

The Indianapolis Times

ROY W. HOWARD, President.

WM. A. MAYBORN, Bus. Mgr.

BOYD GURLEY, Editor.

Member of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance • • • Client of the United Press and the NEA Service

• • • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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 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.

STILL THE REFUGE

Whether the bill of rights will protect the head of the Anti-Saloon League from charges of contempt will be decided by the courts, but his defense is in itself a most emphatic appeal to all citizens to remember and preserve this part of the Constitution.

For it is to the bill of rights that he now appeals to save himself, charging that his liberty is being invaded.

In that same defense, he gives his viewpoint on what the law should have been in regard to others on which he candidly admits that for some he would throw this document out of the window.

It was a naive view and one wholly in keeping with fanaticism that would lead any one to assert that he took the view that any law violator, being an outlaw, has surrendered his rights to any protection and that if the guarantees of the Constitution had been denied him in advance, he had no right to complain.

It is even more bland to suggest that if officers of the law or others had invaded the rights of innocent citizens, they could be punished later. He saw then no danger in violating homes, searching autos or ruling by fanatical force.

He referred, of course, to the sanctity of homes and the right of people to be secure in their property.

His viewpoint, which is not the law, would have turned loose every policeman, every deputy sheriff, every constable, to enter homes without the search warrants demanded by the Constitution.

It would have brought back the days of terrorism by officials, against which the men who founded this country fought.

No one has any sympathy with lawbreakers and violators of the law.

Were they the only ones concerned, it might be conceded that they have forfeited their rights to liberty of any kind.

But when these guaranteed liberties are denied to any citizen, when the Constitution is suspended for any one citizen, the liberties of all persons are endangered.

Just how great a document and how necessary of preservation is the bill of rights is evidenced by the fact that the man who would have limited it or thrown it away, now appeals to it for protection.

It is still the final refuge of freedom. It is worth fighting for and keeping. We will find legal ways of punishing lawbreakers.

MELLON GIVES A SECRET

Europeans who come to America marvel at our success. They are given various reasons for it, such as our vast natural resources, creating a prosperity which they regard more or less as undeserved.

Andrew W. Mellon made a speech the other day and in it he gave a few reasons for our prosperity that might well be handed on to any guests from other countries who drop in on us.

"We have found in this country that, by investing heavily in labor-saving devices, we can increase the productive capacity per capita of labor and also eliminate waste, which is such an important factor in the attainment of national prosperity. In this way we can pay high wages and still reduce costs, so that the finished products are still within reach of the average man. This, in turn, increases consumption and still further stimulates production. In the end we find that it pays to manufacture in quantity and to make a large volume of small profits. That is the secret of our success in America."

Mr. Mellon merely told a truth that Americans are beginning to take for granted. But we do not realize the significance of the fact unless it is pointed out by some casual observer. The Ford factories are one example, the great meat packing plants another, the marvelous distribution system of the motion picture industries another.

And labor, which has learned that only by cooperation can its condition be improved, has used its brains. Labor is living well and banking a little, in some cities, in banks it is organizing itself.

Employers and employees have helped each other toward realization of an economic dream that is a wonder to outsiders.

A TRAGEDY OF CHEWING GUM

Chewing gum, the sweetened stick that cheers, cost an aspiring lad of a midwestern city his career.

The aspiring lad with Herculean chest and mighty biceps did crave a policeman to be. Night after night he burned the midnight oil poring over those ponderous tomes which enlighten one on the best manner to return lost children to their homes, to help fair ladies across the teeming thoroughfares, and to fell the vilest villain in his den of dark iniquity.

He was summoned to appear before the great city's safety director. Chest protruding, shoulders squared, shoes agleam, face alight with the future that was to be, he stood before the arbiter of his fate.

Then the mighty director boomed out—

"Split out that gum and get out!"

And for want of a quiet jaw, a valiant future was lost.

Our hearts go out to the stricken gum-chewing would-be defender of the law. Girls have been warned since time immemorial never, never, never to chew gum in the presence of future employers.

But no one has ever said to aspiring lads, "Do not chew gum when asking for a job." The world must shoulder full blame for this dire disaster.

GET ALL THE FACTS

The report of the board of accounts on the activities of the State highway commission should furnish the basis of a thorough inquiry, not into the matters on which criminal charges were made in the courts, for those will be cared for in the courts, but into all other transactions.

