

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.

Razzing the Plan Commission

SEVERAL members of the Indianapolis city council, at that body's meeting the other night, vigorously attacked the plan commission during discussion of an amendment to the zoning ordinance.

The razzing was quite in accordance with the usual councilmanic custom. Usually when there is a lull in proceedings at a council session some incandescent councilman sets fire to the city plan commission. It's a habit.

Zoning regulations are necessary for the logical growth of the city—to prevent glue factories, churches, filling stations, dwellings and all sorts of structures being jumbled together haphazardly in all sections of town. But apparently that isn't the chief purpose of the Indianapolis zoning ordinance.

It seems to exist primarily as an excuse for amendments. It is pushed hither and yon by the plan commission to permit a filling station on this residential corner and refuse one on that. A big building project is allowed to creep several feet over the established building line. Permission to complete a twenty-four-foot home started on a 30-foot lot is denied.

If the zoning idea is to bear any fruit, and the plan commission is to justify its existence, regulations once adopted must be enforced impartially and not pulled and hauled to fit individual cases.

Between the vagaries of the plan commission and the fulminations of city councilmen Indianapolis zoning plans don't know whether they are coming or going.

Governor Lowden Steps in

MOST political observers felt that President Coolidge reduced his prestige in the middle and northwestern farming States by his recent speech in Chicago. His pleasant picture of the independent farmer didn't go down so well in the bank-busting belt. Nor did his idea that the farmer is one citizen who cannot be aided by the Government. The organization which he traveled to Chicago to address waited only until he had taken his train and then adopted resolutions directly contrary to his suggestions.

The first politician of importance to step into the wide opening made by the President is former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, who came so near being nominated for the presidency in 1920 and who is suspected of still cherishing high ambitions. Lowden, who is a business farmer on a big scale and a successful one, has been studying the agricultural problem to the exclusion of most every other question the past several years. He has been speaking to farmers' organizations in all corners of the country and it has become hard for anyone with ideas on the subject to pass through Chicago without engaging in conversation with him.

Interviewed a few days ago, he said: "I do not yield to the view that this republic, through failure to reach a sound agrarian policy, has begun to decay, and must go down as other republics have gone down."

"We are beginning to question the orthodox views of the so-called law of supply and demand. We must listen to the newer economists, take the findings of scientists and use them."

Then he proceeded to declare that he didn't believe the farmers could ever go back to their independence as units in civilization, or that they will be able to solve their problem.

The Road to a Man's Heart

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

THE way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Have you ever heard that? A familiar sentiment? What a sweet, familiar sound it has in feminine ears, and how long and well it has served gluttonous mankind.

The conversations we women have listened to about husbands who had to have their pie three times a week; the doughnuts those fryings we have heard about; the boastings of wives whose spouses could devour twenty-seven pancakes at a sitting! The mental pictures we have carried about of men leaning perpetually over groaning tables eating food being perpetually prepared for them by dutiful wives.

And, remembering these things, recalling all those broken down women whom I knew in my childhood, those tired souls who stood over coal stoves and baked pies and cakes and custards, and put up jams and jellies, and roasted hams and fried sausages, I somehow can't seem to get into much of a stew about these poor modern men who are compelled to get the most of their food from the delicatessen store.

Why, in order to even things up, the men ought to have to exist on

lem for themselves. That much for Mr. Coolidge's position. As for constructive measures, he suggested:

"I suggest a Federal farm board. Suppose that board found the producers of any farm commodity were sufficiently organized to be really representative of all the producers of that commodity. Suppose it should authorize such producers to form a corporation to take care of the surplus, either storing it to meet a possible future domestic need, or exporting it upon the best terms available, the expenses and losses incurred to be borne proportionately by all the producers of that commodity."

"Such a board could function successfully only if it operated through co-operative commodity associations. It is vital to any plan that it should be so framed that it strengthen and not weaken the co-operative movement, for in that movement lies the best hope for the future of American agriculture."

