

The Indianapolis Times

ROY W. HOWARD, President

WM. A. MAYBORN, Bus. Mgr.

BOYD GURLEY, Editor.
Member of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance
• • • 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 in 2300.

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.

KNOW YOUR STATE

INDIANA maintains a State militia and a State motor police force, but no system of State police such as operates in Pennsylvania and Michigan. Courts have held the State motor police authority to be restricted to enforcing the automobile laws and the militia is subject to the executive order for duty only in emergencies.

A REAL SOLUTION

The announcement of the street car company that the employees who formed a union and struck are now "former employees."

These men were, presumably, capable and efficient men and rendering good service to the public.

Stripped of all nonessentials, the strike is for more wages.

The reason they ceased work in a body was to obtain more money.

They were paid from 37 to 42 cents an hour for their work and insist that the scale is not only unjust but below a living standard.

If they are right in their contention, then the company will be operated by dissatisfied men, no matter how many recruits it may add at the present time.

For if the wage be below a decent living standard, then no man will or can be happy upon it.

And dissatisfied men mean a continual recurrence of trouble.

Strikes are costly and stupid methods of settling differences—especially in public utilities which are under State control.

They cost the owners of properties in profits. They cost the men in lost wages.

That the company, by offering bonuses to those who remained upon the job, has been able to keep up service does not make for a permanent peace.

The one question involved is whether the wage is fair and just. The people of this city can afford to pay less.

The cost to the city of this strike, which is wrongly being interpreted as a private war between the company and a portion of its men, is heavy.

The unusual activity of the police in enforcing ordinances, the placing of officers on cars, the precautions against violence, costs money to the taxpayer.

And all the time at the State House is a public service commission representing the public interest.

That body, with power to fix fares, fix schedules, order service where needed, should, it might seem, be interested in the wage paid to the men.

The condition of the workers is quite as important as the condition of cars or the tracks.

The people of any city, and especially of a city which is on its way to a million population, are ready to pay fair wages for a public service.

It is inconceivable that they would be willing to pay less.

Perhaps these men who say that 37 to 42 cents an hour is an unfair wage are wrong.

The service rendered may not be worth it. The wage may be luxurious and more than ample.

But there is a definite way to find out. The public service commission should be asked, if it does not care to act on its own initiative, to investigate the wage scale and determine its justice.

The whole theory of control of public utilities is that the public is represented and protected in return for granting of monopolies.

If there were ever a time when the public needs more than a policeman's club to protect its rights, this case seems to furnish it.

THE FLEET AND THE FARMER

For Sale—George Washington, President Roosevelt, President Harding, Republic, Leviathan and other vessels of the United States lines. Owner compelled to sell because these ships are just on the point of making money. Address United States Shipping Board, Washington, D. C.

The United States shipping board this week ordered advertising prepared for the sale of the vessels named. The above want ad might serve as copy. It tells the situation precisely. Chairman O'Connor of the shipping board, yesterday, while refusing to discuss the revenues earned by these splendid trans-Atlantic liners, indicated in an interview that they were pretty close, at least, to making money. He intimated also that if they were bought cheaply enough, there would be a profit in it for the buyer.

Gradually the pressure on the Government—and within the Government—to get out of the shipping business before it is really profitable is becoming completely successful. Ships are being sold by the shipping board all the time. Only when names of great liners like the Leviathan and George Washington are mentioned does any one pay attention to this fact.

In the interview, prepared by Chairman O'Connor, he also repeated what he has many times said publicly, that government ownership is only justified when private operation is impossible.

Let's consider that statement in the light of a dramatic incident which occurred in the fall of 1924, an incident that O'Connor loves to talk about.

That fall a great wheat crop was piling up in Atlantic port warehouses and aboard freight cars, waiting for American ships to carry it to Europe. There was also a considerable congestion of cotton and lumber in Atlantic ports, waiting likewise for ships. This freight, it was believed, would result in such a boost in freight rates, if turned over to foreign shipping lines, that the growers' profits would disappear.

The United States Fleet Corporation was asked to put a lot of its idle ships into service to handle the grain, cotton and lumber and save the growers' profits. The fleet corporation refused, saying it would mean a loss on every cargo. Appeal was then made to the shipping board and O'Connor himself went to the mat with the fleet corporation, forcing it to supply the needed ships. The immense crops were moved.

