

The Indianapolis Times

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

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 1.)
1. In leading against a suit bid, when should you take in your quick tricks?
2. Is Q 10 X a stop?
3. When should partner lead his own suit in preference to opening his partner's suit?

The Answers
1. As soon as possible.
2. Probabilities favor it.
3. Only when certain of greater control in his own suit.

Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany all contributions. Letters on request will not be published. Letters exceeding 200 words will receive preference.

Editor Times: In a recent issue of The Times I noticed that Dr. William Kilpatrick, speaking before the midwest conference at Chicago on "Character Development," stated that parents never should say "don't" to their children.

He also advocated the idea of allowing boys to fight other boys on the street and said, "Let him scrap; let him get licked, and he will exercise more caution in choosing his next adversary," all of which I think is "tommyrot" and "poppycock," and, as Billy Sunday says, "Blah!"

We have had enough Hickmans and Hunts already and there are hundreds of others in the making because they don't hear "don't" enough and also have that "don't" followed by chastisement if the mere word is ineffectual.

Poor Mrs. Hickman admired the mischievous nature of her boy. No doubt he seemed too cute to be humbled now and then by a don't. He certainly "exercised caution in choosing his last adversary"—little helpless Marion Parker—one he could "bully" without fear of getting beaten. But soon the hangman's knot will take the place of "don't" in Hickman's case.

I suppose the parents of the 8-year-old James King would agree with Dr. Kilpatrick. Instead of the James' teacher and Judge Clifton R. Cameron, of the Municipal Court, concerning the spanking James received, but I say, "Three cheers for Miss Brant and the Judge in that case." I am glad someone tries to curb such unruly youngsters when their parents fail to do so.

Most children these days have no respect for discipline, nor the rights of others.

Our "Times Reader" also seemed to think the worst children were from homes where their mothers worked outside the home.

I myself, believe every mother with children should stay in her home and really watch over her "brood," but I must say that some of the worst children that it has been my misfortune to know are from homes where the mothers do not work in office or factory, but it seems their children are allowed to run the streets seeking what meanness they may!

So let us have more sound judgment like Judge Cameron's and none of Dr. Kilpatrick's!

Solomon's wisdom was given him by God and Solomon said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." No one's wisdom can compare to God's and He has given us many "Thou Shalt Not's."

A FORMER TEACHER.

Editor Times: Recently there appeared in your paper an article under the Times Readers' Views, written by Mr. H. P. Creon, 124 N. New Jersey St. In this article Mr. Creon complains of the fact that the Salvation Army did not take up a case when he came to our office, because the case in question was registered with another relief agency of the city.

We are quite glad that Mr. Creon so frankly states that we were unable to deal with this case because it previously had been registered with another organization and Mr. Creon gave the exact reason.

The Salvation Army conducts its work in a square way towards all other organizations in the city, working in similar fields, and feels that it owes a duty to the citizenship at large, of cooperating in a proper way for the preventing of duplication of effort.

For the benefit of those who may not be aware of the system in vogue in Indianapolis, we wish to point out that there has been established in the city a system of registration for those helped by various agencies of a charitable character.

When anyone in need of assistance has been registered with one agency, other agencies do not take up the case except in proper cooperation with such agency as may have it registered.

The Salvation Army has agreed to work according to the system in vogue here, and feels that it is doing the thing a Christian organization should do when it lives up to its agreements.

The world is full of sorrow and difficulty, and we would like to be able to alleviate every bit of suffering, as we feel that others also are trying to do.

Possibly we never will be able to eliminate it all, but we believe that we can come nearer accomplishing the ideal by following up a good system of cooperation when once it is agreed upon.

BRIGADIER W. B. SOWERS.

Is Rin-tin-tin, the screen dog star, still appearing in the movies? He has just finished a picture called "Jaws of Steel."

