

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.

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 to you with the toy.

That isn't the whole story. If the toy

came in free, our American manufacturers would have to make one like it for \$1 or lose our business. With the present high tariff they don't have to. They have 70 cents extra leeway, and just so they make their toy sell for \$1.69 they can underbid the Germans or the Czechs.

So this invisible burden of profits to the home manufacturer is piled on the toy if you buy an American-made one, and the visible import tax is piled upon it if you buy a foreign-made one.

And this item for toys, aggregating \$100,000,000, it is estimated, is only one fraction of the total we pay in our all-year-round orgy of generosity for the privilege of having a higher-tariff Congress and a higher-tariff President, who every now and then thoughtfully raises a tariff schedule that the law overlooked, thus compelling us to give still more to the manufacturers.

The People's Reconstruction League, a progressive organization in Washington which is studying the tariff, estimates this year-round gift of ours at \$2,180,000,000 in invisible, indirect payments beside the \$547,000,000 collected on imports by Uncle Sam this year.

Can't this thing be carried too far? The Christmas spirit is one thing, but the perennial sucker spirit may be something else again.

On Mexican Immigration

IN spite of the desire of railroads, sugar-beet men, cotton growers and other big employers for cheap and patient labor, it is growing apparent to the Southwest that Mexican immigration is far from an unmixed blessing.

Mexicans are now here to the number of 2,500,000 and are pouring over the border at a rate of 150,000 a year, forming the biggest item of our national immigration total. That they are not being assimilated is shown by prison records, housing and health reports and a general wail from social workers of every city at all near the border.

The Mexican government realizes the situation is an unhappy one. Mexico needs her nationals for her own restoration. Moreover it cannot but feel humiliation over the realization that its citizens are wanted here for the roughest sort of unskilled toil. The Mexican consular offices are 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.

How stop the flood? Not, to be sure, by the sort of diplomacy that has characterized our recent dealings with Mexico, or our immigration dealings with Japan.

Americans, says Dr. David Starr Jordan, have the best hearts and the worst manners of any race in the world. Fortunately a way is at hand for dealing with our Mexican neighbors in both a kind and courteous manner. The organized labor movement of both republics are getting together with the hope that some gentleman's agreement may result under which Mexico would halt the flood at the source.

Here is a real sign-post of progress. If self-restraint can be imposed by a nation on its own restless nationals, a new era is indeed upon us. How much better, and possibly how much more effective, would such a method be than exclusion laws, quota regulations and "Keep Out" signs along the border!

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 a 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 Forfeit." 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 hussy and not a social cake-eater. So she fell in love with George Penveny 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.

There was brave enough to picture married 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.

Then, of course, misunderstood the sacrifice that George was making. Then the separation became so dramatic that the story became one of those moving and powerful things which lifts it way up in the scale of literary entertainment.

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, 1332 New York Ave., Washington, D. C., enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply. Medical, legal and other questions cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unsolicited questions cannot be answered. All letters are confidential. Editor.

What breeds of dog were crossed to make the Airedale? The Airedale originally was a cross of the rough-haired English terrier and the other hound.

Who owns and governs the island of Malta? Malta was annexed to the British crown by the Treaty of Paris in 1814, and has been held by Great Britain ever since. Its harbor is England's premier naval station in the Mediterranean. There is an elected Legislature to control local affairs, consisting of a Senate of seventeen members (nearly nominated) and an Assembly of thirty-two elected members. There is also a responsible ministry.

A Sermon for Today

By Rev. John R. Gunn

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

THESE 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 past 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 forgotten 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 jubilation 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 disqualified 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. (Copyright, 1925, by John R. Gunn.)

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

STOP-AND-GO SIGNS THAT DON'T GO

TRAFFIC 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 cue careless motorists or cast admiring eyes at passing golems.

But they are not infallible, and they do get out of order. They can't clear the intersection in an emergency to give fire trucks and ambulances their legal right of way.

There is nothing more dangerous to traffic than an automatic stop-and-go signal that doesn't go. They tell 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 cops he may start across an intersection and wake up in the New Jerusalem.

ARE EYES GROWING DIM?

MORE than one-third of 2,944 Gary (Ind.) children under 16 years of age, recently given eye tests by Federal investigators working in conjunction with the Eyesight Conservation Council of America, were found to have defective vision.

The results of the survey apparently confirm the alarmists who proclaim that blindness and defective vision are growing epidemics due to the strain and abuse of eyesight caused by movies and other modern conditions.

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—each and every one of us. The vision that in a simpler age would have passed unnoticed. Despite the fact that a large fraction of the population now wear eyeglasses, the human eye is not growing dim. It is standing the strain of civilization better than the human heart, liver or morals.

Praise for Claude

Statements of different parties and beliefs unite in amity when it comes to praising "Jefferson and Hamilton," by Claude G. Bowers. Franklin D. Roosevelt writes his facts "could be learned in the newspaper editorial rooms as well as in the homes and schools of America." John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for President in 1924, says: "No lover of American history and no student of American politics can afford to overlook it."

The best story of the origin of Jeffersonian democracy that has been published—stirring as life itself and full of color," writes former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, and Senator William E. Borah says of it: "More fascinating than fiction and more instructive than the most profound treatise on government."

Houghton Mifflin Company announces that the book has just gone into its fourth large printing.