The White House, not aware of the activities of this outstanding and ambitious Republican, probably is pondering his words and watching to observe their effect.

Sheer Buncombe!

WASHINGTON seems to be having a terrible time deciding what to do with the League of Nations' invitation to help prepare a program for another arms conference.

Confabs at the White House are followed by whisperings at the Capitol. Senator Borah confers with Secretary Kellogg and Colonel House is closeted with President Coolidge. Then they all change partners and swing round again.

Why all this to-do? A Washington observer lets us in on the big secret. "The invitation really presents a knotty problem," he says. "The United States is bent upon remaining free from entanglements abroad!"

The old, familiar chestnut. The answer, of course, is pish, tush and piffle; likewise pure and unadulterated buncombe!

President Coolidge has been telling the country, ever since he entered the White House, that he favors another arms conference. In fact he has intimated he would call one himself as soon as Europe showed signs of burying the hatchet. And now that she has done so—at Locarno—the world, including Mr. Coolidge, has admitted that the moment for the parley seems at hand.

But Washington, oddly enough, is now stalling. It talks of "entanglements" despite the fact that the league's invitation is not to an arms conference at all, but merely to arrange for one. There can be no more question of "foreign entanglements" in accepting such a bid than you entangled the United with China the last time you ate chop suey.

The truth is some of the politicians are terribly afraid the league may gain a little glory. You heard no talk of "entanglements" back in 1921 when this country called the conference. Yet America was running quite obvious to risks. She was bound, in advance, to stick to the conference, win or lose. It was her conference and failure meant a big blow to her prestige. Should she attend a similar conference, held elsewhere, she would patently be perfectly free, at any time, to withdraw and return home the moment things took a turn contrary to her policies.

President Coolidge has let it be known that he is for the parley. But he can not depend upon his own party to back him up. He must go outside for support.

What America needs most right now is more statesmen and fewer politicians. Her popularity outside the country is at low ebb and here you have one of the reasons why.

Santa Claus Busy in Hoosierdom

RIGHTLY decorated Christmas trees are serving the double purpose of decorations and traffic policemen at Crawfordsville.

At the suggestion of Police Chief Shields the trees were installed again this year after a similar plan last year met with instant success.

The Ledger-Tribune at Attica is going to play Santa Claus so the kiddies may enjoy Christmas this year. The newspaper is receiving contributions which will go into a good-fellows' fund to purchase toys and candies for the youngsters.

Rushville's municipal Christmas tree is blazing forth in all its glory of electric lights these nights. The tree was donated by Horrie Brooks, who resides near the city.

Santa Claus is having a busy time at the various parties and festivals given for the kiddies in Richmond. It has been estimated that already the patron Saint of the youngsters has answered more than a million questions.

A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

Text: "And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—Luke 2:7.

DECREE had gone out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, everyone to his own city. It was this that brought Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem. It brought hundreds of others and the little village was crowded to the limit. Joseph and Mary applied at the inn for a place to lodge, but there was no room and they were sent to the stable for lodgings. That night Jesus was born and cradled in a manger.

Many times as we have read this story we have grown indignant. We have felt that the Savior was treated very rudely. How unkind, we say, how cruel, that Joseph and his expectant spouse should be crowded out of the inn and forced to lodge in a stable! How unfortunate that the Savior of the world should be accorded such treatment at his birth!

But how about the treatment we give Him today? If we feel indignant at the treatment, He received at the time of His birth, what about our treatment of Him? If we think the innkeeper was unkind and inhospitable when he shut him out of the inn and sent him to the stable, how unkind and inhospitable are we today when we shut Him out of our homes, our hearts and lives. The innkeeper did not know and we can excuse him. But we cannot excuse ourselves on this ground. We know about Him, and in a thousand ways we have been the recipients of His kindness and love. And yet, many of us are still crowding Him out. We have no room for Him.

