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

Commendable Work by Police

Prevention of anything that remotely suggested a panic at the new Butler field house, when a section of temporary bleachers collapsed Wednesday night, spilling 500 persons into a tangled mass of arms, legs and wooden wreckage was a fine bit of police work on the part of Maj. Lewis Johnson and thirty officers under him.

Within half a minute after the crash, police were on the job. Horror-stricken thousands in the upper, permanent balconies were ready for a fatal rush to the ramps, but hardly a spectator stirred so coolly did the police men handle the situation.

Before any foolhardy persons had opportunity to recover from surprise and perform a rash act which might have precipitated panic, the Notre Dame and Butler basketball squads had been started to practice on the playing floor, as if nothing had happened. Spectators were warned to keep their seats, told that no one was injured seriously, and police rapidly and systematically assisted those in the fallen bleachers to extricate themselves.

Doctors speedily were procured for those cut and bruised. Part of the crowd was removed from the other temporary bleachers. Workmen cleared the debris from sight and within fifteen minutes after the accident the game was on, as if nothing had happened.

The public, of course, must be assured that there will be no repetition of this crash when the thousands of Indiana high school rooters come to the field house for the State tournament week after next.

The Indiana High School Athletic Association, by insistence that the temporary bleachers be made absolutely safe or replaced with better equipment, and the Butler University authorities, by their regret over the incident and their eager willingness to remedy the situation, appear to be taking steps which should assuage the fears of the most timid parent.

Our Navy and Common Sense

"This is your country. It very much needs a thus and so kind of Navy. Build it or don't build it—it's up to you."

Such, in substance, is Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur's last word to Congress and the people of the United States, spoken over the heads of an audience at Bay City, Mich.

This is the voice of discouraged resignation speaking, the tone of a man miffed because Congress, at least, has not fallen in with the Administration's plans for rounding out our Navy.

And while it is hardly what might have been expected from the head of a fighting arm of the national defense, it is, nevertheless, preferable to Plunkettism, which, by harping on the inevitability of war, tends to precipitate war. Though, as Charles Evans Hughes said at Havana, war never is inevitable, if the nations concerned really desire peace.

If we ever have an adequate Navy, we are going to get it by appealing to American common sense. Americans resent attempts to frighten them, like children who won't mind, with stories of hobgoblins and bugbears. With sensible people the most telling arguments are facts unadorned.

The British and the American navies, according to the spirit of the treaty of Washington, are supposed to be approximately equal. Actually, they are not. The American Navy is considerably under strength, particularly in the matter of cruisers, and the present plan is to remedy this situation.

It is not a question of competing with Britain, but of living up to a treaty with Britain. It is not a question of seeking to dominate the high seas, but of approximating equality on the high seas. It is not a question of aggression, but of simple protection.

While we always have shown, and always should show, a willingness to scale down in agreement with the other leading naval powers, we can not afford to allow our defenses to become so weak that we must live from day to day by grace of the other fellow's goodness and mercy.

As the richest and, potentially, the most powerful nation on the face of the globe, we should not put ourselves in the position of depending on poorer and actually less powerful nations to defend us.

All this is such a matter of common sense that we can not help being glad that Secretary Wilbur left the now somewhat moth-eaten raw-head-and-bloody-bones locked up in its closet.

Admittedly arousing a democracy, in peace time, to its needs in war time, is difficult. Generally they are like the fellow who neglected to patch his roof because he couldn't do it while it was raining and in dry weather he didn't need it. However, the people of our own particular democracy have reached the point where if appeals to reason don't reach them, one may as well give up. Bugaboos won't do it.

So, after all, Secretary Wilbur was not far off when he concluded his speech by saying:

"In presenting this program to Congress we have performed our duty in the premises. We are not called upon to lobby for it, or propagandize to achieve it. We leave to Congress the duty imposed upon that body by the Constitution and by the people of the United States."

Houston Hustles

The city of Houston is making great preparations for the Democratic convention, according to news dispatches. It has ordered thousands of shrubs to plant around its public buildings. Every vacant lot in town is to be planted with flowers and shrubs. Contractors have agreed to finish all paving jobs before the convention opens. Main highways leading into the city will be put in shape and all detours will be eliminated.

It begins to sound as though the delegates to that convention were to be lucky men. It is mighty fine to read of civic pride like that. It presages an open-hearted welcome to the hosts of Democracy.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

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 does the Echo signify?
2—State an exception to the rule that second hand should always play low.

3—Should third hand play high?

THE ANSWERS

1—Keep at it. Come on.
2—When holding A and others, play A when it may be lost unless played immediately.

3—As a general rule, yes; there are exceptions.

Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany every contribution, but on request will not be published. Letters not exceeding 300 words will receive preference.

Editor Times: What is the matter with you? I mailed you two articles nearly two weeks ago—one in regard to Mr. Jackson's case and another on prohibition.

