



The Indianapolis Times

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

Hoover, the One Way Out

While a great majority of voters are partisans Democrats or Republicans, "belonging" to one party or the other, there has been growing gradually in this country a large number of voters who don't "belong" to either party, but want the best there is in both parties to belong to them.

Probably a better way of putting it would be to say that they want the best there is in all parties to belong to the country.

In selecting candidates for the presidency, the rank and file in the past have had little to say. Organization politicians have done the picking and the voters had merely a choice between two hand-selected candidates. Sometimes it meant only a choice between two evils.

In advocating the nomination of Hoover by the Republicans and Smith by the Democrats, the Scripps-Howard newspapers sought to bring the influence of the rank and file to bear on the conventions long in advance of the selection of delegates. Our purpose was to give the people a choice between the best men in the parties instead of between the worst.

Developments since that stand was taken have justified, we believe, the wisdom of it. There might have been enough public indignation over the oil scandal even in 1924 to have defeated the Republican party that year if the Democratic party hadn't messed itself up so badly in the Madison Square convention as to make the people believe it wasn't worth while to turn to that party for relief.

And Harding's death brought Coolidge to the front, and he hadn't been muddled up by the oil revelations or any other scandal.

But now the oil scandal is worse than ever. On top of it has come the rottenness in Indiana, and the connection of the Republican national committee with the oil gang. And indications point to the nomination by the Democrats of Governor Smith, against whom there has never been a breath of scandal throughout his long public career.

So it appears that if the Republican party is to make a serious bid for public confidence, it must discard the entire gang of professional political bosses, steer clear of another "bed-room conference" and nominate a man whose character is such that the scandals can't touch him.

In other words, the Republican party must clean its own doorstep or have it cleaned by the Democrats.

That is why the sentiment for Hoover among the great body of patriotic, honest and non-professional Republicans has been growing. They realize that they can't take a chance on such men as Lowden or Dawes or any candidate of that type—in fact, on anybody who might be the choice of the bosses and the big campaign contributors.

If they hope to hold public confidence, they will have to have a candidate whose character can stand the searchlight; and one who, in event of his nomination and election, can be depended upon to clean house from within. Hoover is their opportunity, and as against Smith their only chance.

The Importance of Ohio

Death of Senator Frank B. Willis scarcely changes the importance of that State's decision in the pre-convention presidential campaign. What Ohio does in the April 24 primaries will be of national significance, it is certain.

It was agreed by political observers the day Herbert Hoover announced his purpose to contest for delegates in Ohio that if he should obtain as many as twenty out of the State's fifty-one delegates, it would constitute a real victory and a demonstration of his popular strength. This remains the case.

Willis' candidates for delegates still are candidates. They still have the Willis State, district and county organizations. They still have in the back of their minds—many of them, at least—the purpose to exert their strength for Lowden or for Dawes, depending on which emerges as the real candidate for this combination.

And the Lowden-Dawes combination is now free to fight in Ohio in all the ways that may seem best to the astute politicians directing its efforts.

While Willis himself remained a factor, the Dawes-Lowden forces operated under a certain restraint, for Willis was a real candidate in his own right. He was more than football interference for a hidden candidate. His position, in that regard, was quite different from that of his Indiana colleague, Senator Watson.

The Dawes-Lowden maneuvering labored under the handicap of Willis' sincere determination to carry through the campaign in his own way. That handicap is gone. Workers for Lowden and Dawes now are in position to make the kind of fight against Hoover that they may wish to make.

The result will be interesting—and important. It is our belief that Herbert Hoover will be the victor.

Crime and the Individual

Judge Frank Murphy of Detroit, speaking before a group of club women recently had some rather pertinent things to say about the crime situation. Discussing the great growth in arrests and convictions in late years, the jurist said:

"The solution, if we are to keep crime down to the minimum, is not in law but in developing in the hearts and minds of the people those ideals and capacities that teach self-control. This is the task of the homes, the schools and the churches."

Rather well said, we think. We can't reform ourselves by starting to work from the outside in. Every betterment that we ever hope to get must begin within the individual.

Behind the Chinese Terror

As the Chinese war begins to take on new life with the approach of better fighting weather, interventionist propaganda likewise blossoms forth in all its springtime glory.

Soon the bugaboo of Bolshevism will come down off the shelf, receive a new coat of scarlet paint, and start to do its stuff, warning us in a suspiciously familiar voice that the United States would better join the other powers in an expedition to pacify, or punish China.

Not that the Chinese situation has improved during the winter months. Far from it. It has become ghastly beyond words. Before us is the latest North China Herald to arrive from Shanghai and from it, at the risk of shocking the reader, we will quote—for the sake of the issues involved—these few lines from its Swatow correspondent.

"...One tells of disemboweled corpses left lying for days in the streets, none being allowed to touch them and eaten by the dogs; of men who had their ears and strips of flesh cut off and fried and eaten before their eyes before they were dispatched..."

But that is enough? Quite! The sensibilities flinch and shiver, and yet this is from the first page of a conservative, even reactionary, British weekly which goes into the best British and American homes in the Orient.

Shocking? Yes. But it is intended to shock, for, we are told, this is "The Communist reign of terror" at work in South China.

Nor are our feelings greatly soothed when we find elsewhere in the paper that anti-Communist forces also are at work, slaughtering thousands, old and young, men, women and even children, many of them innocent, by way of retaliation.

Communism? Anti-Communism? What unmitigated rot! The masses of the Chinese have no more conception of what Communism means than so many sheep in a pasture. Nor have they any better idea of what democracy is, or a republic.