Let us at this Christmas season ponder this matter. If we have been shutting Him out of our homes, if we have been shutting Him out of our hearts, if we have been crowding Him out of our lives, let us make a place for Him. How His presence hallowed that stable in Bethlehem! And what a hallowing influence His presence will bring to our homes and into our lives!

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RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

NOT SO PROSPEROUS

APPOINTMENT of a receiver recently on petition of creditors of the Indiana Red Bull Lines, Inc., and the Union Bus Station Company, reveals that the operators of intercity motor busses are not finding the business all ambrosia and nectar.

At least, the Indiana Red Bull Lines, Inc., one of the largest operators of lines out of Indianapolis, is not so prosperous.

The receiver says the financial difficulties of the company are not due to lack of patronage by the traveling public, but to inadequate rates. The company has not been able to earn operating expenses and return on the investment. He will ask the public service commission for a fare increase.

Last week another large bus operator was granted a rate increase by the commission on the same plea.

These incidents should hearten other transportation agencies that have shuddered over the specter of bus competition, fearing that they would be wiped out of existence. No doubt motor busses will occupy an important place in the transit field—but to find their proper place and fit them to it will take time, grief and experiment.

SCHOOLS HIT ANOTHER SNAG

JUDGE GIVAN, in Superior Court, Monday, temporarily enjoined the Indianapolis school board from executing contracts with architects for constructing six new grade schools. The action was on petition of a local taxpayer.

So the school building program hits another snag. That's one of the best things it does.

For the past month or two the expiring school board has been feverishly active over the building program, after a couple of years' discussion of the necessity for increasing school construction.

But because of objections, protestations and legal hurdles probably nothing more will be done until the present board dies and the new school commissioners take office.

Whether the old board or the new should let contracts and proceed with the details of providing new school facilities doesn't greatly interest the average citizen. All he wants is decent school facilities for his children as soon as possible—the doing away of present congested and unsatisfactory school rooms. He doesn't care who supervises the construction of the new buildings; he wants the buildings.

No one seriously denies the need of the new buildings proposed. But unless the building program shows more speed than it has in the last two months the new buildings won't be completed in time to benefit this generation of school children. Schools can't be built on paper or in court.

MR. FIXIT

Sherman and Washington Crossing Too Rough, —Is Report.

Let Mr. Fixit solve your problems with city officials. He is the Times representative at the city hall. Write him at The Times.

Sheridan Ave. and E. Washington St., is a rough and rocky crossing, a correspondent informed Mr. Fixit today.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: The bumps and holes at E. Washington St. and Sheridan Ave., nearly drive me wild. Can't something be done?

BUSINESS WOMAN. W. P. Hargan, clerk of the street commission's office, is eager to help and will do so if funds last.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: I wrote you some time ago about bicycles not having lights, especially on the rear. Nothing has been done. Last week one night I counted seventy-nine bicycles and none had a light. One day this week I counted ninety-two bicycles without licenses.

I. WHATNOT. Police are instructed to arrest violators you mention, along with the speeders they're looking for.

TO HAINES AVES. PROPERTY OWNERS: You must petition the board of works for grading and graveling the street.

Let Santa Claus Come Out of Phonograph Before the Tree on Christmas Morning

He Whispers



Art Gillham

Rather think that Art Gillham will soon be known as "The Nick Lucas of the Piano." Art whispers his songs and gets—chummy, mighty chummy, with you. His new Columbia releases are real delights.

The SAFETY VALVE

It Blows When the Pressure Is Too Great.

By The Stoker

The man who pays \$100 for a memorial half-dollar in the campaign to raise money for something and is photographed in the act for the Sunday supplements gets about \$99 the best of the bargain in free advertising.