The people are entitled to know whether the board was dishonest; inefficient or bungling, or honest as they claim. They are entitled to know all the facts concerning the handling of the property turned over to this State by the Government.

But the people are also entitled to know other facts, and one of these is whether the report itself is a frank and full exposition of the facts or whether it be a part of a program to get control of this board by sinister interests in the Republican organization which have been denied a chance to revel in the fifteen millions of dollars a year which the people pay for roads.

That huge fund is enticing to gentlemen who be-

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

Tracy

The Logical Conclusion
The League Waves a Club
Men and Monkeys Again
Motor Medicine

By M. E. Tracy

Brookhart's amazing vote in Iowa was more than a bid for farm relief and more than a mere demonstration in behalf of a man whose constituents believed had been mistreated.

Local issues played their part, of course, but no more of a part than that played for Vane in Pennsylvania or Smith in Illinois.

Local issues have been too varied in all recent Republican sentiment and anti-Administration sentiment has been too common for anybody to misconstrue the results.

"It is impossible to suppose that things have come to a point where the wets of one State, the drys of another and the farmers of a third cannot vote their feelings without just happening to nominate an anti-Administration candidate for Senator.

Logic compels us to accept what is true in all cases as most significant and give only passing thought to what is true in each particular case.

Republicans, whether in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa or Oregon, are obviously going back on Coolidge.

The League of Nations is rapidly clearing the way for Germany's admission, but only by using the big stick to make little governments come to time.

Pilsudski saved it necessity of disciplining Poland, but Brazil and Spain, still stand in the way.

They will be made to see the light in due time, even if the assembly has to oust one or both of them, temporarily in order to prove the vanity of opposing their bigger associates.

After that Germany will be initiated and the stage will be set for a new era of European diplomacy.

New York presented a sharp contrast in human reactions yesterday.

The Swedish crown prince visited Wall Street while the lower East Side paid tribute to Meyer London.

Respectfulness dominated both proceedings, but of a different kind.

Thousands of working people trudged by London's bier while the crown prince was greeted by a few great folks of the financial world.

If the crown prince is the kind of a man they say he is, he might have seen more to admire in the sentiment of the Lower East Side than in that which bowed and scraped to pay him empty honor.

On the other hand, the Senator inquired.

"Of course—"

"Well, if I were you I'd forget about being an introducer and ambass—"

"Hell!" exploded our ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, thoroughly disgusted. "That shows what you know about the job."

The day after the bubble exploded, and the country heard how a group of American millionaires were planning a sort of empire wherein they would be duchesses and queens.

The Prince of Wales visited us last year and we are still wearing our hat brims turned down because one day at a polo game the sun got in his eyes.

A crook calling himself Lord Beaverbrook had no trouble flim-flamming American women who fluttered about him like moths about a flame.

And so on, and so on.

We call ourselves Democratic. But honestly, are we?

You can drive a car while hugging a girl and still keep your mind on your business, but not on your driving.

Antiques appear to be the order of the day. In Paris a girl of 15 married a man of 88.

Some recreation spots are so quiet and peaceful you can rest there almost as well as you can at home.

If you have kept coal in the bathtub all winter it should be scrubbed out with sand this spring.

A man around the house during the day is useless. Every home should be without one.

The hard thing about making ends meet is they won't stay met.

Don't use the car to ride up and down Main St., but get out in the open.

See something of the land that gives you life; pick a wild flower now and then, have a picnic dinner where it's quiet once in a while.

It is a good thing for the American people that so many of them have automobiles and can get out into the country.

They would be better off, of course, if more of them lived there, but we have developed an industrial system which seems to call for ever-increasing cities.

There are now 5,000 tourist camps in the United States and it is estimated that 5,000,000 families will visit them this summer.

A wonderful thing, when you come to think of it and one that will do much to maintain the public health and public energy.

There is nothing like fresh air and the smell of the forest to overcome the deadening effect of machinery, bright lights and crowded conditions.

Don't use the car to ride up and down Main St., but get out in the open.

See something of the land that gives you life; pick a wild flower now and then, have a picnic dinner where it's quiet once in a while.

It is the proud boast of many an Indian tribe that never was this oath broken. The criminals appeared promptly upon the day set, selected their garments, and in some instances chose their coffins and watched the digging of their graves. They faced the guns of justice with stoic calm. Many a man went to his tomb over the crime of stealing horses, three times committed.

