

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.

"CIVIL SERVICE"

The citizens who were named by Mayor Duval to put "civil service" into city government, and especially into the police and fire departments, showed admirable restraint when they declined to pass a resolution declaring that the movement is not "bunk."

It is quite probable that very soon these gentlemen, most of whom accepted places with an idea that they could remedy some very deplorable conditions, will begin to inquire just how they can function.

At the first meeting they were frankly told by one of the mayor's cabinet that their work will be "advisory" and that the boards will take care of all promotions in the police and fire departments.

The one purpose of civil service is to protect the employee who gives real service but refuses to become a politician. It is presumed to give him a chance to win promotion by enthusiasm for his work and by efficiency.

A board which merely fixes a minimum standard of mental and physical equipment for an applicant is about as far from putting real civil service principles into effect as can be imagined.

The real viewpoint of the administration toward the public service is seen in the demand, which the Times prints today, that public employees contribute of their salaries to the campaign funds of the Coffin machine.

The machine believes that it owns these jobs. It demands payment to keep the machine in power.

What chance will any one of these so-called civil service boards have to keep a man in his place who refuses to dig into his pay envelope for funds for a machine with whose morals, viewpoint and purposes he has no sympathy?

Can it protect any employee who refuses to contribute? Can it prevent a man from being penalized for his refusal to be blackmailed by the bosses?

The gesture of the mayor was, most apparently, an effort to fool the insurance investigators who demanded that the fire department be taken out of politics. Property owners will pay later for this condition.

But it is only a gesture as long as these old machine practices of forcing city employees to pay tribute to the machine are followed.

Real civil service will come only when an indignant and determined citizenship puts the party bosses out of the city hall by the adoption of a city manager form of government on a nonpartisan and nonpolitical basis.

IF DAVE WERE DICTATOR

David A. Reed of Pittsburgh, who since his appointment to the United States Senate by Secretary Mellon, has done many things to amaze the country, has now written a piece for the magazine, "Nation's Business." The title is "If I Were Dictator." The theme is one that always appeals to this magazine, which is the organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Senator Reed is very impatient about Government or public control of anything. That much is discovered in the early paragraphs of his piece. Listen to his heartrending picture:

"The average citizen rises in the morning and washes in water furnished by a company regulated by the public service commission. His breakfast is cooked by gas, similarly owned or regulated by the Government. His breakfast bacon has been inspected by agents of the Department of Agriculture to see that it conforms to the pure food law. He rides to work in a trolley or on a railroad whose every action is controlled by various public service commissions.

"The first lien on his day's earnings belongs to the income tax collector, so he must keep his books as directed by the Secretary of the Treasury. The bank to which he goes to make a deposit or get a loan is inspected by the Government and lives in daily terror of the controller of the currency. During the day he is visited by a field agent of the treasury department, who pries into and criticizes his most intimate business affairs and perhaps by a representative of the Attorney General in Washington, who subpoenas him to testify before a distant grand jury in another State in a proceedings in which he may have little or no interest.

"Toward the end of the day, his wife calls for him in the family automobile, duly licensed by the State government, and they drive slowly home, watching carefully for the signals of the traffic police and stopping on the way to buy a fresh supply of gasoline, on which they pay a tax of 3 cents a gallon."

That may be the average citizen and it may not be. How many readers of this newspaper have to keep books "as directed by the Secretary of the Treasury"? How many go to the bank each day to make a deposit or get a loan? How many ever in their lives have been visited by field agents of the treasury department or subpoenaed to testify in a distant State? No, Senator Dave, that doesn't sound quite average.

But let's suppose it is and abolish all these annoyances that the Senator's vivid imagination conjures up. Let's give Dave's citizen a fine, free day, such as he would provide if he were dictator. Here goes:

He rises in the morning and doesn't wash, because the unregulated water company has allowed such a wastage of water that the reservoir is dry. His breakfast isn't cooked, because the unregulated gas company has used all its profits for the private pleasure of its owners and the plant is temporarily out of commission. He doesn't dare eat the unexpected bacon anyhow, because his wife's nose discovers that it is tainted. He walks to work because the trolley is so overcrowded that he can't get aboard and the railroad line is tied up with an accident, due to the lack of brakes or safety signals or one of the other safeguards that the interstate commerce commission prescribes.

