and the vital aid of free thought and inspiration."

The Coolidge idea evidently is that no government has the right "to stifle liberty of thought and expression," and that America in particular is no place for the exercise of that "bigotry and oppression" which are so deadly to "free thought and inspiration."

While the President was thus expressing himself, his Secretary of State was busy barring from America a distinguished woman—Countess Karolyi, wife of Count Michael Kar-

olyi, former president of the Hungarian Republic—who wanted to lecture over here.

So here we have a brilliant foreigner with a message for us, and Secretary Kellogg refusing to allow her to come over and deliver it; a woman who believes in a republic like ours banned from our country ostensibly because of her beliefs or what she might say!

Here, then, are the two schools of thought: The Kelloggical and the Coolidgical. To which do you subscribe? To the stifling of "liberty of thought and expression," or to the right to hear the whole story and think your own thoughts about what you have heard?

A Tale of Two Cities

(From the New York World)

To the Editor:

ONE of the causes of the French Revolution, one of the things which exasperated the Parisians to frenzy, was the fact that "the fierce aristocrats" recklessly drove over "the citizens" with their carriages. Charles Dickens describes such an outrage in "The Tale of Two Cities," from which I quote in an abbreviated form:

"With a wild rattle and clatter and an inhuman abandonment of consideration, not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through the streets and swept round corners. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of the wheels came to a sickening little jolt and there was a loud cry from a number of voices and the horses reared and plunged. But for the latter inconvenience the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out. A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses and laid it on the basement of the fountain and was down in the mud and wet howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis," said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."

"It is extraordinary to me," said Monsieur, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or other of you is forever in the way."

Charles Dickens here appeals to our pity and indignation against the reckless killing of one child. In our cities today people are being killed by automobiles in exactly the same way, with just such mad speed and reckless swooping round corners, at the rate of very nearly a thousand a year, including 300 children; and some of our speeders, like Dickens' Marquis, want to know "why they don't get out of the way." I have heard autoists say, not once or twice, but many times, that it was the children's own fault if they were killed.

You will notice that Dickens states, as an abominable instance of inhumanity, that carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind. This also happens here. How true the picture is to life. The only difference is that we have no aristocrats, fierce or otherwise.

But the selfishness, the vulgar arrogance, the reckless speed and the inhumanity have outlived the French Revolution and have established in this free country today a new and murderous "reign of terror."

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

IF Mayor-Elect Duvall stays away much longer, Indianapolis will have to start extradition proceedings to get him back in time for the official coronation, Jan. 1.

THE elder T. R. hunted wild lions in Africa. Young T. R. bravely hunts the ancestor of a sheep. Who says he isn't following in his father's footsteps.

City Ash Collection Desired

By Mr. Fixit

Let Mr. Fixit solve your troubles at the city hall. He is the Times representative at the city hall. Write him at the Times.

Numerous complaints about collection of garbage and ashes have been received recently by Mr. Fixit. However, Trukey Nolen, garbage and ashes collection superintendent, has assured Mr. Fixit all will be investigated and service provided as soon as possible.

DEAR MR. FIXIT—I have now lived at this address since Feb. 17, 1925, and there has never been a city wagon out here to haul the ashes and tin cans away.

D. A. SIMPSON, 3541 Spann Ave. You hold the record to date, but Nolen will investigate.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: Has the Peoples Motor Coach Company a special right to travel at a high rate of speed with mufflers open day and night through Morton Pl. from Nineteenth to Twenty-Second Streets?

RESIDENT.

It was said by the superintendent of the Peoples' Motor Coach Company that one of their buses blew a gasket in that region last week, but that it was repaired immediately. All buses, he said, are equipped with three mufflers and have no cut-outs.

DEAR MR. FIXIT—We were promised an electric light at Christian St. and Clayton Ave.; also at Oakland St. and Meredith Ave. Both are dark and dangerous corners. Petitions were filed about a year ago.

THE present board of works spent all its money for high-powered downtown illumination. Maybe Mr. Fixit can have some luck with the next board if you will write him after the first of the year. The same reply goes for J. M. D.

DEAR MR. FIXIT—What has become of the street car bus that was to run from Monument Circle to Speedway City? They were granted

the permit and promised service immediately, but now we hear nothing of it and we sure need car service out here.

