

The Indianapolis Times

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"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way."—Dante.

Watson—Another "Favorite Son"

Were Senator James E. Watson of Indiana to be taken seriously as a candidate for President, it would have to be said that of all the candidates thus far in the field he is the least suitable and the most unfit.

From the days when he was an agent of the National Association of Manufacturers and as "Our Man Watson" ran for Governor of Indiana, down to the latest of the score of revelations of the corruption and shame of Indiana politics, nothing commends him for President, and everything in his record shouts against it with a brazen tongue.

So it is to be taken that the nine Republican Congressmen from Indiana who fulsomely endorsed him for President did so with their tongues in their cheeks, and in pursuance of another "favorite son" scheme like that adopted in Ohio and other States, to head off Herbert Hoover.

The intent, of course, is to nominate instead some nobody to whom Watson and the other bosses can throw their hand-picked delegations after he has been selected, as Harding was.

Watson's candidacy is even cheaper and more transparent than that of Senator Willis, against which many Ohio Republicans have risen in revolt. A like course is commended to Indiana Republicans.

Searching for Partisan Flyspecks

In their eagerness to defeat Hoover, some of the professional politicians in the Republican party are going over his history with a magnifying glass and a fine-tooth comb, hunting for some irregularity in his Republican orthodoxy.

Having found no fliespecks on his American patriotism or his splendid record of achievement as a public servant, they have examined his Republican nose to see whether it always has worn a ring put there by organized partisans.

But about the only serious crime they find indictable is the fact that in 1918, when he was serving his country along with thousands of other patriotic citizens of all parties, he appealed to the country to stand by the President. That may be a crime in the narrow eyes of hide-bound partisans, but to the great majority of patriots in the Republican, as well as Democratic party, standing by the President when the country is at war is a virtue rather than a vice.

At that time Hoover's mind was on his job as food administrator and, as was the case with many other patriots, he was thinking of his country first—and as a constructive engineer and not a destructive politician.

It is that patriotism and willingness to see his country as a whole that makes Herbert Hoover so popular with the great rank and file of the party with which he chooses to align himself when politics is in order; for they, too, are patriots first and partisans afterward.

There are partisans who wouldn't look at a gorgeous sunrise without trying to find a fliespeck on it.

There are partisans who make their living at politics. There are partisans who prefer midnight presidential nominations and an administration that would link at booze and poker parties in a little green house on K. St.

There are partisans who believe that to the victors belong the spoils, even when the spoils involve naval oil reserves and the robbery of sick and injured veterans.

There are even partisans like Frank B. Willis of Ohio, who will lift on high a lusty voice to proclaim that the man whose name has been given to Daugherty is "cleaner than a hound's tooth."

And it is the politicians of this type who are doing all they can to serve the sinister and invisible interests that don't want Hoover for President, because they know they can't get into office under Hoover the kind of "regular" partisans who will grab and distribute.

That's why it is of supreme importance that the will of the honest rank and file should find expression in the selection of delegates to the Republican national convention; for that means a nomination in the broad light of day instead of in a smoke-filled hotel bedroom at midnight, under the clever manipulation of the political strategist who, Senator Willis insists, is "cleaner than a hound's tooth" and who is busy again in Ohio putting up anti-Hoover delegates.

Young Rockefeller's Wise Words

It was a fine thing that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., did in urging Robert W. Stewart to give the Senate oil investigators every fact he had that they might want. A public spirited act—and also a wise one.

For the whole oil industry is suffering because of the attitude of the officials who have been called for questioning by Senator Walsh. It is idle for them to protest against "condemning a man before he has had his day in court;" for four years the Government has been trying, vainly, to get this business settled by the courts, and the delays are, without exception, the fault of the oil men.

Public suspicion is aroused, and it soon will embrace the entire oil industry. And the oil industry, very soon, will be wanting the Government to solve problems of over production and foreign price wars. How sympathetic do these oil men think the Government is going to be if the public has grown to regard all the leaders of the industry as smeared with the slime of Teapot Dome?

Duels With Boxing Gloves

It does seem as if romance were dying out swiftly.

The other day in Paris, two upper class Frenchmen got into an argument that could only be settled on the field of honor. One challenged the other to a duel. The challenge was accepted, seconds were appointed and the usual arrangements were made.

But the weapons—ah, hearken! The Frenchmen fought, not with swords, nor even with pistols, but with boxing gloves! They fought, we read, five rounds before they decided that honor was satisfied.

