



## 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, 2 cents—10 cents a week; elsewhere, 3 cents—12 cents a week.  
BOYD GURLEY, Editor. ROY W. HOWARD, President. FRANK G. MORRISON, Business Manager.  
PHONE—MAIN 3500. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 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.

### 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 policemen 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.

### Where Rights Are Forgotten

Direct denial of the right of free speech and peaceful assemblage occurred Tuesday at Renton when State police broke up a meeting of mine strikers.

The speaker whose remarks about this country's foreign policy caused the troopers to disperse the auditors, has a perfect right to criticize our course in Nicaragua, the use of marines to "pacify" the rebels of that little nation.

The trooper, a former marine, who struck the speaker, had a justifiable pride in his old outfit, but marine pride is not sufficient to override the Constitution.

The gathering was peaceful. It dispersed without a sign of disorder, and had shown no reactions of disturbances to the remarks of the speakers. What would have terminated as "just another meeting" becomes another link resentment among the strikers 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, Pennsylvania, 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, allegedly 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 commodity and a cattle basis, where men, women and children live in an atmosphere which breeds sullen and then violent anger, 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 appreciation that 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 flagpole sitters had their day, the channel swimmers theirs, the 100-cups-of-coffee drinkers theirs—and lo! 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 most ailments, from mumps to bullet wounds, was to bleed the patient; and doctors, for this reason, were called "leeches."

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 dumfounded 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 really 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 remain 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.

Added knowledge brings only added mystery. Men are forever pushing back the curtain of ignorance—and finding, beyond, new puzzles and new difficulties. The frontier is forever receding. Life, and death, and the world about us, are still as strange and unknown as they were in the days of Abraham.

Napoleon, en route to Egypt, listened to his officers discussing atheism and denying the existence of a God. He smiled, flung his hand upward to the stars that wheeled across the Mediterranean sky, and said: "Very well, gentlemen—who made that?"

And his question, for all our knowledge, for all our research, for all our formulas, takes the same answer now as it took then.

### 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 200 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 hill.

I know that you know that we never can have a purely Democratic form of government until the initiative, referendum and recall are made a part of the constitution of Indiana. I have advocated its adoption in my first article. And you refuse to give it space in your paper.

In my second, I express my views on the prohibition question. I see in today's issue, where you give space for an article from one of the Shumaker bunch. But you can't find space for mine.

I used to be a great admirer of your paper, but I am losing confidence in you. I suspect that you are catering to the Shumaker bunch. You advocate the nomination of Hoover. And you know he is not the farmer's friend.

I can't make you publish my articles, neither can you compel me to subscribe to your paper any more. And so "good-by."

JAMES H. JOB.

Rushville, Ind.

Editor Times: I saw in your paper the other day that some of the school pupils of Indianapolis are going to have a contest in spelling in March. I wish to state right now that I don't believe there is a real good speller anywhere, either young or old.

A good speller can spell words in any way they can be arranged. We use words promiscuously when we write. For example, how can any one spell when arranged like this:

Icele, bicycle, kerosene, vaseline, gasoline, service, nervous, hope, soap, cotton, rotten, relieve, deceive, commission, petition, cautious, precious.

The list can be extended indefinitely, but for a sample I have given a few common, every day words, but yet the very best spellers can not spell them when arranged in pairs.

You can publish this list if you wish to, as a challenge to any one who might wish to try his or her skill in spelling.

AN EX-TEACHER.

HUE  
CRY

#### 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 takes 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.

SPARK  
SPARE  
SPARS  
SPURS  
SLURS  
SLUGS  
PLUGS

### The Helping Hand



### THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION St. Francis Dares to Be a Christian

Written for The Times by Will Durant

STORY has it that Francis began his saintly career by leaving home quite naked in order to feel that he had divested himself entirely of his possessions; but like most interesting stories, this is beyond verification.

Certainly he pledged himself now to a life of simplicity and peace; his "marriage with poverty" took on with him the character of a romance, and poverty became his "lady" whom he served with all the ardor and verse of chivalry.

He remained faithful to the end to his new love, and always free from our instinct for possession; although cold and sick he would give his cloak away at the first request, so that his brother monks had to keep mendicants at a distance from him.

He denied himself in a variety of ways that ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous; he ate cakes cooked in lard because everything so cooked violently upset him; and then he accused himself of eating cakes during Lent.

While very ill he rose, shaking with fever, and strengthening himself with a trifle more of food than he had allotted himself by his rule, he went out to preach to the people. When the sermon was over he threw off his cloak, tied a rope around his waist, and commanded the monks to drag him naked before the people, and to cast ashes into his face. The weeping monks obeyed, and before all he confessed his violation of the rule.