The bank to which he goes to make a deposit or get a loan is closed, because, uninspected by the Government, its methods have resulted in a smash. He stands around a while with the others clamoring for his funds and then returns to his office to wait for his wife to come with the automobile. His wife never arrives. The rough roads—there being no tax on gasoline to keep them up—have busted all the tires. Also she has a head-on collision with another car due to the absence of traffic regulation.

Terrible, isn't it. For his own sake, we hereby protest against Senator Dave Reed being made dictator.

A WORTHWHILE DREAM

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, is now in the northwest on a speaking tour largely devoted to the development of water resources.

In a speech before the Columbia River Basin League at Seattle Saturday evening he declared that we must today make plans for the development of a great waterways system which can be put into operation within the next twenty-five years.

Development of our streams and rivers, Hoover says, can add to our resources 20,000,000 acres of productive land, which despite our present overproduction, will be badly needed for growing food crops in twenty or thirty years.

Streams and rivers within our country can offer us 55,000,000 horse power, of which we have to date harnessed only 11,000,000. A big inland waterways system will develop the middle west industrially, and will make it possible to ship both manufactured goods and agricultural products at a reasonable transportation figure.

There is, Hoover declares, a possibility of 25,000 continuous miles of inland waterways, of which to date only 7,000 miles have been modernized, and these in such condition that they are not very usable.

Eighteen States would immediately benefit if canals on the Great Lakes system were deepened to twenty-five or thirty-foot shipways. Great Lake ports would immediately become ocean ports.

For only about \$125,000,000 a modern transportation system of nine thousand miles of connected waterways, serving twenty States, can be made of the Mississippi system. It would furnish a complete north and south trunk line across the Nation through the lakes from Duluth through Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico, and an east and west system from Pittsburgh to Kansas City.

Hoover's vision is splendid in its possibilities and it is to be hoped that carefully planned rivers and harbors bills, free from pork, will be passed by coming sessions of Congress to make the dream come true.

DEMARCHUS C. BROWN

In the passing of Demarchus C. Brown the State loses a citizen whose influence has been as beneficent as it has been great.

His contribution to the thought and the ideals of this city and of the State will leave a permanent and lasting impression, always for better things.

His early service to the State board of charities evidenced his deep interest in the welfare of his fellows, later to be translated into an effort to lift to a higher plane all life.

His impress upon the thought and character of the city is not to be measured. His place and his vision will be much more permanent than that of others who have held more conspicuous places in the history of the State.

His life exemplified to a marked degree the highest type of good citizenship. His reward is that universal expression of respect which the most ambitious might seek as the highest goal.

WOMEN MUST TELL

A woman's most coveted privilege—that of concealing her age—is no longer valid in the opinion of Miss Belle Sherwin, president of the National League of Women Voters.

Miss Sherwin declares that she knows many women are refusing to vote because they have to tell how old they are in order to do it, and this reluctance, Miss Sherwin believes, is handicapping women's political progress.

"A woman's age, no matter what it may be, is not a thing to conceal or to be ashamed of," says Miss Sherwin, "unless indeed it proves that with the years she has not gained understanding. There is neither rhyme nor reason for perpetuating the silly tradition of refusing to tell one's age. . . . The voting power is a serious one. It should not be impaired by trifling."

Thus, with the gaining of rights, the exercise of privileges passes, and responsibilities begin.

Statistics show very few died from spring fever, but many victims had their incomes cut off.

When the golf bug bites a man it makes him break out with knickers and loud stockings.

Hens are fairly sensible. But they lack efficiency. They should watch ducks. Ducks eat with shovels.

Many a woman's home would be happier if her husband hadn't married such a fussy old cat.

Cabbage isn't fattening. But if people eat too much cabbage will increase the price of cigars.

The time may come when four hours will be a working day, but we are optimists and maybe it won't.

Civilization advances steadily. Bedtime is 12 o'clock now instead of 9 o'clock.

A Texas woman of 95 married a rich old fellow of 94 for love.