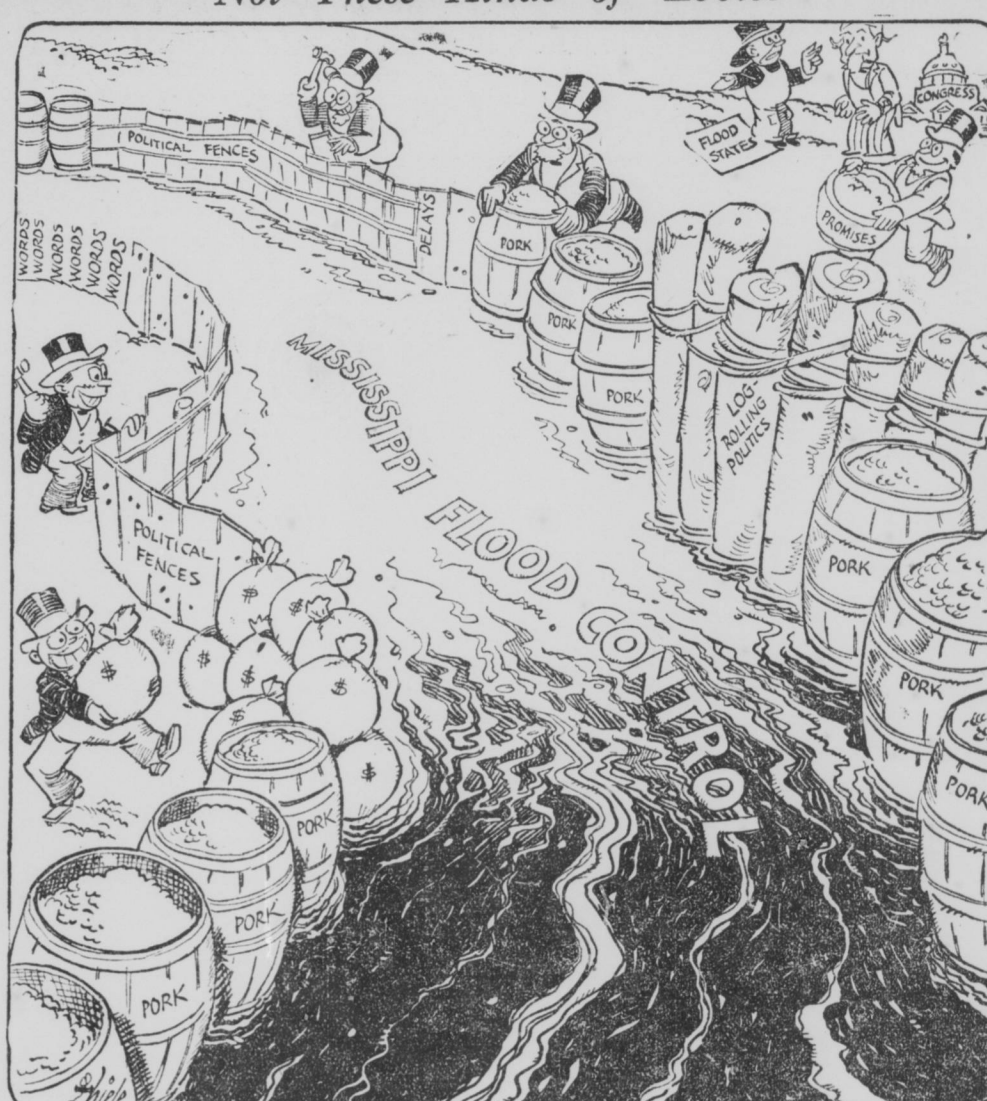
What is the address of the Mayo brothers, the famous surgeons? Rochester, Minn.

How old is Jack Dempsey? He was 32 years old June 24, 1927.

What is the correct pronunciation of the first "a" in the word "aviation"? The "a" is long as in "pray."

Are the Great Lakes "high seas"? The United States Supreme court has held that the term "high seas" is applicable to the open enclosed waters of the Great Lakes.

Not These Kinds of 'Levies'



THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

Abelard Begins Romantic Career

Written for The Times by Will Durant

WHEN the twelfth century—century of Charters and Notre Dame—was still very young, a student named William of Champeaux secured permission of the Bishop of Paris to lecture on logic, engaged a modest class-room, and slowly gathered students about him. They were attracted by the scent of heresy; for William had just come from England, where he had studied under the famous "nominatist" Roscelin; and the students hoped that William would favor, however carefully and subtly, the radical views for which his master had been condemned.

They were disappointed; for William was a timid and modest soul, who revered the authority of the Church far more than that of his own reason; and though he spoke brilliantly (for a logician), he could not quite win the love of his pupils who longed for an intellectual war to stir up the embers of medieval thought.

But one day—perhaps in the very year 1100—a bold and bright-eyed youth from Brittany joined the class, and began to ask troublesome questions.