Of course it is too late now, but if they had asked this repository of wisdom, we could have told them something better to do with those thirty-one wooden ships which were wastefully burned "for the junk." Any one who has read his Dickens knows what a wonderful house was that of Peggotty and Ham in the old stranded boat. Or the boats might have been towed to bathing beaches and used for bath houses; or taken to Florida to relieve the acute housing famine; or given to the movies to be blown up as pirate ships; or reduced to fireplace wood; or sold to "inferior nations" for a navy. Just to burn them seems to us lacking in imagination.

We hear now that Florida realtors have taken to wearing white plus-fours, so that they may recognize one another and save their energies for genuine prospects.

CLIMATE FATAL TO HUSBANDS

California claims more widows according to her population than any other State. About 13 per cent of the women over 15 are widows, according to the census bureau.

HURDLES IN THE PATH OF PROGRESS

The first bath tub in the United States was installed by Adam Thompson, a wealthy grain and cotton dealer, of Cincinnati, in 1842. He had lately returned from London, where he had heard that the prime minister had such a device. On Dec. 29, 1842, he had a party of gentlemen to dinner, all of whom tried out the new invention. The following day the story was in the papers and Thompson was attacked both by doctors and politicians. We do not find in all bath tubs and extra heavy wear rates. In Boston there was an ordinance forbidding their use except on medical advice.—J. Gruber's Town and Country Almanack.

By Walter D. Hickman

DO you know that the children may hear the voice of Santa Claus himself on Christmas morning?

Because he is hiding in your phonograph if you make the necessary arrangements.

The voice of Santa, talking to the children from the phonograph on Christmas morning will be most delightful.

It can be done with the greatest ease. Just get hold of the Brunswick comedy record, "Santa Claus Hides in the Phonograph," by Santa Claus Himself (Ernest Hare).

In the most kindly voice Santa Claus greets the children from the phonograph. He tells them that he doesn't look so well on Christmas morning, because he has been going down chimneys all night and that his beautiful red coat all trimmed in white fur is covered with black soot.

But Santa Claus is happy, because millions of little boys and girls all over the land have been visited by him. He bids the children to beat their drums, the girls to play with their dolls and then he sings a little song, slips away from the phonograph to remain for a whole year in his toy shop at the North Pole or where his home happens to be.

Try this Brunswick record on Christmas morning. Let the voice of Santa awaken the children even if it is 5 a. m.

It will increase the spirit of Christmas among the children a thousand per cent.

Let there be music in the home on Christmas Day. I suggest that you buy records especially for this occasion. I have received many such records for review from Brunswick, Odeon, Okeh, Columbia and other makers.

I suggest this following ideal Christmas day program in your own home upon your own phonograph:

Emmy Bettendorf, soprano with pipe organ, singing "Silent Night, Holy Night." One other side, "O Sanctissima," as played by Fritz Ohmann, pipe organ and Julius Berger, cello. It is an Odeon record.

"Choral Fantasy—Praise the Lord," played by Paul Mania at the pipe organ. A marvelous number and it brings the right mental attitude on Christmas. On other side: "Choral Prelude," played by Kurt Grosse at the organ. An Odeon record.

"Silent Night," a Christmas hymn played by the Fredric Fradkin Trio.

Lady Asquith Likes Hugging—Shank

LADY ASQUITH, wife of former Premier Asquith of Great Britain, liked American hugging.

That's the story Mayor Shank told the board of safety. He said Mayor Kiel of St. Louis, was his informant.

Kiel and Lady Asquith were riding in an automobile when she came to St. Louis recently.

"Do you mind if I put my arm on the back of the seat to fix this?" Kiel asked her, Shank said Kiel told him.

"Why I wouldn't mind if you put it around me," Lady Asquith is said to have roguishly replied.

"And I did," Kiel told Shank. "She wrote me a letter referring humorously to the incident and praising American hugging."



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Having heart trouble and many heart attacks, I feared having my teeth extracted, but with my Maxoline my 26 teeth were removed without pain or the least bad effects to my heart. Mrs. Nellie Welch, 13 N. Garland avenue.

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