As O'Connor proudly tells it, his action increased the profit to the American growers by ten billion dollars!

All the talk today with regard to the farm situation centers around means of helping the farmer dispose of his surplus crops abroad.

Yet here, right in hand, is one means that works.

It worked ten billion dollars' worth in the fall of 1924, according to O'Connor.

And the Government is trying desperately to throw that means away. It is sitting up nights seeking ways to get rid of its ships. It is selling them to private owners on terms that amount to a ship to a ship.

It has been hard heretofore to interest the farmer in shipping questions. Perhaps the fight for farm relief has paved the way, at last, for some understanding on the subject.

OH, NO, MR. WELLS

Marriage is all right for the peasantry, declares Mr. H. G. Wells, the noted British author, but under modern conditions it doesn't work out so nicely.

One of the reasons he advances is that women now have little housework to do, what with electrical appliances and all that, and he suggests that they ought to find some work outside the home. Let a woman try one husband after another until, eventually she finds the proper mate and a task she can share with him, is his hypothesis.

We fear Mr. Wells has struck a foul tip this time. What we need is not so much casting about with one husband and another, or one wife and another, but a little plain knowledge and common sense.

Simply because both the wife and husband are employed outside the home, is just that cause for tripping from flower to flower until the sort of honey that just satisfies the taste is found?

And, after it is found, then what? Aren't we right back where we started, with an old-fashioned marriage and all that on our hands again? No matter what you call your mating, there is just one kind of mate to meet your need.

I say, Mr. Wells, old top, just what are you getting at?

HERE'S YOUR TRUE LOVER

Charles Fox and Joe Gerock, of Fort Worth, Texas, were rivals for the hand of the same girl, one Ida Leggett, and she was seriously ill in a hospital in Chicago.

Fox and Gerock, naturally, wanted to see her, and see her quickly. Together they went to a flying field, where it was found possible to obtain a single service in the mail compartment of the Dallas to Chicago mail plane.

After hours of debate as to which should go, Gerock finally won out, and as the propeller began to spin, Fox, shaking hands and saying, "Tell her I love her," fainted and was removed to a hospital in a state of collapse.

Here is a tale worthy of the pen of a master short story writer. What a pity that both of them can't win the girl!

ONE SCHOOL ALWAYS OPEN

The children are out of school, their academic studies suspended for the summer. Yet it is in these vacation months that they have their greatest opportunity to gain a liberal and lively education in the art of life itself.

We are in the season of fructification when the eternal metamorphosis of pollen to seed takes place, when sun and rain cause seed to sprout, plant to bloom, blossom to bear fruit and fruit to yield seed.

This is the universal cycle, ever changing, never varying. The cycle of the growth of the earth and the growth of mankind. In it is hidden the secret of life. In it is man's closest approach to a revelation of the Master's scheme.

MARRIAGE A LA TAXI

One sure way of getting your name in the paper is to devise some new method of getting married. Wedding ceremonies have been performed in airplanes, on boats, by wireless and beside deathbeds.

A couple in West Virginia recently were married in a taxicab, the ceremony being performed to the merry tune of the clicking meter. It causes one to wonder whether the strain of listening to the costly clicking wasn't a little too much to impose on a nervous, blushing groom. A marriage ceremony usually is a deliberate, impressive thing, but the chances are this young benefit breathed a sigh of relief when the thing was well over.

In London, Premier Baldwin has received \$8,000 pipes as gifts, so we'll bet his housekeeper is mad.

A girl who won a Chicago beauty contest evidently has won another. She married a football star.

A 100 PER CENT AMERICAN

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

Sgt. Alvin C. York is acclaimed America's greatest individual World War hero. His name is known from one end of the country to the other and, being a white man, no word of praise has been withheld in his behalf. He well deserves all that he gets.

But the other day down in Oklahoma, there went to his Happy Hunting Grounds an Indian by the name of Tommy Blind Woman who, during his obscure life since the ending of the great war until his equally obscure death, told with pride that he was the first Red Man to cross the Rhine.