The students soon learned he had been born at Pallet, near Poitiers, some two-hundred years before, that he had inherited considerable land, but had become so disgusted with the climate of Brittany and the mentality of the Bretons that he had sacrificed his property to his brothers, and come to Paris seeking intellectual adventure.

He was not tall, but he carried himself with the pride of a Genardine; and he went about his business with such passion and ability that the world soon took him seriously. He was strong and stocky, with the broad brow and the flashing eyes of the mental athlete.

FOR many days he listened in silence, until he absorbed his master's teachings. Then he broke

forth with query after query that drove poor William of Champeaux from one reduction ad absurdum to another, from ridiculous conclusions to conclusions still more ridiculous, until the whole structure of William's "realism" toppled and crashed; and the young victor, followed by a hundred students, set up his own class in the cloisters of Notre Dame, and began the most famous series of lectures since Socrates had corrupted the youth of Athens with the religion of intelligence.

Henceforth it was to be the century not only of the great cathedrals, but also of Abelard.

And the century of universities. For in that meeting of William and Abelard the spark was struck which ignited again the fire of European thought; and in the rival and hostile classes which they drew about them lay the beginning of the University of Paris.

When these great combatants were dead, the schools which they founded in Notre Dame, in Ste. Genevieve, and in St. Victor, were carried on by other teachers, who called themselves Masters (Magistri); and in 1175 these and other teachers formed themselves into a guild, distributed and coordinated their courses, and became a university.

The name had come from Bologna. There, a little later than Champeaux and Abelard, Gratian and others, had lectured on law and medicine, and drawn to them students from every part of Europe.

Here it was the students who organized; at first into four Nations, according to their origins; and then into two corporations, one made up of those students who had come from beyond the Alps, the other of students from Italy—a Universitas Ultramontanorum and a Universitas Citramontanorum.

THESE two corporations of students constituted the university. The professors were not allowed to join, and when they protested that they were the university, the students brought them to terms by deserting first to Arezzo and then to Padua.

So great was the power of the students at Bologna that they chose their own teachers, regulated the time and mode of lecturing and paid the professor's salaries.

The universities grew as if Europe had long awaited them. By 1500 there were eighty on the continent. By 1300 Bologna had 20,000 students, the University of Paris and the University of Oxford (founded about 1155), 30,000 each.

Paris was then a small provincial town, and Oxford was a trading center at a formidable place on the Thames (Ox-ford); one might have said of them, with variations what a wit said of Weimar in Goethe's day, that it was inhabited by 10,000 poets and a few citizens.

The students gave the townspeople a wild life; it was not unusual for them to go rioting and end in a murder or two; once was raged for several days between the student-body and citizenry, with casualties that ran into the hundreds.

There were no university buildings; the teachers taught where they might—at first in the cloisters, then in the straw-strewn rooms in that section of Paris in which the students had settled, and which, because of the Latin lectures, came to be called the Latin quarter.

There, in that lively Paris, weaving logic with love, Abelard began the most romantic career in all the history of philosophy. What are all the tales of the troubadours by the side of his?

(Copyright, 1928, by Will Durant)

(To Be Continued)

TRACY

M. E.
SAYS:
"We Have Not Yet Scaled Earth's Highest Mountain, Dug a Hole That Could Be Called Respectably Deep, Found a Way to Go More Than 300 or 400 Feet Under Water, or Reached the Top of the Atmosphere."

Go to the south pole by all means. Commander Byrd. Who lacks the nerve will enjoy listening in or reading about it. Besides, it furnishes us with another subject for argument.

Why should men squander good money, much less risk their lives in such a cause?

We know, but hate to admit it. Deep down in our heart, we know that such causes form the backbone of progress; that the pioneering spirit, no matter how little it might appear to accomplish at times, is the driving force of civilization.

More often than not, men who buck the unknown fail to find what they seek, and sometimes they fail to find anything that seems worth while, but they never fail to expand the human horizon, or inspire the human race with renewed courage.

A Dead Continent

Unlike the north pole which lies beneath the sea, the south pole calls from a rolling plateau some two miles high.

It is a desolate region that glares at the adventurer in frozen silence.

If extent warrants the name, we are justified in calling the region a continent, for it has a larger area than Europe. It has nothing else, however, in common with other continents—no life of man or beast, no indication that life could exist, no appeal for life to come and try.