L. J. B. 3347 Sixteenth St. Joseph A. McGowan, Indianapolis Street Railway Company secretary, informed Mr. Fixit the buses have been ordered and will arrive between Nov. 16 and 20. You should have service before the end of this month.

DEAR MR. FIXIT—Some time ago the residents of W. Riverside Pkwy., which is Bellevue Ave. north of Sixteenth St., petitioned for street lights from Speedway Ave. north. Three months or more have elapsed and still moonlight is all we have.

RESIDENT AND TAXPAYER. Try Mr. Fixit when the next board of works is ushered in.

Do You Know?

H. G. Wray, track elevation engineer, is head of the \$14,000,000 Belt Railroad elevation program.

A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

Text: "He wanted his substance in riotous living."—Luke 15:13.

It is the old story of the Prodigal Son. He was not such a bad fellow at first. He started out well. In many respects he was a fine young man. Then what was his trouble? Why did he go astray?

It was not because he had been well brought up. He had a good father, a good mother, and a good home.

It was not because he was young. The old saying that "a young man must sow his wild oats," is a lie as black as hell.

It was not because he left his father's house. There comes a time when every young man must leave the parental roof and launch out for himself.

It was not because he lacked ability. That wise old father never would have divided unto him his fortune, if he had not had confidence in his son's ability.

It was not because he went into a

far country. Often a young man will do better to get away into a new country.

It was not because he had money. In many cases too much money is a bad thing for a young man, but it is no sin to have money.

Why, then, did the prodigal go wrong? The answer is, "He spent his substance in riotous living." That means that he was extravagant. Extravagant means the speedy downfall of any young man. It leads to idleness, and as the old saying goes, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." It leads into bad company and the average young man cannot withstand the corrupting influences of evil companions.

Not only did the prodigal spend his material substance but he wasted the spiritual heritage of his good home, his religious teaching and training. Such a course is leading thousands of young men today to their ruin.

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RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

GAS AND FREE AIR

THE city plan commission at its last meeting again denied petitions asking permission to erect filling stations at the southeast and southwest corners of Delaware St. and Fall Creek Blvd. Four times these petitions have been presented to the plan body and four times they have been kicked downstairs.

It is expected that another effort will be made to induce the plan commission to reconsider its oft-repeated refusal. Nothing like perseverance.

Perhaps filling stations are not desirable on those particular corners. They might obscure the view of the enchanting Alpine scenery of the Delaware St. bridge approaches. There are other filling stations within a few steps of that spot so that a motor running out of provender as it jolts to the bridge would be in easy reach of succor.

But gas and free air are the chief ingredients of civilization in Indianapolis apparently. It's a poor corner that doesn't boast of at least one gasoline dispensary with its evening fringe of bandits.

Owners of other corner lots, so far unadorned by oil distributors, croon the lullaby "don't cry little corner, don't cry, you'll have your filling station bye and bye."

Filling stations are not necessarily nuisances in residential sections. They are usually trim and neat and often pleasing to the eye—also numerous. But why does the plan commission permit new ones to be erected on some residential corners over the protests of neighboring property owners, while sternly denying similar petitions for other corners?

AN ACCUSED NAME

A. R. HARRIS, deputy Federal prohibition administrator for Indiana, has warned stores and filling stations handling denatured alcohol for chilly automobile radiators that they must advertise the stuff as "denatured alcohol" not simply as "alcohol." Otherwise they are liable to prosecution.

Alcohol is alcohol whether used in automobile radiators or as a beverage. But under the law even the name of the fluid is accursed. It must not be used in reference to a product that has only limited beverage possibilities.

"What's in a name?" asks the poet. "A rose by any other name smells as sweet." But the law doesn't take that view. The simple word alcohol cannot be expunged from the dictionary and never used without a qualifying adjective.

Perhaps that's proper. Aggressive thirsts might be tempted to drink radiator filling or any other liquid if it even seemed to associate with the word alcohol. But would such illegal quaffings really damage the prohibition cause. It might be a quick solution of the dry question to encourage such drinkers to down goblets of alcohol intended for radiators, varnish, canned heat and other such questionable beverages. Such drinkers would soon cease to worry the Eighteenth Amendment and its progeny.

They would soon swallow themselves out of the picture. Most of the people, who buy anti-freeze liquid for their automobiles wouldn't be tempted to drink the stuff no matter what it is labeled.