TIMES READERS VOICE VIEWS

To the Editor of The Times:

The matter of annexing Beech Grove to Indianapolis, taking considerable space in local papers at present, causes me to offer a few suggestions which might reach the ear of the majority of the Indianapolis council. While the writer has no intention of causing that body to take any further vacation or of the mayor "slipping" out the back door, we will adhere to the saying that it is a poor argument that does not have two sides to it. Under the law, there is absolutely no possibility of annexing Beech Grove, for the law says that a benefit must be shown, and Indianapolis could never show how she could benefit Beech Grove. The assessed valuation of Beech Grove is 30 per cent lower than that of Indianapolis, the Big Four pays 75 per cent of this, while the citizens pay 25 per cent. Beech Grove has eight miles of pavement paid for under the county road law, and no Barrett law interest to hold in trust. Beech Grove has operation expenses, which include police, fire and administration, amounts to less than \$3 per citizen, per annum, against \$30 per citizen in Indianapolis. There is not a vacant house or an idle man in Beech Grove.

Politically Beech Grove would be of little value to Indianapolis. We have no jail or underworld characters to organize to keep any particular bunch in office. I suggest this policy. Why not annex Indianapolis to Beech Grove?

Beech Grove does not need Indianapolis, but in a spirit of pity for the poor, boss-ridden, tax-burdened citizens of Indianapolis that are unable to shake off the "gang" that they have unthinkingly saddled upon themselves, we should hold out a helping hand.

BERT WILHELM.

Tracy

Republicans Already Have Tried to Buy This Fall's Election.

Chairman Oldfield, of the Democratic congressional committee, says that the Republicans are out to buy this fall's election and points to what occurred in the Pennsylvania and Illinois primaries as proof.

He may be right, but there is equally good ground for suspecting that the Republicans have done all the buying they can for one year.

They have certainly done enough to furnish Oldfield with plenty of arguments.

They have done enough even to disgust some of their own best men, such as Julius Rosenberg, the Chicago philanthropist, Governor Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt.

Whatever the Reed investigation may have accomplished to stimulate Democratic hopes, it has made a lot of Republican leaders sick of their work.

Loss of the Senate seems as a penalty for the slush funds. If Smith is elected in Illinois, the chances are that he will be unseated and the same is true of Vane in Pennsylvania.

What is more alarming, Smith may not be elected, especially if an independent runs against him.

Vane's prospects, though a little better, are none too good if Governor Pinchot endorses William B. Wilson, his Democratic opponent.

Apart from its immediate effect in Pennsylvania and Illinois, the slush fund scandal has permeated the whole country and is exerting an influence wherever people are prosecuted enough and independent enough to visualize clean politics as an independent issue.

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Mexican Paradox

Settlement of the Mexican religious controversy by legal processes would be both unique and reassuring.

That is what church authorities have in mind, however, and what the attitude of President Calles makes possible.

The latter has said that while he feels bound to uphold his present policy, he will not interfere if the church seeks relief through congress.

This puts the church in a paradoxical position. The law which President Calles feels bound to uphold, forbids the church to engage in politics, yet he tells the church it must look to politics if it wants them changed.

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Halls-Mills Secrecy

The conspiracy of silence that has deepened and darkened the Halls-Mills murder mystery was not altogether deliberate or intentional.

Stricken consciences that had nothing to do with this crime have helped to cover it up.

It was committed near a "lovers' lane."

Hundreds of people were accustomed to visit the place, some of them young, happy and innocent, some of them clandestinely and keeping company they did not want known.

There is every reason to suppose that the "lane" harbored its usual coterie on the night of Sept. 14, 1922, when the Rev. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills were murdered. In fact, one witness has testified that the reason he got no nearer the tragedy, was because of the great number of parked cars.

Enough has been brought out in one way or another to show that several months were sealed by compromising circumstances.

Persons who could tell more than they have, and possibly throw a real light on the tragedy, refuse to do so because it would involve the admission that they out with the "wrong" woman, or "wrong" man.

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Darning Socks

Why does "darning socks" play such an important part in the marriage relation?

Why do we hear so much about it and so little about other wifely duties that seem just as essential?

Is the sock a symbol of the conqueror's foot on his victim's neck? Is that why the husband likes to have his wife "darn socks" or why she resents doing it?

Figure it any way you like, but the minor, if not ignominious, function has probably caused more trouble between husband and wife than any other domestic duty.

And now we find it leading to murder.

Young Clayton Van Doran, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, killed his wife, because her "refusal to darn my socks angered me more than anything that ever occurred in my life."

