

The Indianapolis Times

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.

City Manager Progress

PLANS are being made to increase the membership of the city manager campaign committee and to follow this increase in membership with an educational campaign. Changing the form of city government, even for the better, is a big undertaking and it requires persistent effort.

Let us have an educational campaign by all means. City manager government should be presented to the people of Indianapolis in such a way that everyone will understand it.

But something more than an educational campaign is necessary to bring about the change. There must be definite and concerted action on the part of everyone who favors business government and the abolition of political rule by and for politicians. Undoubtedly a vast number of Indianapolis people favor city manager government. What is needed now is definite action to bring it about.

The Law and the People

IF the people continue to demand liquor, it will be almost impossible for the government to prevent it from reaching the market," says Assistant Secretary of the treasury Andrews, who is in charge of prohibition enforcement.

General Andrews thus comes close to speaking a truth that is as old as law itself. That truth is that no law can be enforced until the people are willing that it should be enforced. Thomas R. Marshall in his "Recollections," in discussing something entirely different from prohibition, remarked that the law is not that which is written on the statute books but it is what the public thinks should be the law.

The problem of the prohibition crusaders in Indiana and elsewhere is a big one. Their job consists not only in enforcing the law but in selling prohibition to the people. When the demand for booze ceases the law will be enforced. Until it does, bootlegging will continue. Judging from the amount of holiday drinking that is evident to the most casual observer, the demand is not shrinking very rapidly.

\$100,000,000 Too Much for Toys!

NOW that Baby has eaten most of the paint off his rattle and Little Sister's doll is giving hints of approaching dissolution and Father is beginning to lose interest in the train of cars that Santa brought Little Brother, we feel free to take up this subject of toys. We couldn't do it earlier without arousing a suspicion of our motives.

But the unpleasant fact is that we pay too darned much for our toys.

This is the way it works: A toy from Germany, or Czechoslovakia or one of the other ancient toy-making countries, is imported into New York. Before it enters our country it must hurdle the high wall of the protective tariff by paying 70 per cent duty. That is, if the value of the toy is \$1, it must pay 70 cents to Uncle Sam.

The importer passes along this extra cost to the retailer and the latter hands it you with the toy.

That isn't the whole story. If the toy

WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW

Was Theo Blent a Wise Girl in Her Love Affairs?

By Walter D. Hickman

THE other day two women were talking on a street car about a girl called Theo Blent.

They spoke as if Theo was an Indianapolis girl, a neighbor or something, but when they mentioned New York I was sure that Theo was not of this city.

The two women on the street car had different ideas regarding Theo, the daughter of one of New York's richest men, in marrying a cashier in a bank.

The penalty of such a marriage was to be ordered out of her father's home without any cent. The condition that Theo might return home that she should get rid of her husband.

The two women on the street car failed to agree on Theo's choice, I became interested in the discussion and kept one of my two very large ears open to find the name of the book wherein Theo existed.

I discovered that Theo Blent is the chief character in Basil King's new novel, "The High Forfeited." Published by Harper and Brothers.

I went to the book department of L. S. Ayres & Co. and received a review copy of this book, because I wanted to meet Theo.

The Real Test

Theo was one of those rich girls who had brains enough to want to marry a real h-e-g-u-y and not a social cake-eater. So she fell in love with George Pevensie when it was the thing to do to take wounded soldiers into the home.

For several years after society became forgetful of the price that some fellows paid for fighting, Theo and

George kept up their secret meetings. George was only making \$35 a week in the bank owned by Theo's father.

Theo was brave enough to picture her marriage life with George but she made one terrible mistake—she thought that her father would throw out and welcome she and her husband home.

But father said this as he tied up his millions from his daughter: "If you get tired of it, or can't cut yourself down to the forty-dollar-a-week standard, the door will always be open for your coming," provided that she comes alone.

Then the battle started. Theo found that to think and live on \$35 a week salary was nearly impossible. Pride prevented her from returning home. She attempted to learn to cook. She became one of the many millions of American women who do their own work.