Inquisitive Human Nature

So much we know, since Amundsen reached the south pole in 1911, and Scott a year later only to die from his daring.

Shackleton came within 115 miles of it in 1909 and Amundsen died nearly as well in 1925.

What these men saw makes it logical to suppose that there is little worth looking at in or near the south pole, but that is not enough.

Logic has fooled us too often to be trusted. When we can get in touch with real facts, we are satisfied with nothing else.

As long as the Antarctic region, or any other place remains unexplored, human nature will insist on visiting it. Not only that, but human nature will imagine things about it until its real character has been disclosed.

Fairy Tales Fade

The earth shrivels; the fairy tales of old are being spoiled; a few more excursions and there will be little left on the surface of this old ball to feed the fancy or trick the mind.

What a good time our ancestors had with "the jumping off place" and all the terrors to which it gave birth.

Later on, when Columbus, Magellan and Drake had chased it out of existence, what a good time they still had in building theories around the poles.

Even those of us whose hair is barely turned gray can remember when the poles still furnished material for queer dreams and speculations.

Killers of Bugaboos

The pioneer is a breaker of idols as well as a breaker of hearts. He simply will not leave us our mystic, our dark, unexplored crannies, in which we used to conjure up such horribly, beautiful bugaboos.

He not only robs us of superstition, but of those ingenious theories which seem so plausible until the light is turned on.

No longer can we get excited over that "tremendous force" which was supposed to cause the Aurora borealis; no longer can we argue that there must be something peculiar at the poles, such as a great axle sticking out of the earth, or at least a volcano.

Lindy and Pegasus

Mother Goose gives way to arithmetic, and fiction, with all its soaring flights, cannot compete with the wonders of actuality.

Lindbergh completely has eclipsed Pegasus, while Perseus, with his winged sandals and helmet of invisibility, would stand a poor show before anti-aircraft guns and mustard gas.

What was the "Dark Continent" for our grandfathers has become a speedway for flivvers; Siberia has been skirted, the Australian jungle has been crossed; the poles have been found. And nothing much remains to be done, but take pictures of a comparatively small region of perpetual snow.

Much to Discover

But cheer up, folks, even after we have staked out every square foot of ground, and sounded every bank, bay and gulf of the ocean, there will be quite a bit to discover.

We have not yet scaled earth's highest mountain, dug a hole that could be called respectably deep, found a way to go more than 300 or 400 feet under water, or reached the top of the atmosphere.

Even after we have penetrated to the center of the earth, which seems a good way off, or gotten out into the ether, which seems quite as far, there is a lot to be done.

Whole Universe Awaits

After we have learned all there is to learn about the terrestrial, consolidation, both inside and out, we shall have covered only one million and more specks in the universe.

After we have measured an classified them we shall face the problem of learning where they came from, and what that is solved, we can consider the question of where they are going.

The Strange Case of Red Gold

When is \$5,201,000 in gold neither gold nor money, but merely "material" which costs \$700 a day to keep? The answer is: When the gold belongs to Soviet Russia and is locked up in a couple of New York banks from which certain quixotic technicalities prevent it from getting into circulation.

About a month ago Russia sent twenty crimson casks of gold bars to the United States to be used as a basis of credit for purchases in this country. After placing them in the vaults of the Equitable Trust and the Chase National Bank of New York, the Russians felt, no doubt, that they might proceed with their shopping.

But they had reckoned without their host, the host, in this instance, being the red tape entanglements which hair-splitting officials can throw in the way.

Before business could proceed, it was deemed necessary to deposit the gold with the Federal Reserve Bank. But an embargo, dating back to 1920, stands against Russian gold in this country, so, after two weeks' delay—and a loss in interest of about \$10,000, or more than \$700 a day—the Treasury Department ruled against accepting the casks. Russia's title, it seems, is not quite clear and the millions might be tainted.

Of course, after Germany, we may get more Russian trade than from any other nation in the world. And in one way or another—in bills of exchange, for instance, bought with Russian gold in London, or Paris, or Berlin—we are accepting Russian money every day of the year. But these casks of actual ingots, well, they seem to be different.

Meanwhile the plot thickens and the \$700 daily losses multiply. The Bank of France just has brought suit in the Federal courts of New York to recover the gold bars, on the theory that they are the identical gold sent from Paris to Petrograd in 1917 at the stance of the czar but to be returned to the owner on demand.

