

The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)
Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 W. Maryland Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion County, 5 cents; elsewhere, 10 cents a week; elsewhere, 2 cents—13 cents a week.

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PHONE—MAIN 3500. FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 1928.
Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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

Labor and the Courts

A plain-speaking, level-eyed man of 55 who was three times elected Governor of Michigan and held that office creditably for six years, stood before a Senate committee in Washington this week and made this flat charge:

"Gentlemen, if you really want this case in a nutshell, it is this: These men were framed from the very minute they reached Indianapolis until they were sent to jail."

The speaker was ex-Governor A. J. Groesbeck, now a lawyer, summoned to Washington to explain the injunction issued by Federal Judge Robert C. Baltzell in the Indianapolis street car strike of 1926. Groesbeck was attorney at that time for two union organizers sent to jail for 90 days for violation of Judge Baltzell's injunction.

It might be difficult to believe Governor Groesbeck's charge if it were not for the evidence he submitted before the committee. It shows that in sixty days these two union organizers were arrested fifty-three times. It shows that the two were careful not to advise a strike, but they were yanked up and sentenced to jail for violation of Judge Baltzell's anti-strike injunction after a strike had been called by Harry Boggs, local union president, who later confessed that he was a detective in the pay of the company.

"We constantly are preaching respect for law and order," Governor Groesbeck said, "and yet here is an instance of a very flagrant abuse of power and authority which becomes known to hundreds of thousands of citizens in detail. Some authority should prevent this."

Governor Groesbeck is right. Among the working classes there is an increasing lack of confidence in the fairness of the courts in cases where the interests of capital and labor conflict. It is a dangerous and growing development.

Congress now has before it the Shipstead bill, sponsored by the American Federation of Labor. Either this bill or some other measure that will curb the abuse of injunctions should become law.

Behind Russia's Latest Crisis

People must eat. And also they must be able to connect with a certain minimum of goods—things to wear and use in the everyday job of existing. Up against the brick wall of these simple but hoary facts, Soviet Russia today faces one of the most serious domestic crises of her history.

There are bread lines in the towns and goods lines in the country. Insufficient foodstuffs are finding their way to the cities and insufficient manufactured products are finding their way to the farms. Eternal queues wind away from the doors of the food shops of Moscow and other Russian cities, while in the country the peasants are stubbornly holding onto their products because the village merchants are out of goods.

Hauling their wheat, rye and other cereals back home, they are turning their surplus grain into potent samogon, native moonshine, rather than sell it for cash which will not buy the things they need.

So requisitions are under way, according to the latest cables. Soldiers are seizing grain stocks. At best, however, this will afford but temporary relief. Eventually it will hurt more than it will help, as Russia should know from experience.

Being very human, Russians simply will not break their backs raising surplus food products if this surplus is to be taken from them without adequate return. Farmers need plows, medicines, needles, thread, frying pans, cloth for clothes, tools and what not, and it is to buy these things that the Russian peasant produces a surplus.

If he is not to get these things, and his surplus is taken from him anyhow, next year there'll be no surplus and the city folks can jolly well starve.

That is about the situation in Russia today. Russia is facing fundamentals, the primitive and near-primitive requirements of the human race. The most beautiful promises in the world mean little to a man with an empty stomach and not much more to a man with a naked back. Their wants are too immediate.

Very laudably Moscow today is looking forward to the ideal of a three-hour day, but the country workers—the peasants, forming 80 per cent of the population—hardly can be expected to cheer lustily for this, as they seek in vain for necessities in the towns. Already, the town workers are guaranteed unbroken rest periods of forty-two hours a week, two weeks' vacation a year, unemployment doles, low rents and other privileges, while they, like farmers everywhere, are at it from sun-up to sun-down, week in and week out, pretty much around the calendar.

Why, they ask, should they now have to go without the things they need, yet hand to the city worker more food?

A few years ago Russia faced a somewhat similar situation. Moscow tried to tell the peasants what to do with their surplus. Millions went hungry and many actually starved.

Trouble again lies ahead unless Moscow can find a way to speed up her industries and so strike a better balance between city and farm.