ROBES FOR JUDGES

THE Indianapolis Bar Association, 'tis said, is considering suggesting to the judges of Marion County courts that they wear satin judicial robes while attending to their duties on the bench. It is believed the custom would enhance the dignity of local courts.

Probably the suggestion has great merit. Robes are worn by members of the United States Supreme Court successfully and impressively. And the custom is observed in the courts of some States.

The suggestion that Marion County judges adopt the garb is the outgrowth of the American Bar Association meeting in London a year ago attended by several local attorneys. They observed the dignity and dispatch with which English courts operated—and English judges wear robes and periwigs.

But it will take more than an imitation of the scenery and stage settings to make Indiana courts resemble the English in directness and celerity of action. An Indiana court has spent a month over the Stephenson trial

and the end is not yet. Two weeks and \$2,000 were spent in impaneling a jury. In the trial of "One Arm" Wolfe, charged with murder, just starting at Muncie, two venues have been exhausted without securing a jury. Court dockets are cluttered up with cases that drag and drag. And important criminal trials are indefinitely slow.

The faults of the Hoosier judicial machinery can't be cured by innovations in judicial apparel.

Justice is presumably blind. It can be made just as speedy and unerring if the judge wears a chew of tobacco and a two-pants suit of mongrel type as it can if he wears flowing robes, a curled wig and an austerity. Judicial dignity and respect for courts depend not on what the judges wear but on what the courts do.

TEN DAYS FOR INTOXICATION

THE board of safety Tuesday imposed a ten-day suspension on an Indianapolis patrolman for conduct unbecoming an officer. The policeman was charged with being drunk and admitted his guilt.

Quite likely the punishment was sufficiently harsh. The disciplined officer, except for the lapse that brought him before his superiors, may be a hard-working, valuable member of the force.

But while intoxication may be privately regarded as an accomplishment it is a crime publicly and officially. The Indiana bone-dry law makes possession of booze externally or internally a capital offense. Even a private citizen with a slightly combustible breath is liable to be sent to the chain gang for six months or life.

If the bibulous private citizens are thus sternly dealt with for infractions of the dry code what should be the punishment of an officer, sworn to enforce that code, who slips on a damp spot? A reprimand and loss of ten-days' pay or should he be drawn and quartered like any other violator?

Right there is the reason drastic dry laws just stand around on the statute books and make themselves ridiculous.

The officers charged with their enforcement themselves are extremely mortal and do not respect the irksome sections of the law that they attempt to enforce on others. Even Indianapolis police authorities, though they pursue John Barleycorn with relentless ardor, don't regard a subordinate who takes a drink as guilty of a moral crime. They only consider it an error of judgment meriting temporary suspension.

Looking Over Stage Events

"Once Upon a Time," the beginning of all fairy stories, is the act holding the initial position on the Palace Theater bill the last half of this week and which presented by Charles Mack, proves to be a combination of modern comedy and fairy love.

Mack takes the role of an imaginative old Irishman, who tells stories that deal with his ancestors in Ireland and the good fairies, who inhabited the Emerald Isle. A company of players enacts his thoughts. Lola Arline, a diving girl appears with her "fin footed marvels," seals, who perform in a sub sea spectacle in a large glass tank. The girl works with the animals under the water and exposes herself to dangers.

An Australian entertainer, who pantomimes and deals in stories is Ed Ford, who has reserved for himself the title "the president of the face trust."

The Harmonics are entertainers whose novelty in singing and dancing embraces an old-fashioned harmony number and a comedy turn among its various selections. "All Fun" and nothing else is said to be contained in Jim and Flo Bogard's song, dance, and patter skit.

"Fighting the Flames" with William Haines, Dorothy Devore, and Frankie Darrow is the photoplay. Pathe News, a comedy, and a scenic are the short reels.

Other theaters today offer: "Spooks" in English; "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" at Keith's; "Bell's Hawaiians at the Lyric; "Flower of Night" at the Ohio; "Phantom of the Opera" at the Colonial; "New Commandment" at the Circle; complete new show at the Isis, and burlesque at the Broadway.

The Indiana Indorsers of Photoplays recommend the features at the Apollo, the Ohio, Colonial and Isis for adult entertainment.

THE SPUDZ FAMILY—By TALBURT



First Postage Stamps

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1324 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. Inquiries concerning stamps for reply. Medical, legal and martial advice cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unassigned requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

When and where were the first American postage stamps issued?