Which raises further technicalities. In the first place, this gold is not gold, since there is an embargo against Russian gold and legally no Russian gold can exist in this country.

So far as Uncle Sam is concerned, the casks contain only "material." In the second place, the United States has never recognized Soviet Russia, so Russia does not exist. And, being non-existent, Russia can not sue or be sued in this country, albeit she occupies one-sixth the land surface of the globe.

So there you are. And yet foreigners call us "the most practical people in the world." It may be a good thing for Soviet Russia, just now, that she does not exist, legally, in this country; otherwise the French might grab the twenty casks of gold.

But regardless of who owns the yellow treasure, its enforced idleness is now netting somebody an economic loss of about \$30 an hour, \$700 a day, \$22,000 a month or approximately \$275,000 a year.

That much money would pay for a lot of goods. Making these goods would keep a lot of people busy. And they do say we have amongst us considerable unemployment.

For Mellon's Job—C. C. Pyle

Next fall, when the presidential election is over, one of the first duties of the winning candidate will be to select his cabinet. We suggest that when he comes to pick a secretary of the treasury, he give earnest consideration to the name of Mr. C. C. Pyle, sports impresario.

Mr. Pyle, now staging a transcontinental foot race, is a man of parts. He is offering a total of \$48,500 in prizes; he is providing accommodation and food for any number of athletes en route; he is realizing a personal profit of \$100,000 or more on the venture; and the cities and towns through which the racers pass are making money also. The whole thing seems too good to be true.

Mr. Pyle gets his money from various sources. A highway association is contributing \$100,000 for the advertising it will get; hot dog concessionaires are feeling him liberally. Sporting goods manufacturers are paying for the privilege of supplying outfits to the runners. Chambers of Commerce are paying for the right to have their towns on the route. The towns, in turn, make money by the crowds the race attracts.

Thus, Mr. Pyle makes money; the athletes get munificent prizes; the people who pay Mr. Pyle get needed advertising; and, all in all, it seems that everybody is happy and the whole thing is costing nobody a cent.

Truly, a genius like this belongs in Washington.

Senator Walsh's Remark

No one knows right now who the nominees of the two leading political parties will be this year. Whether Senator Thomas J. Walsh has a chance is something for a political expert to say.

But we do like the closing sentence of the statement with which he announced his candidacy. We commend it to some of the favorite sons who have been straining their lungs about their own merits. The senator said:

"If my services to the party have been such as to entitle me to consideration in connection with the presidency, I dare say the rank and file are not ignorant of the fact."

That's rather refreshing. Would that some of our noisier candidates could copy it.

"Blood Will Tell"

One by one, science compels us to scrap our time-honored proverbs. The latest to fall is the old adage, "Blood will tell."

Investigators from the University of Chicago have just made an extended study of 800 children, half of whom were orphans adopted by foster parents. It found that a child's intelligence depends far more on its home environment than on its ancestry.

It found that twenty-six orphaned children whose parents had been feeble-minded were brought to normal intelligence by their foster parents. Furthermore, the general behavior of orphans whose parents had been morally defective was fully up to the standard of other children.

"Blood will tell," seems somewhat at fault. Perhaps a future generation will say, "Environment will tell."

John Mays, White House valet, says all chins look alike to him and he'll shave the next president. That lets Hughes out.

The Silence of Mellon and Hays

Why has Secretary Mellon, for more than four years, withheld the information that \$50,000 in Liberty Bonds, obtained from Harry F. Sinclair, had been handed him by Will Hays, chairman of the Republican national committee, with the request that Mellon keep the bonds and make contribution in like amount to the Republican committee?

Why did Will Hays, when questioned last week by the Senate public lands committee, withhold this important information about Mr. Sinclair's contributions, and what was done with them? Why did Mr. Hays withhold this information four years ago, when the same committee cross-examined him?

The Senate for six years has been trying to get the complete facts about Sinclair's bribery of Secretary Fall to obtain the Teapot Dome Naval oil reserves. An important part of these facts related to what was done with \$3,000,000 profit made by the Continental Trading Company, a dummy corporation set up by Sinclair and some of his associates.

Part of this profit, it has been shown, went to bribe Secretary Fall, and part of it to pay off the Republican campaign deficit.