HE had found certain kindred souls who loved him so much that they were willing to accept the hardships of his way of life for the privilege of participating with him in his mission.

That mission was to restore Christ to the church; to ignore theology, to forget orthodoxy and heresy, to put off the garment of wealth and luxury which had cloaked the now powerful Church, and to show by his life what Christ had been and wished his followers to be.

He did not care for disputation, for any achievements of science, or any triumphs of knowledge; to be good was better, he thought, than to be learned.

His brothers, who are led by the curiosity of knowledge, will find their hands empty in the day of tribulation. I would wish that they be strengthened by virtue.

He was horrified at the development of worldliness, immorality and crime among the clergy; but he would denounce none, he would only live his life as purely as he could, and trust in the power of example as the greatest reformation.

He soled himself against the imperfections of men with the beauty that greeted him as he wandered along the road. He held the sun as his brother and sang to it his lovely Canticle:

Most High omnipotent, good Lord, thine is the praise, the glory, the honor and every benediction.

To thee alone, Most High, these do belong, and no man is worthy to name thee.

Praised be thou, my Lord, with all thy creatures, especially my Lord Brother Sun that dawns and enlightens.

And he, beautiful and radiant with great splendor, signifies thee, Most High.

Be praised, my Lord, for Sister Moon and the stars that thou hast made bright and precious and beautiful.

Be praised, my Lord, for Brother Wind, and for the air and cloud and the clear sky and for all weathers through which thou givest sustenance to thy creatures.

Be praised, my Lord, for Sister Water, that is very useful and humble and precious and chaste.

Be praised, my Lord, for Brother Fire, through whom thou dost illumine the night, and comest is he and glad and bold and strong.

Be praised, my Lord, for Sister, our Mother Earth, that doth cherish and keep us, and produces

various fruits with colored flowers and the grass.

Be praised, my Lord, for those who forgive for love of thee, and endure sickness and tribulation; blessed are they who endure in peace; for by thee, Most High, shall they be crowned.

Be praised, my Lord, for our bodily death, from which no living man can escape; we unto those who die in mortal sin.

Blessed are they that have found thy most holy will, for the second death shall do them no hurt.

Praise and bless my Lord, and render thanks, and serve Him with great humility.

HE loved nature and every form of life so well that, like Father Mael in "Penguin Isle," he did not disdain to preach to the birds. Story paints a pretty picture of how as he spoke to them the birds came down from the trees and stood on the ground together, and did not depart when he had finished his preaching until he had given them his blessings.

"My sisters the birds," he said to them, "much as ye beholden unto God your Creator, and always and in every place ought ye to praise Him. . . . Ye are beholden to Him for the element of the air which He hath appointed for you; furthermore, ye sow not,

neither do ye reap, yet God feedeth you and giveth you rivers and fountains wherewith to drink. He giveth you mountains and valleys for your refuge, and high trees wherein to build your nests; and in that ye know not how to sew or spin, God clotheh you and your little ones; wherefore, be ye ever mindful to give praise to God." List has put the scene to charming music.

So ends the poem of St. Francis, finest flower of medieval life. We see in him again the endless power of the Jesus who was forgotten when Christ was made, Christianity in its original essence coming back to shock a world that could not bear to remember it.

The sons of Paul had won against the sons of Jesus; the world was to belong to Gregory, Augustine, Luther, Calvin and Loyola; St. Francis, like Blake and Shelley, Tolstoy and Thoreau, the sons of Jesus, was to be only a voice crying in the wilderness, which the world could not understand.

But when we are sick of churches and tired of creeds, when we hunger again for the spirit of religion, and not for its bones of dogma or its raiment of ritual, let us go back to the Little Flowers of St. Francis and refresh ourselves with the story of a man who dared to be a Christian even in the midst of Christendom.

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(To Be Continued)

### With Other Editors

Elkhart Democrat  
D. C. Stephenson believes that Prosecutor Remy "muffed" a good opportunity when he failed to prove concealment in the recent Jackson trial and insists that a question or two propounded to him would have brought forth all that was necessary.

He also inquires why nothing was said about the letter which the Governor wrote Boyd Gurley, editor of The Times, denying that he ever made an offer to McCray. Gradually a lot of things are emanating from supposedly hidden sources.

Bluffton Banner  
Claude Bowers is to be a delegate to the Democratic national convention. He will be there with the New York delegation. Of course, Claude at one time was the editorial writer on the Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette, but let that job for New York and has just about taken the whole works up that way.

There are some indications that Mr. Bowers will be selected as the keynote speaker at the big doings at Houston, and there he no doubt can do it any better, and if he does, look out Messrs. Smith, Reed, Ritchie and other lesser or greater who would carry the Democratic load!