An Interesting Experiment

In these days of coal strikes, labor injunctions and company unions, an incident noted in New Jersey is refreshing.

Theodore M. Brandie, president of the Building Trades of New Jersey and officer in other unions, long an active labor leader in that State, has accepted the position of director general of the Iron League of New Jersey.

Brandie's job, according to his employers, will be to bring capital and labor together and "to create a more friendly feeling." He will "bring together the employer and organized labor on common ground, one

man representing both interests for the betterment of both principals."

Here is an interesting experiment, for, after all, the interests of capital and labor, in final analysis, are the same. It will be an important development if recognition of this fact has reached the point where an individual can represent both groups satisfactorily.

The experiment is commended to the study of coal barons in Pennsylvania, Colorado and elsewhere, to traction magnates in New York and to others who cling to the outworn idea that labor must take what is offered and like it.

Steel Gun-Fodder

With the advancement of science and the development of machinery, one may begin to see when war may become a popular form of entertainment. Even the general staff of the War Department is coming to the front with suggestions which may relieve war of its horror.

It now comes from that trained authority that we might substitute tanks for shock troops and thus save human flesh and blood. Sending steel tanks to the front instead of human infantry and cavalry is recommended, and the war experts ought to find a cordial response from the public.

Those who profit by war through selling ammunition and army supplies still can do business and make money out of war, but there won't be the same necessity for wholesale murder. And we still can keep war expensive.

In fact, war wouldn't be really horrible if we could make machinery do the fighting and save flesh and blood for better uses. It may become possible even to send the electrically driven tanks against each other by controlling them electrically from a distance—say, as far back as the generals generally stay.

A mechanical man was exhibited the other day in New York City. It has no heart, no lungs, no liver, no lights. Every part of it is made of metal; and, of course, it has no soul. It can be operated from a distance merely by talking to it.

A man can sit in his office, ring the phone and tell the mechanical servant to turn on the furnace; and the mechanical servant will obey orders—and even say "Yes, Boss."

Improvements will be made, naturally. So it is possible that by the time the international politicians get ready for the next world war we can make mechanical soldiers do the fighting, the killing and getting killed.

There even may be invented mechanical horses, and without either men or horses it won't be necessary for rivers to run red with blood, or the world to be filled with armless, legless, sightless and brainless human remnants of war, including widows and orphans.

The change from man to machinery ought not to be so startling, either. According to the news reports, this mechanical man is almost human, for the machinery with which it does its thinking is located in the stomach. It doesn't have to be fed, however, except with a little lubricating oil—and the Standard Oil Company would like that.

With these modern mechanical inventions, war might become as entertaining and as bloodless as a movie. And we can see no reason why mechanical war shouldn't be as profitable as the old-fashioned way of settling differences of opinion. Anyhow, the general staff appears to be headed in the right direction. And steel gun-fodder ought to be as popular as human flesh and blood.

What Can You See?

"Eye of man spans Atlantic," says a jubilant headline, referring to the television feat recently performed.

Probably it's wonderful news, a triumph of science and all of that. Yet it does seem as if the real issue is, not "how far can you see?" but "what can you see?"

It won't do us any good to look across the Atlantic if we are blind to certain things that are happening on our doorsteps. Let's let trans-Atlantic sight wait until we have cleaned up a few messes like our oil scandals, our city slums, our coal strikes and the like.

Think What You Wish

—BY BRUCE CATTON

Scientists at the University of Chicago are about to begin a series of experiments designed to prove "that thinking is a chemical process."

These men recently concluded a long study of nerve reactions, and agreed, as one of them says, that "thought processes are no more mysterious than the contraction of a muscle." So now they are going to make the human brain give up its last secrets.

The human race has progressed quite a distance since the time when it was believed that the soul left the body each night, so that if a man were awakened suddenly his soul could not get back to him but would be a lost wanderer forever.

We have learned a few things about our brains and our bodies; no longer do we believe that emotions are generated in the heart, or that impulses of anger proceed from the spleen.