This Indian boy, only 27 years old when he served his country so bravely, was a valuable scout to the Americans, and due to his primitive instincts was able to make his way through the enemy lines unnoticed. He served in the Alsace-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and Vesle sectors until the signing of the armistice. Because of his ability and bravery, his valor in action and his stoicism under fire, he received the greatest honor the Nation can bestow, a Congressional Medal.

His most notable deed was the capture of seven of the enemy, entrenched in a shell hole with machine guns. Nine men were assigned to this duty, but all were killed or wounded on the way, and this Indian obeyed his superior officer's orders single-handed. His rifle is in a Washington gallery, kept as a record of the patriotism and excellent service of one native 100 per cent American.

This boy belonged to a vanishing race and his zeal and courage will never obtain the admiration that is accorded to white men. Imbued with the blood of warriors who spent their lives fighting on the invading Caucasian and noble, the cause of a race that reduced his people to mere fragments of humanity.

This Indian brave goes to his last home, a tomb with few citizens knowing aught of his great deeds. He sleeps now in an old Indian cemetery hidden deep in the quiet woods among others of his tribe, and we who owe him so much will probably smile at his absurd name, Tom Blind Woman, slayer of seven of the enemy single-handed and brave fighter for a country no longer his own.

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Tracy

The S-51 Discloses Another Story of American Heroism.

By M. E. Tracy

Died at their posts, every man of them, the radio operator with his key, the engineer with his hand upon a lever, the helmsman in his place.

It was worth all it cost and more to make the sea yield proof of such heroism.

The S-51 comes back to us, not as a coffin, but as the shrine of un-crushed spirit.

The calm courage with which those lads met the brief agony of their fate is matched by the un-daunted labor with which they and their ill-starred ship were wrested from the clutches of Old Ocean.

The divers who worked amid ooze and slime, twenty fathoms, (120 feet) down, burrowing like rats to escape snares under the sand-embedded hull; the commander who drove his campaign to success through weather fair, or foul, the pumpmen and mechanics whose work was more grinding than glorious and the sailors who stood by with tug, supply ship and crane—these, too, deserve a share in the kind of idealism that the S-51 memorials.

That is what France pretends to fear.

She is particularly afraid that Germany might buy her bonds cheap and the demand collection at par, offsetting the reparation account.

But why would the United States do any such thing? When has this Government bartered securities, especially in such a way as to disturb the general financial situation?

The idea seems too absurd to argue about.

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An Absurd Argument

If the debt pact is ratified, France will give us bonds, as other nations have.

There would be about \$11,000,000,000 worth all told.

We could dump those bonds on the market if we wanted to at some future time, letting them go at a little price and upset the financial equilibrium of Europe.

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Women Will Be Women

Since women have been pirates, why shouldn't they become bootleggers?

Ann Bonny and Mary Reed both sailed under the black, albeit with fowling pieces who were glad to do the bidding, the one to be hanged and the other to be spared because of approaching motherhood.

What is there then so surprising in Major Walter A. Green's statement that the ill-fated liquor trade is developing a female contingent, or that the desire for fine clothes it at the bottom of it?

What is there to wonder at in his statement that women are cleverer at the game than men, or that they find a congenial field in the paddling of cocktails at the Nation's capital?

The major is merely beating up old ground, merely pointing out that women are about the same as they always were—a certain type of them.

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What's the Cure?

Senator Reed's committee has at last compiled figures with regard to the Pennsylvania primary, proving that it cost in the neighborhood of \$2,800,000, with Pepper benefiting to the extent of \$1,800,000, Vare to the extent of \$1,000,000 less and Pinchot to the extent of \$188,000.

A very interesting parade of facts, but now that we have staged it, what are we going to do with it?

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They Have Their Chance

Can publicity and education solve the railroad labor problem?

If they can, the new mediation board will prove a gratifying experiment.

It takes hold of the situation without any other tools. It has no authority and will make no decisions.

Its greatest reliance is on public opinion, but especially as public opinion can be molded by information from a supposedly impartial source.

It comes into being as a distinct concession to the great brotherhood.

They have always contended that the method of operation it represents would prove successful and they now have the privilege of demonstrating the fact.

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JOHN D. AN 'UPSET'

John D. Rockefeller has spoiled about every fiction that surrounds the man of large affairs.