In such cases as Mr. Jackson, I advocated the exercise of the initiative, referendum and recall as the best and final remedy. Among other things I said he should advocate its adoption as a part of the constitution of Indiana.

Instead of four Representatives being our servants, they are our masters.

They exercise their own

"sweet wills" in making laws by

which we are to be governed, and we, the people, have no recourse

against them. There is no doubt

that the people of Indiana would

employ the initiative, referendum and recall, if it were within their

grasp. But as matters now stand,

we must continue to smell and endure the stink of Mr. Jackson's corruption. It is a shame. We are, to many, unconsciously lowered in

honor as a result of the police action.

It is probably unfair to condemn an individual

trooper, who was acting only on the basis of a

proclamation by the sheriff of Allegheny County, an

all-embracing document susceptible to construction in whatever spirit one wishes to read it.

Human rights are almost forgotten memories in

the mine districts. And a mere trooper cannot be

expected to show greater judicial temperament or

regard for human right than a State judge, one of

whom, Judge Langham, of Indiana County, Pennsyl-

vania, issued an injunction against strikers which a

Senate committee declared was the most un-

American legal instrument any of its members ever

had read.

On the other side of the picture, the brutal killing

Tuesday of an innocent man in Russellton, al-

legedly because he was suspected of being a strike-

breaker, was a wanton and indefensible crime. Five

young members of the miners' union are accused of

the murder. It is contended they were members of

a group which beat the man to death because he

was suspected of working in the mines.

The two incidents, involving both parties to the

mine controversy, are a part of the red record being

written in the blackness of coal. Where labor can

be bought cheaply, where it is estimated on a com-

modity and a cattle basis, where men, women and

children live in an atmosphere which breeds sullen

and then violent angers, civil rights are regarded

lightly and human life no longer is looked upon

as sacred.

It is such harvests which can be expected from

the resentments which have been sown in the coal

fields. It is such harvests which will continue to

ripen, in spite of the basic spirit of law and order

which even yet obtains, unless there is an apprecia-

tion of humanity as well as commodities and dollars

and cents must be considered in the operation of

any industry.

Holland's Gold

We talk so much about the struggle between New York and London for the world's financial supremacy that we often forget the large part that Holland plays in the markets where gold is king.

The thrifty Dutchman let the world wage its wars while he tended strictly to his knitting. His vast colonial empire in the Orient exported huge quantities of important material, and he made the most of it. Furthermore, at home he was a neutral island in a sea of warring nations. As a result, many financial transactions that ordinarily would have taken place elsewhere were carried on in Amsterdam.

As a result, Holland today is "sitting pretty." Financiers of New York and London have tentacles reaching all over the world; but so, also, do the bankers of Amsterdam.

There is nothing new in the world. The flagpoles sitters had their day, the channel swimmers their, the 100-cups-of-coffee drinkers theirs—and so, after all these years a Pittsburgh girl wants to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

Where Science Can't Go

BY BRUCE CATTON

It used to be said that a fool who knew he was a fool was really no fool at all, but a wise man.

Similarly, it seems that the more modern science learns, the more it realizes that it knows very little, after all.

To be sure, there are pseudo-scientists who seem to feel that they have tacked the universe neatly down on their dissecting tables and have laid bare most of its secrets. But scientists of the first rank—the Millikans, Pupins, Bantings and the rest—are free to admit that each advance in knowledge brings only a new mystery, more difficult than the last.

Consider, for instance, the case of medicine and the art of healing.

A few centuries ago physicians knew rather less about the human body than an intelligent seventh-grade school child knows today. The remedy for every ailment, from mumps to bullet wounds, was to bleed the patient; and doctors, for this reason, were called "feecies."

Today the physician has knowledge that his eighteenth century predecessor never dreamed of. He talks of germs and serums and vitamins and glandular extracts and processes of immunization in a way that would have dumbfounded the wisest medical man on earth a century ago. Death rates have been reduced and the life span has been increased.

And yet—how much more does the doctor of today know? He has classified vitamins, for instance; but what they are, exactly, and why they do what they do, are still matters for inspired guessing.

The common cold in the head is still a problem. Cancer is still a dreadful mystery.

A few generations ago a physician could learn all he needed to know in a few years. Today he must study for years before he even begins to practice; and if he wishes, he can study for a lifetime and still remains partly in the dark.

Medical science is discussed here because it is typical of all sciences. Educated people today do not believe in astrology; yet the best astronomer living will admit that his knowledge of the stars is such knowledge as an ant may have of the oak tree that towers above his ant hill.

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The Rules

1. The idea of letter golf is to change one word to another and in par, or a given number of strokes. Thus, to change COW to HEN in three strokes, COW, HOW, 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.

S	P	A	R	K
S	P	A	R	E
S	P	A	R	S
S	P	U	R	S
S	L	U	R	S
S	L	U	G	S
S	L	U	G	S
S	P	A	R	K

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