REFORM AGENCIES AND UTOPIA

REV. EDWIN W. DUNLAP, of Indianapolis, told his congregation Sunday that "agencies of reform will not reform this world."

Certainly they are trying hard enough. We have an imposing number of anti-organizations trying to force Utopia down the throats of a reluctant citizenry. Anti-Saloon League, anti-vivisectionists, anti-cigarette, anti-bobbed hair, lipstick and bare knees. Anti-this and anti-that.

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 drop.

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 76.3 per cent from 1917 to 1924—from \$428 to \$757 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-statement 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 natural and 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—almost twice as much. Obviously Washington does its share to run the tax-burdened State. And the extravagance of State and local units doesn't justify Congress from abandoning attempts to cut further Federal expenditures.

Taxes are high. Everybody admits it. However, they will never come down if local, State and national governments merely point their fingers at each other and say "he's to blame."

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

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

MR. FIXIT

Asphalt Principal Paving Material Used by City.

Let Mr. Fixit pursue your complaints with city officials. He is the Times' man at the City Hall. Write him at The Times.

Asphalt is the principal paving material utilized in Indianapolis street construction. Mr. Fixit learned today in investigating a request for information.

DEAR MR. FIXIT—How do asphalt and concrete compare in street contracts awarded recently? I understand most property owners get asphalt.

TAXPAYER. The report of the board of works for the past four years will show 61.61 miles of streets paved with asphalt and 21.84 miles of concrete paved. With forty-five miles, concrete leads as a paving material for alleys.

TO MRS. F. O. A. SOUTH SIDE BOOSTER: Mr. Fixit suggests you ask in obtaining that library near School 22, by submitting a petition signed by as many property owners as possible to the school board.

Fannie La Pompadour Tells Louis XV That He Will Be Remembered for Bum Furniture

By Walter D. Hickman

LOUIS XV. had a "turbulent" time with La Pompadour, known in Music Box history as "The King's Gal."

Louis (in private life, Bobby Clark) had a weakness for eighteen years for Pompadour (Fannie Brice).

Pompadour wanted to stick "round for two years more before she would get for herself a pension, but her gentleman in waiting told her that the king was going to give her the "gate" and when the old boy did, she was to take the palace along with the gate.

It was then that Madame Pompadour told the old king himself that he would be remembered only for his bum furniture.

That nearly forgot the old boy himself but he got rid of his "gate" by a clever ruse. After the vanishing scene of Pompadour was staged, the king, a Bobby Clark remarks with much ease, "Mighty clever, these Chinese."

Am just trying to tell you that the fourth annual edition of The Music Box Revue is now on view at English's with Fannie Brice, Clark and McCullough, Leary, the Runaway Four, Wynne Bullock, Lottie Howell and many others.

This Music Box is one of those tinsel and beautifully colored creations of the stage with several large dashes of comedy on the part of Miss Brice, Clark and McCullough and several others.

The revue will be remembered for its beautiful song pictures, some marvellously beautiful dancing on the part of Ledova, some clever singing mixed with beautiful song pictures by the Brox Sisters, and above all some well mannered comedy.

There is no strutting of the form undressed, but a deliberate attempt to prove that a revue may be famous without exposing the human form. The girls presented in this revue are beautifully draped. It is a relief to see a revue in which the dressmaker (an old-fashioned expression) may properly be given some credit.

Among the prize winning scenes of beauty may be listed the following:

1. "Rock-a-Bye, Baby," sung by Lottie Howell and with the aid of many others. This one scene shows that the song picture has reached perfection in this revue.

2. The finale of the first act, called "Bandanna Ball," sung by the Brox Sisters and presenting a painting in sudden color which nearly makes one rise to his feet and applaud.

3. "The Weeping Willow Tree," a study in an enlarged idea of a fan suddenly becoming the branches of a willow tree.

4. "Tokio Blues," sung by the

Brox sisters and adorned with a magnificent touch of analytic beauty with a haunting touch of the Orient.

5. "Wild Cats," a dance number which is as wild as its title.

6. "Come Along With Alice," sung by the Brox Sisters, a brilliant and beautiful rendering of the old story in a modern way of "Alice in Wonderland." Here is a scene which is as gem.

The comedy scenes would probably be listed this way:

1. Fannie Brice, Jack Pearson, Bobby Clark and others in "The King's Gal," a smart and sassy burlesque on the old boy himself, Louis XV, maker of bum furniture.

2. "The Kid's First and Last Fight," a prize fight scene that takes first prize because Bobby Clark is present.

3. There may be a difference of opinion upon the comedy merits of "Adam and Eve," played for the most part by Fannie Brice and Bobby Clark, the Eve and the Adam. And the apple had a whole lot to do with the plot. Ask me no more.

4. "The Honor System," just a trifle but shows that even a policeman may lose his pants. They still call such a scene comedy.

5. "Fools Rush In" in which Bobby Clark wrestles with a live bear while Bobby thought it was a fake bear.

6. "Russian Art," with art ever present, a travesty upon the 329 a seat Russian czar, done by Fannie Brice. The "climax" is a vow on parentage.

There is so much that may be listed as beautiful and as comedy, especially the beautiful side of the ledger.

I am sure that you will find The Music Box Revue a beautiful attempt to entertain with a sufficient amount of comedy to keep Fannie Brice, Clark and McCullough busy.

I recommend this revue as a real buy regardless of the seat tax.

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