BRIDGE ME ANOTHER

(Copyright, 1928, by The Ready Reference Publishing Company)
BY W. W. WENTWORTH

(Abbreviations: A—ace; K—king; Q—queen; J—jack; X—any card lower than 10.)

1.—What do you bid initially holding: spades—A K X X; hearts—X X; diamonds—A K Q X X; clubs—X X?

2.—When dummy has an established suit and one re-entry, what should your immediate aim be when playing against the declarer?

3.—What is the rule about leading tenace combinations?

THE ANSWERS

- 1.—One spade.
- 2.—To remove the re-entry card.
- 3.—Avoid leading from them.

Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany every contribution sent to the editor. Letters not exceeding 200 words will receive preference.

Editor The Times.

Dear Sir: The knock that the substitute postoffice clerks give the postoffice laborers in your paper, Feb. 10, are not true. I am a postoffice laborer and have had regular work for five years. I am past president of the Postoffice Laborers' Union, Local 1730, American Federation of Postoffice Laborers, and I also organized the local. I am going to be honest with you and the public and tell you just what a postoffice laborer's dues are.

First, before any man can get an appointment as a postoffice laborer, he must pass a sub-clerical civil service examination. I have taken both examinations for postoffice clerk and postoffice laborer. There is little difference in the examinations. The postoffice laborer is a high type of man. As far as the substitute clerks think they ought to lay claim to the cancellation machines, I shall leave that to you and the public.

Any man who has had one year of schooling can operate one of those machines, as it takes no education whatever to operate. So I shall leave it to you and the public whether the man who takes the lower examination ought to have the machines as far as netting up mail on the pick-up table or sorting mail that comes under sub-clerical, the postoffice laborer handling the mail.

I also shall state that we are not merely laborers, but skilled laborers. The postmaster can order us to do anything from sweeping the floors to the clerical work.

I shall say this also in defense of our postmaster. When I was appointed subclerical laborer, Mr. Bryson, our postmaster, told me that he could not furnish me with steady work. I should have to take chances on extra work. He told me to keep my position at the Frank Hatfield Ford Sales Co. until I started regular work.

I think it shameful for a man to say that he never has the same instructions from the postmaster or from his superintendent of mails.

I am sure every postoffice laborer will tell you he had those orders when he was appointed a substitute laborer. I think this statement ought to be given the first page of your paper in defense of the postoffice laborers, and one of the best postmasters Indianapolis ever has had, a Christian gentleman.

ARTHUR TOWNS,
Ex-president and organizer of Local 1730, American Federation of Postoffice Laborers.

The Charm of Banditry

There died in Italy the other day a 33-year-old patriarch who rejoiced in the title of "the last of the Italian brigands." During his life-time he had been credited with more than thirty murders, and in his youth he was known as "the wolf of the Sila."

It is rather odd, when you stop to think of it, how much such a man can always hold our interest. Notorious bandits seem to exercise a great fascination for all of us; biographies of such men as Jesse James, for instance, are selling like hot cakes all over America.

Why is it? Is it because we have a sneaking admiration for a man who defies all laws? It would make an interesting study for a psychologist.

Preventing Diphtheria

A bulletin issued by Dr. Arnold H. Kegel, Chicago's commissioner of health, stresses once again the value of diphtheria anti-toxin.

The bulletin points out that in 1880, before anti-toxin was in use, Chicago's diphtheria death rate was 290 per 100,000 of population. In 1927 it was 14 per 100,000. It is added that the best time to guard against disease is before it makes its appearance; in other words, that children might well be given diphtheria anti-toxin while they are in perfect health.

There is a point you might discuss with your family doctor one of these days. You may recall the old saying about the value of an ounce of prevention.

A Costly Experiment

A Detroit lady went to a "plastic surgeon" in Chicago the other day to have some facial defect or other remedied. The "surgeon"—so-called, we just can't help putting that word in quotation marks—noticed that her legs were a bit crooked, and offered to straighten them for her.

So she let him perform an operation to make the crooked legs straight. Unfortunately, something went wrong. She was at last compelled to call her family doctor; he discovered that gangrene had set in, and only by operating promptly and cutting off both her legs was he able to save her life.

The impulse to beautify oneself is natural. But it is a good idea to go slowly. Crooked legs are a great deal better than none at all.

Can Cities Be Too Big?

And now they are predicting that Chicago, in the near future, will be a city with a radius of 150 miles from the center of its downtown district to the city limits.