So, having emerged from blind ignorance, our scientists see no reason why they can not solve the ultimate mysteries. If man is a machine, why not take him apart and see what makes him tick?

Easy, perhaps. It may be that the thoughts that led to the writing of "Adonais," for instance, were no more mysterious than the chemical reaction, that makes seltzer powders fizz when you pour water on them.

But suppose that these scientists do lay bare the machinery of our brains; what then? Will they be able to prove that we are mere mechanical accidents in a heedless universe, ticking our lives away in blind obedience to powers that we can not control?

Make your own answer. Your reply is as good as another man's. We are entitled to believe what we wish. Those who think that life is a mere chemical formula may think so; and those who believe that it is a strange, incomprehensible mystery, founded in the great depths and striving painfully upward in obedience to some inner spark that defies all analysis—they, too, may think as they wish.

A few years ago an Irish patriot was condemned to death by the British. Seated in his cell awaiting execution, he penned these lines:

"I would boldly teach the antique faith that fighting is the only noble thing, and that he alone is at peace with God who is at war with the powers of evil."

It will be no easy task to reduce that man to a mathematical equation. A cry like that, hurled in defiance from the shadow of death, speaks something more than a mere plus or equals c. In that man's equation there is an x—an unknown quantity; puzzle over it as you will, there is a residue there that will escape your test tube.

The wise men of science have their theories; we can have ours. And in ours we can leave room for wonder and hope.

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. How many quick tricks should be held in the hand to justify a suit bid of one?
2. Partner having doubled an original bid, how many probable tricks should you expect to find in his hand?
3. Is a pass of a double of a no-trump ever justified?

The Answers

1. At least two.
2. At least four.
3. When holding great strength, yes.

Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany every contribution, but no return will be made. Letters not exceeding 300 words will receive preference.

To the Editor:

The trial of our honorable Governor was a wonderful affair. A jury trial by the Constitution of the U. S. A. and Indiana.

I believe there is one decision in Indiana reports which says the jurymen are judges of the law and facts, including the Constitution. I am no lawyer, but I believe that I can find that in Indiana Reports. As far as you, Mr. Jackson, serving the people of Indiana as you have in the past, I think it well for you to ask the people if they want you to serve them.

In my estimation, the only one you intend to serve is your pocket-book and with the aid of the State Guard you intend to do that.

Mr. Jackson, you are a church member and a lawyer. I believe. Just read the eleventh and twelfth chapters of St. Luke from the fifty-sixth verse on, and tell us what your religion has to say about your honor.

From what I know about your profession, that of a lawyer, the Bible does not speak very well of it.

Constitution says a government is for the people, by the people and of the people, but I have another definition for it—a government for the lawyers and by the lawyers.

The only say we have is vote one lawyer out and another one in. So it is one continuous round of lawyers for lawyers. I have read law myself, but haven't the time to dwell on it longer. But there is one sure thing, Your Honor, I did not vote for you and I am not exerting myself to vote for any more of this kind of government.

Born and raised in Indiana, in the U. S. A., I have quit wasting my time voting for the exercise of it. Your Honor, I hope this will be interesting to you.

I want to let you know that I'd be damned glad if you would step out of office and take the Bar Association with you and turn the governorship of Indiana over to the people of Indiana, to whom the Constitution says it belongs. Respectfully yours, J. B. FELT, 548 Adams St., Gary, Ind.

To the Editor:

The verdict of acquittal handed down in the Governor Jackson case, when generally expected, is another of the slaps in the face that have become so frequent and commonplace in the lives of Indiana citizens. Just another example of the technical loopholes which so surely exist in our constitutional laws, when the crown of some politician is at stake.

Governor Jackson is acquitted, not because of his innocence of the attempted bribery charge, but because the State fell down in its attempt to prove actual concealment of the crime.

Now, the citizens who have followed the evidence in the case, and who form the jury of public opinion should find some way of demanding the Governor's resignation forthwith.

Acquittal in this case does not constitute vindication, but merely offers a back door exit for the Governor, through which to sneak out of the shackles of justice and evade the punishment rightfully due him.