William Jennings Bryan went into the Chicago convention in 1896 on a contested Nebraska delegation, won out and was seated, made his famous "Cross of Gold" speech and was nominated, a much greater "outsider" than Claude Bowers is at this blessed minute.

Look out for Bowers if he ever gets a chance to speak. New York would go to him in a minute if Smith failed to land.

Anderson Herald  
Intense opposition has been stirred up in Huntington County where meetings are being held in protest to the Government European corn borer eradication campaign.

Much of the agitation has resulted from a statement credited to Secretary of Agriculture Jardine to the effect that farmers have been scared into making the clean up campaign to aid in experimental work.

Some of the Huntington County farmers are bitterly opposed to having their corn fields cleaned up after the crop has been gathered until the corn borer actually proves to be a menace. Corn borer scouts have been instructed to stay out of certain localities.

The attitude seems a strange one for the farmers to take when they can view the destruction the

borer has caused in adjoining communities.

Experts, who have done little else except study means of eradication since the corn borer first threatened the corn belt, believe that it is better to take precautionary measures rather than wait until the borer gets in its damaging work.

The opposition to corn borer prevention and eradication such as is being experienced in Huntington County is not typical of the position of farmers in other sections of the State.

In most communities a real fear exists of the threatened corn borer, and the farmers are willing to do everything that is possible to keep the pest out of the fields. Good farmers do not oppose corn borer eradication, say Purdue experts.

### Mr. Fixit

Helps Fire Department and Motorists.

Let Mr. Fixit, The Times' representative who can do anything and who will be given will not be published.

Repair of a ditch across Washington St. at Rural St. was ordered today by the city engineer on request of Mr. Fixit.

Dear Mr. Fixit: The ditch across Washington St. at Rural presents a traffic hazard and is dangerous for fire trucks making a run on that street. The city hauled cinders on the strip, but it should have a permanent repair as soon as the weather permits. Will you try to have the city engineer repair the place. If the fire department made a run, it would be necessary to come to a stop before crossing the ditch.

FIRE CAPTAIN.  
City Engineer A. H. Moore ordered the street repaired with asphalt as soon as weather permits and temporary repairs at once.

Dear Mr. Fixit: Will you do what you can to have the watchman at Addison St. moved to Holmes Ave. crossing? Holmes Ave. is paved, has houses on both sides and carries more traffic than Addison St. which is unpaved and not built up.

The residents of the neighborhood believe that accidents such as the one last night would be avoided if the watchman is ordered to Holmes Ave. More school children use Holmes Ave. than Addison St. crossing.

M. I. S.  
The board of safety referred your complaint to Police Chief Claude M. Worley to investigate its merits of your request.

M. E.

## TRACY

SAYS:

"We Are Pretty Well Acquainted With the Way Money Talks; What We Can Not Understand Is Its Refusal to Talk, Which Appears to Be the Great Difficulty in the Teapot Dome Case."

Trouble "Over Jordan," with England mobilizing airplanes and clouds of desert horsemen gathering for the fray.

"Not a major affair," the dispatches say, but blood will be shed and taxes will go up even for those who think they are not interested. War cannot occur anywhere these days without costing most everybody something.

### Auto Blamed Again.

The most curious aspect of this latest rumple in Arabia is the way it is started.

A British salesman induced Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, head of the tribesmen, to buy a fleet of motor cars. Ibn Saud not only liked the experience, but could afford it since England has been paying him \$300,000 a year to keep the peace.

His rough riding followers were not so favorably impressed. They took the chef's excursions into modernism not only as a reflection on the horse, but as a sign of infidelity to the faith. They were encouraged in the latter belief by Mohammedan priests.

Ibn Saud suddenly found himself confronted with the necessity of proving his loyalty to faith and tradition.

He chose to make war, which suggests that he has become acquainted with European politics as well as European vehicles.

### Far East in Headlines

As though news of war in Arabia were not enough for the East to furnish in one day, we get a report that 3,000 Christians have been massacred in China, that two American missionaries are on trial in Turkey for spreading Christian propaganda, and that George Eastman, the Kodak King, has arrived at Khartoum after having shot a white rhinoceros.

Shooting a white rhinoceros is supposed to be "strictly prohibited" in Africa, but what is money good for if it cannot overcome a little difficulty like that?

Mr. Eastman has not taught millions of people to take pictures and supplied them the instruments with which to do it for nothing.

### Loud Talk by Money

We are pretty well acquainted with the way money talks, whether in Africa for a hunting license, or in Wall Street for a filer in General Motors. What we cannot understand is its refusal to talk, which appears to be the great difficulty in the Teapot Dome case.

Blackmer and O'Neil ran away, because they did not want to talk. Sinclair has been