They were first issued officially in 1847. This first issued contained two stamps, a light brown 5-cent stamp, with a portrait of Franklin, and a black 10-cent stamp, with a portrait of Washington taken from the Stuart painting.

How is the speed of an airplane measured?

On a straight line. Two towers are placed at a specified distance apart. The plane flies close, about ten feet from the ground, from one tower to the other. Electrically synchronized clocks mark the time when the flight is begun and ended.

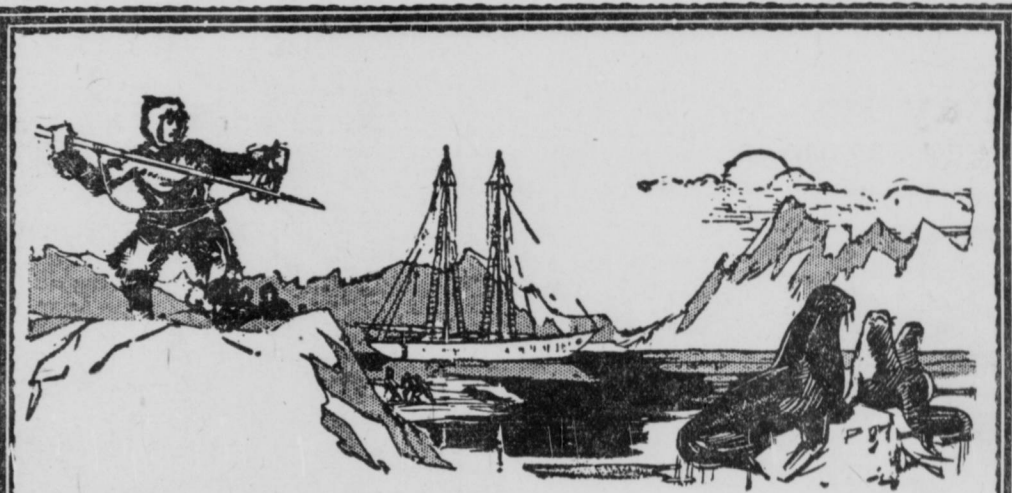
Who built the first bicycle?

The history of cycling, as a popular pastime at least, may justifiably be assumed to have begun with the advent of the English high-wheel bicycle in 1873; but in order to trace the evolution of the machine from its conception, we must go back to a

period more than half a century earlier. About the year 1816 Baron von Drais devised a vehicle to assist him in the performance of his daily duties as chief forester to the Grand Duke of Baden. His machine, which was named "draisine," after the inventor, was exhibited and patented in France shortly afterward, and is claimed to have been a rudimentary bicycle. The present type of bicycle was adopted in 1884.

What was the origin of checkers?

A similar game was played by the Egyptians as early as 1600 B. C., and a form of it was popular in ancient Greece. The game is also found among the native tribes of the interior of New Zealand.



MacMillan Chooses

"A Well-Balanced Diet Built Around Meats"

Nothing developed on the trip to cause me to revise my idea about foods; which is that a well-balanced diet built around meats yields the best health results.

On the way north we had fresh domestic meat from the supply taken aboard when we sailed. After we reached the North we relied upon the wild life of the region, using seal, walrus, caribou, muskox, Arctic hare, and many kinds of wild ducks.

Every day we had fresh meat with plenty of fat at least one meal and usually oftener when supplies were plentiful, and every one came through the four months in excellent condition; in fact, most of the members of the party gained weight.

While we often hear it claimed that eating too much meat is unfavorable to health, it is a fact that such ailments as gout, hardening of the arteries, and other disorders attributed to an excess of meat eating are quite unknown to the Eskimos who eat nothing but meat.

In my own experience I have never known anyone to attempt to live in the Arctic on a vegetarian diet. On the other hand, every Arctic explorer nowadays relies upon the native fresh meats as a sure preventive of scurvy, a much dreaded nutritional disorder which was prevalent in earlier Arctic expeditions before we learned a lesson in diet from the Eskimo.

Donald B. MacMillan

The above message from Donald B. MacMillan, the famous Arctic explorer, is of vital interest to every housewife. The MacMillan expedition carried Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon and other Swift branded products.

Swift & Company

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C. A. Frazer, Manager