However, Ed Jackson stands convicted of a crime that cannot be blotted out of the mind of the people by the jury's verdict. While he is free legally, he must pay the penalty in the court of public opinion. His impeachment should be demanded. A CITIZEN.

STYLE

SHOCK

The Rules

1. The idea of letter golf is to change one word to another and do it in par, or a given number of strokes. Thus, to change COW to HEN in three strokes, COW, HOW, HEW, HEN.
2. You can change only one letter at a time.
3. You must have a complete word of common usage for each jump. Slang words and abbreviations don't count.
4. The order of letters can not be changed.

D	R	E	S	S
D	R	O	S	S
C	R	O	S	S
C	R	A	S	S
C	R	A	B	S

The Delay Didn't Soften Our Wallop



THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

Wide Power of Caliphs Crumbles

Written for The Times by Will Durant

THE good Mohammedan must honor his parents, circumcise his children, protect the fatherless, help the poor, give full measure and just weight, be abstinent and thrifty, avoid all alcoholic drink, shun pork and clean his teeth.

And to every fellow Moslem he must, on meeting make the ancient salutation: "Peace be with you." History is never tired of irony.

For 500 years the Caliphs ruled and the flowers of culture blossomed from Khurasan to Spain. Why did their power fail, and their colorful civilization disappear?

First of all, their own luxury ruined them; to taste all the joys of the flesh is to lose the relish for the risks and hardships of war; the festivity of the guests was enlivened by the music of their dying groans.

With them the Caliphate itself began to die. These were the internal causes of decay; add to them the inevitable changes in commerce and industry, and the invasions of savage hordes from the distant East.

The power of the Moorish empire had rested upon the resumption of caravan trade after the decay of Rome and the disappearance of great fleets; it fell when the cities of Europe grew rich enough to build fleets once more for the transport of their goods.

NOR was it the stopping of the Arab army by Charles Martel at Tours that proved the turning-point in Arab history; it was the coming of the Mongols, warriors

even more ruthless and ferocious than the Moors.

In 1218 Genghis Khan swept down on Turkestan, using the guns and the gunpowder that China had taught him to make; he died before he could conquer the earth, but his successors marched to the very gates of Vienna, and on their return destroyed Bagdad, slaying eight hundred thousand persons there alone.

In 1400 Tamerlane led another inundation, scattering ruin and uprooting culture wherever he passed. Finally the Ottoman Turks, a branch of the Mongol race, appeared in Asia Minor in the fifteenth century; their barbarian vigor drove everything before them; city after city of the Arab empire fell, and even the ancient Christian capital built on the Bosphorus by Constantine.

Though the conquerors accepted Mohammed's congenial faith, they could not absorb the civilization which they found. Bagdad became a village again, and Asia Minor faded once more from history.

In 1492 the weakened Moors were expelled from Spain by a dynasty strengthened with the growth of oceanic trade. The mosques were transformed into cathedrals, the inquisition replaced the caliphate, and a lazy agriculture replaced the busy commerce of Arab and Jewish days.

The exiled Moors crossed into barbarous Africa, and forgot their ancient arts. Arab culture died and the curtain fell upon one of the bloodiest epochs in human history.

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To Be Continued

What Other Editors Think

(North Manchester Herald)

Because of the fact the state failed to show "concealment of crime" on the part of Gov. Ed Jackson, the presiding judge ordered him acquitted. Thus we were spared the charge of witnessing the donning of stripes of another Indiana chief executive.

Mr. Jackson should resign. He took the easiest way out of the mess and nothing was offered to show that he was not guilty of the crime. His attorneys naturally took advantage of the technicality and asked for the dismissal.

The bunk they handed out that Jackson wanted them to go ahead with the trial can be taken as you like.

If Jackson is really sincere in this plea let him call a special session of the Legislature and there present his witnesses.

But he won't do that—neither will he resign and let's hope he sits quietly in his Governor's mansion and his chief executive's office and slides out of the picture as noiselessly as possible.

The State of Indiana has had enough of Jackson and of his friends. It will take us a long time to get the Hoosier State cleansed of the mire of the last few years.