But Theo had trouble to think on the \$35 a week scale. Her old friends left her. She was an outcast in a new world—a world where language was foreign to her.

Begins to Fade

But George had the knowledge that the woman he loved was becoming a shadow on account of the worry and the new life. He urged her to take her father's offer—to return home alone.

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And this thought comes out of the

book: Although the father fixed a penalty for Theo marrying for love and did all he could to ruin the match, it was Theo, her father, her husband and the others of the family as well who helped pay the high forfeit.

Here is a story a little more honest and sensible than the regular run of such stories.

The truth is, I was tremendously interested in Theo because she seemed to be a flesh and blood character.

Ask The Times

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times, Washington Bureau, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C., for reply. Medical, legal and marital advice cannot be given nor can any personal questions be answered. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unsigned requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.

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A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

Text: "Forgetting the things which are behind."—Phil. 3:13.

THERE are things behind which will hinder us, if we allow ourselves to be continually looking back to them. There are the sins of the past. Let them be forgotten. We must not let an act of the long ago poison our present living. Let the dead bury its dead. If we have sought and obtained divine forgiveness and made all reparation possible, let us consider those evil things of the past as the acts of some one else—a weaker self that is now dead and not the self that lives today.

A great editor once said, "The true secret of editing, is to know what to put in the waste basket." And so one secret of fine and better living, is to forget the old discordant thoughts, depressing memories, mean ambitions, false standards, low ideals, unholy living and bad acts which belong to the dead and forgiven past. The past is under the blood. The cross covers our lives. Therefore, forgetting the things behind, let us press on, keeping a vigilant watch against the dangers of the present

and with our eyes fixed upon the triumphant goal of the future.

"Forgetting the things which are behind." Yes, forget the dead and forgiven sins of the past. Forget also your past failures and defeats. Brooding over past mistakes and break-downs clouds our future with hopelessness and despair. Don't stop to brood over these things. There is no time for such brooding. We need to be running.

Forget also your past successes.

There is no time for glorification over victories already won as the great victory lies yonder at the final goal still before us. It is quite a common thing for men to be so enamored

with what they have done in the past that they are absolutely dis-

qualified for the service of the present hour. The man who habitually lives in the past, glorying in its successes, has reached the end of his progress.

Let us begin the new year as though it was a new life we were beginning, with nothing of the old remaining, but its sweet memories and the wisdom it has taught us.

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RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

STOP-AND-GO SIGNS THAT DON'T GO

RAFFIC at the intersection of Pennsylvania and New York Sts. the other afternoon was in a quandary for several hours and collisions were narrowly averted. The silent cop guarding the corner was out of order. It posed for east and west traffic then held the pose.

That's a rather frequent occurrence with automatic traffic signals in Indianapolis.

Recently one of the green eyes of a Meridian St. silent policeman failed to gleam for more than a week before efforts were made to revive the optic. And several times during evening rush hours all the automatic signals on Meridian from Ohio to St. Clair have stalled on "change."

The automatic traffic signals greatly simplify traffic regulation. In general they are almost as efficient as semaphores cranked by human agency, although they can't cuss careless motorists or cast admiring eyes at passing goloshes.

But they are not infallible, and they do get out of order. They lull drivers to a false feeling of security that doesn't exist.

Absolute assurance of safety at an intersection depends on the motorist's exercise of prudence. There is no substitute for that. If he relies too implicitly on the silent cop he may start across an intersection and wake up in the New Jerusalem.

ARE EYES GROWING DIM?

MORE than one-third of 2,044 Gary (Ind.) children under school age, recently given eye tests by Federal investigators working in conjunction with the Eyesight Conservation Council of America, were kept busy with complaints over the treatment of Mexican workers, many of whom become helots of labor, Ishmaelites and outcasts in the most degrading camps of the west.