This implies a tremendous amount of growth, and doubtless has set Chicago's boosters to singing roundelay at a great rate.

But will it, after all, be an unalloyed blessing? Isn't there a limit beyond which bigness ceases to be desirable? New York, even now, is too big; too big, that is for the comfort of the average resident.

It is just possible that sooner or later cities will try to find ways to keep from expanding, rather than doing all in their power to increase their size.

A Boston boy confesses he tried to burn the schoolhouse. The strange part of that is the baseball season has not begun.

They've changed the football rules again. We didn't know they had any rules to start with.

Motion picture producers say they're going to put on better pictures. Pretty soon a movie show won't be a fit place to sleep in.

Beings Out of Sky

BY BRUCE CATTON

A woman in Cleveland the other day killed her three-year-old son. She explained: "I love him too much to let him grow up to face the poverty and struggles I've been through."

Every so often, just when we get lulled into a condition of contented satisfaction with the world as it seems, something like that pops up in the newspapers to jar us out of it.

That little paragraph about the woman who killed her son tells of a tragedy as poignant as any dramatist ever wrote. Think of the misery, the suffering, that must have filled that woman's life to turn her mother love for a helpless baby into a channel like that. And then see if you, too, aren't jarred out of your placid acceptance of this world as an easy-going place where all things work together.

It is good for use to be jarred like that once in a while. For we too easily forget that life is not always a safe and sane round of working and playing and eating and sleeping. There is more to it than the encountering of unexciting joys and the endurance of unimportant disappointments. It has infinite possibilities; sometimes it is dark beyond belief, and for some of its tragedies we can find no solution, no rational explanation.

Yet that is not the whole story. If life can be cruel, bitter, unendurable, it can also be more meaningful and glowing than we dream. It can drop us into deep valleys, but it also has towering peaks, shining in the sunlight, which we may scale. It holds possibilities of ecstasy as well as terror.

It was something like this, no doubt, that the old-time makers of fables had in mind when they people the world with a fantastic succession of satyrs, aegipans, demons and witches, and wove stories about men who had sold their souls to the powers of darkness and so had descended lower than the lowest beast. There was truth in those old fables. For they presented a world which, while filled with lurking shadows and half-seen shapes of horror, was at the same time a world of surpassing beauty and majesty. If there were demons hiding in the night there were also slender gods and white-bodiced nymphs on sunlit slopes.

Most of us lead lives that are pretty well padded. Our efficient age gives us automobiles and radios and moving pictures and similar inventions that lull us to an easy belief that life is not so very puzzling, after all.

But once in a while we are jarred into a realization that we are wrong. And it is good for us. We need to rediscover our own potentialities; to learn anew that we were meant for the utmost extremes of being; to find out for ourselves that the most commonplace village street, lined with sleepy frame houses, is a temporary stopping place for beings who have come down out of the sky.