(St. Wayne Journal-Gazette)

The testimony of "Pat" Emmmons, once exalted and puissant in the Ku-Klux Klan, but now outside and repentant, is thrilling and absorbing. Most of it, save for certain "local details," is "old stuff."

Much that Mr. Emmmons discloses was disclosed a year and a half ago after the Republican-Klux political scandals became known. And much of it else had been known long before that.

We make no undertaking to discount the interest and value of the testimony given by Mr. Emmmons in Attorney General Gilmore's suit to oust the Ku-Klux Klan from lawful status in Indiana.

If what he swears to can have effect to that end, more strength to his candor and more power to his jaw.

But there is a disposition to make a great deal of the Emmmons' testimony as a "revelation," fresh and tremendous. It is not a revelation save as we say, in respect to some of its "local details."

Mr. Emmmons gave testimony be-

fore the Reed committee when that body was looking into senatorial primaries and elections in Indiana. He has furnished interviews to newspapers. He has something to say and freely says it.

Now if Editor Tom Adams and "Pat" Emmmons could have obtained the general ear as readily a year and a half ago as the former cyclops of the St. Joseph County Klavens is able to get it now, there would have been a deal of good business done which now remains for somebody to do.

It will be recalled that in September and October, 1926, Editor Adams and his associates in the Republican clean-up crusade were trying to get at Dave Stephenson. That was denied them.

They have a hard fight to procure any investigation at all and then two Marion County grand

juries went to the bad before one was procured upon which any dependence could be rested.

Something finally came of it all, including the grotesque acquittal of Governor Ed Jackson the other day.

But there are other details of the business still to be transacted. What of Senator Arthur R. Robinson, the Stephenson protégé, who gave Cyclops Emmmons the touchstone by clasp of hand and said "You know me, Pat?"

What of Robinson's klanishness? What of Robinson's appointment to the United States Senate? And what, finally, of sending Robinson back to the United States Senate this year?

Does the outraged Republican press of Indiana, standing now agast at the Emmmons "revelations," mean to allow Robinson's renomination to be gained by default?

Does Tetanus or lockjaw usually follow vaccination?

It has followed, not from the operation itself but from subsequent infection from the use of unsterilized instruments and impure vaccine. This seldom happens.

Where and when did Livingstone, the explorer die?

He died at Chitambo's Village, south of Lake Bangweulu, Africa, May, 1873. His faithful followers carried his body to the coast and the remains were taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey, London, in April, 1874.

What is the translation of "Althes Philia?"

The words are Greek. A literal translation is "true friendship."

TRACY

SAYS:
"We Have Come to a Point Where Our Parties Are Mere Organizations to Promote Politics; the Old Line-Up Is Just Strong Enough to Hold Together and Weak Enough to Be Incapable of Functioning."

Before getting too excited over Secretary Hoover's declaration that he is opposed to repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, let us consider where other presidential candidates stand.

Governor Smith of New York advocates "nothing that will infringe upon the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment;" former Governor Lowden of Illinois agrees with President Coolidge "that all citizens ought to obey the law;" Senator James A. Reed does not think "the prohibition question ought to control the election;" Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas favors rigid enforcement, and so does Senator Frank Willis of Ohio, while Governor Ritchie of Maryland, though believing the Volstead act must be enforced, is silent with regard to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Read it and weep, all you who had hoped that 1928 would give birth to legal beer.

Safety First Platforms

Nicholas Murray Butler's prophecy that Smith or Ritchie may lead the Democrats to victory because of their stand against prohibition must be dismissed as so much conversation.

The Democrats would not let either one of them do it, no matter how willing he might be.

More or less loose talk is permissible at this stage of the game, but when it comes to writing the platform, that good old safety first complex will have its inning.

Al Smith's Chances

Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, sizes up the political situation with horse sense.

He says, "If the Republicans put over some candidate nominated by the bosses in a back room at 2 o'clock this morning, and the Democrats nominate Al Smith, I believe Smith will be elected President of the United States."