There is nothing more dangerous to traffic than automatic traffic signals that don't go. They lull drivers to a false feeling of security that doesn't exist.

All of these organized reform agencies furnish jobs for paid secretaries and paid agitators. But somehow they don't make much progress toward Utopia.

In spite of them the Nation, judging from crime statistics and such data, is getting no better fast.

That ought to discourage some professional reformers—but it doesn't. They keep right on leading a horse to water and trying to make him drink—at so much per diem.

A nation can't be pulled up to a higher moral and ethical plane.

It must push itself up by the slow growth of public opinion. It would be an interesting experiment if all the special reform agencies would close their offices. Probably the American people would press onward and upward just as rapidly without them.

PAYING THE PIPER

INDIANA's expenditures for State government increased 7.6 per cent from 1917 to 1924—from \$42.8 to \$7.57 per capita, according to United States Census Bureau data. During the same period the average for all the States of the Union shows an increase of 114.7 per cent.

The near-statesmen in Congress point to these figures and say that, though the Federal Government has cut expenses to the bone, State and local governments are indulging in a saturnalia of unbridled extravagance and are putting an intolerable burden on the taxpayers.

The argument sounds plausible. But while Mr. Per Capita of Indiana is digging up \$7.57 for his State government he is also paying over \$13 for the support of the Federal Government.

The prospect is disquieting. We would hate to lose our sight just now when feminine skirts are growing shorter and feminine calves gambol more joyously on village green and downtown streets than ever before.

But probably the alarmists who say eyes are growing dim are over-pessimistic.

The keen vision of the aborigines and the people of olden times is mostly fiction. Tests show that the average Indian has poorer vision than the average white man. And scientists say the reason so few people could read and write in ancient times was because most of them had defective vision that precluded the use of their eyes for such fine work as reading and writing.

We use our eyes as never before—which emphasizes faults of vision that in a simpler age would have passed unnoticed. Despite the fact that a large fraction of the population now wear cheaters, the human eye is not growing dimmer better than the human heart, liver or morals.

The money to run a township, a county, State or the Nation comes from the same source—the taxpayer. He pays all the pipers out of the same pocket. And he will get relief when the total taken is reduced, regardless of which branch of Government effects the saving.

If Washington will worry about unnecessary Federal expenditures in the form of pointing the finger of scorn at other taxing units it will find enough to do.

Who'll Pay the Taxes?

BY ROSENE B. FLEMING

Editor's Note: This is the second of six articles by one of The Times' Washington correspondents, designed to take the new Federal tax bill apart and show what it does. This week: Who'll pay the taxes?

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—A Christmas gift to the American people" was the characterization by Republican Floor Leader Tilson of the \$355,000,000 tax-reduction bill which recently passed the House and is now before the Senate.

The analysis of the bill shows that a better characterization might be: "A golden Christmas gift to the big fellows—but another hole in the little fellows' sock."

Take the case of Treasury Secretary Mellon, one of the wealthiest men in America, and one of the chief beneficiaries of the bill's chief proponents.

In income and surtaxes alone, Mellon, who paid \$1,882,000 in taxes last year, will save about \$550,000 under the bill. Assuming that his taxable annual income is about \$4,000,000, as his tax indicates, he would save about one-fifth of it. His income tax is cut; his surtax maximum is cut from 40 to 20 per cent. And beside these big cuts at the top, he saves exactly as much in the lower brackets as the smaller taxpayer—for instance, on his income up to \$5,000 he saves just as much as the man who has only \$5,000 in all.

Now take the case of an actual small taxpayer, who may be called Littleman. Last year this man paid \$1,500 in income tax on about \$2,800 income, if he had a wife and two children. Under the proposed bill he will save the \$5—about enough to take his wife to the theater. His saving is one-seventh of 1 per cent of his income.

And the bill is nearly done with benefiting him. The tax on works of art, the tax on jewelry, the tax on yachts, all are removed. They mean much to men of Mellon's class and little to Littleman.