Among descendants who cherish the red men's customs, who are possessed of historic relics and documents and who, being of that blood, have had such lore handed down to them by word of mouth for generations, nothing brings more pride than this rigid tribal adherence to the truth oath. It is a matter worthy of boasting that no Indian in those far-off days played the traitor to his people.

The old historic Council House at Okmulgee, Okla., was the scene of the last of such executions among the Creek Indians. This execution occurred as late as 1837 and many people are living who witnessed the event.

What a remarkable contrast to our proceedings of today when the vilest criminal is given ample opportunity to wriggle legally out of punishment and when our boasted white civilization compels us to keep those lawbreakers sentenced to death in the same confinement.

Sometimes one wonders whether we have made very much progress, after all.

They Are Naming Hot Jazz Music After Horses, Falling Arches and Poor Papa

By Walter D. Hickman

If these days of red hot jazz tunes keep on much longer, I wouldn't be a bit surprised that some song writer came along and titled a song, "The Kitchen Sink" or "The Dirty Dish Water Blues."

When it comes to naming songs, these song writers certainly spread the berries all over the title page. This week I received from Okie a number of their new releases.

The first one to pop out of the box was the engaging little title, "Horses" played by the Red Hotters. I permitted horses to be turned loose upon my phonograph.

The melody, if it can be called such, is developed in the strain of what is called "sock" tempo. It is the stuff to which people do that exercise called the Charleston.

"Horses" is full of that nervous blues stuff which makes one want to shake everything, including the ceiling. The Red Hotters certainly drive a wicked lot of horses on this new Okie record. On the other side, you will find "Somebody's Lonely," played by the same or- ganization.

I nearly passed out when I discovered that the title of another Okie hit was "Fallen Arches," played by Jack Linx and his Society Serendipers. Broken down arches may be the sequel to the Charleston. Who can tell. But this I do know that "Fallen Arches" is one of those hot jazz mixtures which turns night into day. On the other side you will discover "Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again."

Cute Melody

Among the new Okie records which touched my fancy was a record made up of two hits from the musical comedy, "The Girl Friend," including the title number and "The Blue Room." Both are played by the Melody Sheiks. "The Blue Room" number is one of those sweet little numbers which reminds one of the days of Stanley and Ivy Sawyer who were in musical comedies of quaint design. I am sure that you will like these two numbers.

Ted Lewis and his orchestra have turned out a new Columbia record which includes "Poor Papa" and "In My Gondola," both fox trots. I have noticed that Lewis has so stamped his individuality upon all of his numbers that most my guests recognize his records without being told who they are. That's a good sign.

Real Events

I have been asked often to list records which record hits from Broadway musical shows.

Am able to do this today because Columbia has sent me a list of their recordings of new Broadway shows. The Columbia list is as follows:

"Chorus Girl," "Reverie," "Susanna's Rehearsal," "Shoes," "Soprano Little Rich Girl," "Beatrice Little Rose," "Little Rich Girl," "Gretchen Lawrence," "Russian Blues," "Soprano Solo," "Gigolito," "Tenor Solo," "Jack Buchanan," "A Little Bungalow Boy," "Fox Trot."

New York presented a sharp contrast in human reactions yesterday.

The Swedish crown prince visited Wall Street while the lower East Side paid tribute to Meyer London.

Respectfulness dominated both proceedings, but of a different kind.

Thousands of working people trudged by London's bier while the crown prince was greeted by a few great folks of the financial world.

If the crown prince is the kind of a man they say he is, he might have seen more to admire in the sentiment of the Lower East Side than in that which bowed and scraped to pay him empty honor.

On the other hand, the Senator inquired.

"Of course—"

"Well, if I were you I'd forget about being an introducer and ambass—"

"Hell!" exploded our ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, thoroughly disgusted.

The day after the bubble exploded, and the country heard how a group of American millionaires were planning a sort of empire wherein they would be duchesses and queens.

The Prince of Wales visited us last year and we are still wearing our hat brims turned down because one day at a polo game the sun got in his eyes.

A crook calling himself Lord Beaverbrook had no trouble flim-flamming American women who fluttered about him like moths about a flame.

And so on, and so on.

We call ourselves Democratic. But honestly, are we?

You can drive a car while hugging a girl and still keep your mind on your business, but not on your driving.

Antiques appear to be the order of the day. In Paris a girl of 15 married a man of 88.

Some recreation spots are so quiet and peaceful you can rest there almost as well as you can at home.

If you have kept coal in the bathtub all winter it should be scrubbed out with sand this spring.

A man