The Mellon-Hays transaction took place in November, 1923. A Senate investigation into the lease of Teapot Dome had been started at that time, and the finger of suspicion was pointed at Mr. Sinclair. The full story of the bribery and corruption in connection with the oil leases had not been told, however, and the importance of the incident may not have been clear at that time.

This does not explain the silence of Mr. Mellon or Mr. Hays during more recent years, however. The committee has been diligently endeavoring to get the facts. Both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hays had information the committee wanted, and which they knew the committee wanted.

Mr. Hays, twice cross-examined, did not reveal the whole story. Mr. Mellon, knowing for five years that he had temporarily in his possession \$50,000 of the Sinclair bonds, failed to speak until questioned directly by Senator Walsh of Montana, following the discovery of a notation on a document the committee was examining.

Both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hays should be summoned before the committee forthwith, and asked to explain their remarkable reticence.

How to Own Your Party

Senator Borah suggests that the money taken from Sinclair to pay for the campaign that elected President Harding be returned to Sinclair. It is tainted money, he says, and as a Republican he hates to think his party has been financed in this manner.

Which brings to mind a lesson that might be learned from the present series of exposures. The rank and file of the Republican party, to all intents and purposes, are the men who pay the campaign bills.

Special privileges in return for campaign contributions have been the rule for a long time. One man contributes and gets an ambassadorship. Another contributes and gets the kind of tariff he desires. A Sinclair contributes—and there is no end to the story of what he gets; jail eventually, perhaps.

Republicans and Democrats could take a useful leaf from the book of the Socialist party. They could finance their own party organization, a dollar a member, or something like that, and thereby regain ownership and control.

A Daniel Comes to Judgment

It is so usual to read in the British press "knocks" about the movies because of American predominance in the business, that it comes as a relief to hear what J. A. R. Cairns has to say.

Mr. Cairns happens to be the magistrate who presides over the police court in the meanest part of London. Before him comes all the sordid and sorry tragedies of London's great east end. Not long ago, in an address in the wealthy and fur-trimmed west end, he said:

"The church has lost its hold upon the people of Drab St. It has failed in preaching sermons. It is the human story told in the human way, of virtue and goodness triumphing over vice and filth, that will make for good. I am certain the cinema is the greatest civilizing factor among us. Childhood is introduced into a world of harmonies and beauty, and adolescence and middle age have consolations and vistas of a bigger world than that of work and toil."

About Free Speech

BY BRUCE CATTON

It is easy enough to be in favor of free speech when nobody has anything exciting to say. It is quite another matter to be for it when someone insists on saying something you don't like.

Many a noble public official has quite cracked under this strain. It is a difficult situation. Our sympathy, accordingly, goes out to Mayor Gillespie of Pittsburgh, Pa., a town with a focal point for much of Pennsylvania's coal field trouble.

Three New Yorkers went to Pittston to make speeches about the way the strike was being handled. The authorities locked them up. The would-be speakers declared that free speech, as far as Pittston was concerned, was dead.

Mayor Gillespie denied it. "But it would be better if it were dead," he said, "than to have dead men lying in the streets."

Now it may well be that the mayor had inside information which told him that bloody rioting would surely follow any public criticism of Pennsylvania's coal barons. But, even so, he might have made his pronouncement a little less broad.

It happens that free speech, which is guaranteed in our constitution, is one of the fundamental parts of our democracy. And, in case Mayor Gillespie has forgotten, some one should tell him that in 1776 and thereafter there were not a few Americans who infinitely preferred having any number of dead men lying in the streets to seeing free speech slain.

They were quite serious about it; in Virginia a young man named Patrick Henry declared openly that, while others might do as they wished, he himself would rather be dead than live without liberty.

Freedom—of speech, of conscience, of action—is a strange thing. It does not merely mean the right to talk and act as you wish when your words and actions are similar to everyone else's; it means the right to speak your mind, and live your life, when your views are diametrically opposed to those of the majority.

There have been Americans who realized this full well. It was known in Boston, for instance, when a British general used muskets on a group of colonists who wanted to speak their minds about oppression. The Boston massacre, which resulted, was one of the things that led to the Declaration of Independence.

It might be well for Pittston's mayor to borrow his son's school books and read a little American history. He might—it is barely possible—find it advisable to modify his statement just a little.