He struck her first, knocking her down stairs, and then choked her to death, holding his fingers about her throat for five minutes.

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Strike Still On

Appeals for assistance in behalf of the British coal miners, while Premier Baldwin warns us not to be taken in by such propaganda, serve to recall that the greatest labor deadlock of modern history is still in progress.

The miners have been out four months and one wonders how they can stand it.

One wonders, too, how England can do without her normal coal supply so long.

Certainly there must be suffering somewhere, and just as certainly the bulk of it is falling to the lot of women and children.

In what part of the Bible is the Mizpah benediction found?

In Genesis 31:49. The name means "watch-tower" and is a landmark set up by Laban and Jacob, each one agreeing after all the stormy years between them not to pass this tower to do each other harm.

Giving Place of Honor to 'The Show-Off' and to 'Fine Manners' This Week

By Walter D. Hickman

As good as the play and in some respects even better—that's my verdict of "The Show-Off."

There are really two good corks popping pictures on view in the city this week—"The Show-Off" and "Fine Manners."

Going to tell you first about "The Show-Off" because it has the services of Gregory Kelly, well known here;

Ford Sterling and Lois Wilson. Kelly is the always the same Kelly, whether on the stage or on the screen. He is again the Tarkington edition of the young man in a play that Tarkington did not write. Although he has a minor role, yet he does everything with that honest and nervous manner which has always characterized his work.

"The Show-Off" as a Paramount feature is one of those delightful affairs which makes a fellow willing to part with real money to see it. Acting honors go to Ford Sterling as the wise boy who talked so much about himself that he thought he was a railroad president. As "The Show-Off," Sterling is easily giving his best comedy characterization. It is a bully part and gives the comedian a chance to dominate every scene.

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The photograph in this movie is the real article and the director certainly knows his "cats" as they say now days. Some of the scenes are filled with rare beauty and every scene has its laughs or that good crying feeling, not much of that.

You are going to enjoy "Fine Man-

ners" and you will love Gloria when she ceases to be the grand person and acts like a wild tomboy.

Bill includes a Mack Sennett comedy, music and other events. At the Ohio all week.

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THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES A LOVER AND THERE YOU ARE

They say that the world loves a lover and when such goings on are going on, well, most of us want to be in the eye shot.

The director and the movie writer who gave us "It Must Be Love" was sure wise to that falling of the world.

"It Must Be Love" pokes fun at the love game in an intimate and unoffensive sort of a way. It tells the story of a bobbed haired daughter of a German delicatessen merchant who got fed up with the whole business, including home because "home" was too near the limberger cheese counter.

All of the little girl's friends ate too much of said cheese, not forgetting the onions. Listerine may have inspired the author to turn out this little story. You will see what I mean when you see it. You probably would not be attracted to this picture unless I told you that Colleen Moore, she of the dangerous bobbed hair, is the "gal" who wants her gentlemen friends to use either listerine or at least perfume after they gorge limberger cheese.

It must be recorded at this time that Colleen Moore is looking more like Baby Peggy every day. Might sound like a joke but it is the gospel truth.

She has plenty of chances in "It Must Be Love" to pucker up her lips, sigh, frown, smile and do that clever pantomime business which has made her famous in plain words.

Miss Moore is still the clever little trick in her latest movie. And when she is that—well she is success.

Her leading man this time is Malcolm McGregor, a good looking matinee type who makes the women in the audience sigh with pleasure when he makes love. And that is always a good sign.

Jean Hersholt as the cruel hearted father of our heroine does a good piece of natural acting although it is an unpleasant part for about 97 per cent of the picture.

The cast follows:

Colleen Moore Colleen Moore
 Jean Hersholt Jean Hersholt
 Jack Duran Jack Duran
 Fred Schmidt Fred Schmidt
 "Mom" Schmidt Arthur Stone
 "Dad" Schmidt Bobbi Rosini
 Min Dorothy Seaton
 Al Cleo Moore
 Lou Mary O'Brien
 Ray Ray Haller

"It Must Be Love" is light entertainment, but it gives Miss Moore a chance to cut up again.

Am convinced now that people want to sing in the theater. It matters not whether a fellow has a voice or not, because he will sing when he makes love. And that is always a good sign.

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