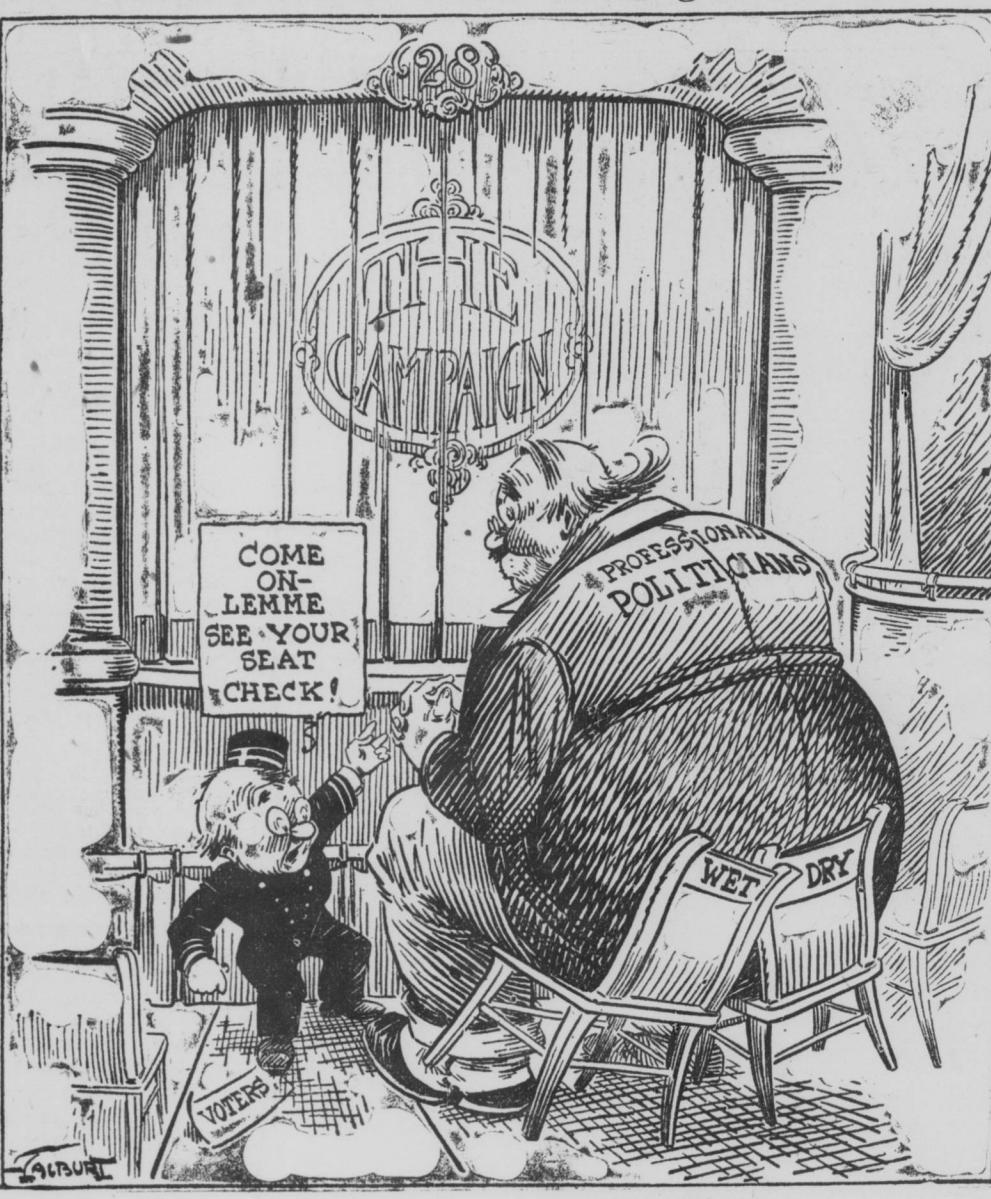
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Let's Show Him Who's Running This Show



THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

Did Christ Really Exist on Earth?

Written for The Times by Will Durant

EVERY one knows the rest of John's tragic story, for Oscar Wilde, drawn irresistibly to this tale of blood, has told in a silvery stream of voluptuous poetry, how Salome, dancing for Herod, asked as her reward the head of John, who had refused her love.

And now, the great forerunner being dead, Jewish hopes blighted again, sought some other embodiment and resting place. Who was this pale and handsome youth who had stood in the Jordan under John's baptising hand, and had seemed to himself to be a great saint, his dark eyes burning with zeal to serve his people and lighted with the vision of God's kingdom come upon the earth?

Did not legend say that the holy old man Simeon, when he had seen this lad as an infant brought to the temple for circumcision, had pronounced over him these prophetic words, that were to be a song of parting for many centuries? "Now let thy servant depart, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples; a light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel?"

Legends grew up about St. Francis, too, and about Alexander, even before they died; none the less presumably, these men existed. Doubtless the myths have distorted the man; but what figure in history has not been warped with inevitable romance?

We see him twenty years later, standing on the shore of Galilee, telling his vision to a little group of fishermen or of simple men and women from the towns along the Lake; and even the children heard him gladly. He must have been an attractive figure, gentle of bearing, infinitely tender in every touch, beautiful of face with the characteristic brilliancy of the Jewish eye.

His slim figure was ennobled with the seriousness of his mission; he smiled upon the simple pleasures of the people, but he seldom laughed. Later, when the world seemed obdurate to his call, an angry bitterness crept into his speech, and the awful doctrine of hell mingled strangely with the gospel of love.

He had not the calm wisdom of the Greek sage, but the Puritan zeal of those Hebrew prophets whose line he raised to its zenith.

He seems to have shared most of the theology of his times except that he lifted the conception of God and the despotism of Yahweh to the sublime beneficence of the Heavenly Father. He believed in a personal devil, and interpreted sickness as possession by a demon; or was he in the use of these ideas, merely a master of symbol and allegory?

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(To Be Continued)

Questions and Answers

You can get an answer to any answerable question of fact or