All they know is that they come into the world like guinea pigs, work like cattle, suffer like beasts, go half-naked and half-starved through their allotted terms on earth, then are snuffed out in some God or man-made pestilence or other. And that is all. Here is a vast country of 400,000,000 dumbly yearning people, exploited cruelly and rapaciously by heartless military strapons, backed by the great foreign powers, some for the trade concessions they can get and some in the hope of territorial expansion at China's expense.

Here and there is another handful of Chinese, educated, honest and well-intentioned, trying to lift the masses up, but, thanks to the system, with the odds against them well nigh insuperable. The bulk of the people, poor wretches, ignorant beyond belief and still living in the Middle Ages, behave like rats in a trap as their tormentors poke firebrands at them, first from one side of their cage, then another.

Who can blame them if they trample and kill one another trying to get out?

Beyond peradventure the situation in China is desperate. But what is the outside world contributing to make it better? Little besides a taunting display of force now and then as the great powers arm or subsidize this faction or that to keep the country forever in hot water.

Doubtless Soviet Russia has her finger in the pie, but so have the other nations, stuffing the natives with theories they can't understand or suppressing their natural aspirations for reasons beyond their grasp.

Civilization—so-called—has a heavy responsibility in China. China needs much patient help and without it she will go to smash.

But if she goes, she'll likely carry others with her, for there is no telling what would happen if her exploiters begin to quarrel over the spoils.

David Dietz on Science

The Atom Is Exploded

No. 13

THE discovery of radium completely revolutionized all scientific theories as to the nature of matter. Every theory in the field of physics and chemistry advanced since 1900 has been influenced by the discovery of radium.

For until radium was discovered it was assumed that the atom was the smallest thing in existence and that the atom was indivisible.

Chemical compounds are composed of minute particles called molecules. These molecules, in turn, are made up of the atoms of the chemical elements. For example, a molecule of water is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen.

But there was no evidence that the atoms could be split up into smaller particles. The discovery of radium, however, furnished just that evidence. For it was soon found out that the powerful rays emitted by radium were the result of the disintegration of the atoms which composed the radium.

This opened up an entirely new field of exploration. It meant that the atom was not the smallest thing in the universe.

The atom itself was composed of smaller particles. That smaller particle came to be known as the electron. But many scientists did much important work before the electron was isolated.

It was found, first of all, that radium gave off three kinds of rays which behaved differently.

These rays were named from the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, the alpha rays, the beta rays and the gamma rays.

Experiments eventually showed that the alpha and beta rays were not true rays but were minute particles. The gamma rays turned out to be true rays like X-rays but with wavelength far shorter than that of the shortest X-rays.

The alpha particles were shown to be electrically charged positively, while the beta particles were shown to possess a negative charge.

Today we know that the beta particles are negative electrons, while the alpha particles are identical with the central portions of nuclei of the atoms of helium.

We find many great names in the list of those who contributed to our understanding of the electron. Sir J. J. Thomson, Sir Ernest Rutherford, Dr. Neils Bohr and Prof. R. A. Millikan are four of the more prominent names in that list.

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. What should you bid initially when you hold: Spades—X X X; hearts—A X X; diamonds—A K; clubs—A K X X X?
2. When you hold a sound four-card major suit and a sound five-card minor suit, which should you mention first?
3. Does a singleton in initial declarer's hand add any value to the hand?

The Answers

1. One no-trump.
2. The four-card major suit.
3. Hardly ever.

Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany every contribution, but on request will not be published. Letters exceeding 200 words will receive preference.

Editor Times:

A few days ago our postmaster (Robert H. Bryson) had an article in your paper headed, "Postman Saves Four Miles Daily by Walking Lawns." In the article he does not mention that it is a great saving to the Government, but he said it is taking a great hardship off the carrier.

The fact is that we work eight hours a day and by walking over every portion of the lawn we do not save ourselves anything. If we go across the lawn and save fifteen or twenty minutes a day this way, then as soon as an inspector goes around with a tape and finds us working seven hours and forty-five minutes, he will recommend that fifteen minutes more territory be added to said route. In this way the hardship would be on the carrier who walked across the lawn.

We have the postmaster's orders to stay off lawns and avoid so many complaints, but at the same time he expects us to cross until the patron orders us off. Then he can tell the patron he has given the carriers orders to stay off lawns and also can ask the carrier for an explanation as to why he walked on the lawn. If he wishes, he can demand the carrier for disobeying orders.

If he really wishes to save the carrier some extra steps and take off a hardship, I will show him how. It is up to the local postmaster of each city to let the letter carriers off Saturday afternoon, if he wishes.

But "Bob" does not and the only reason that I know of is because he thinks more of his few friends in the Chamber of Commerce who want their mail on Saturday afternoon, than he does of the 327 carriers who would like very much to have, and rightfully deserve, their Saturday.

When we do get a legal holiday, and should be off all day, he makes us work a half-day on the holiday and then gives us a half-day compensatory time some other day. This gives us two half-days off, instead of a holiday and if you wish to go any place, you can't because you have only a half-day at a time.

As an example, Feb. 22, 1928, should have been a holiday at the postoffice. The letter carriers have our State convention on this day. This year it was held at Muncie. The date fell on Wednesday, the lightest mail day in the week and the twenty-second is one of the lightest days of the month, but we Indianapolis letter carriers had to work half a day.

C. P.

What is the function of protein in body building?

Protein is fuel for the body and provides also a certain important element, nitrogen, which in the case of children is needed for growth and to keep the bodies of both children and adults in repair. Without meat or some substitute (including milk) meals would lack this body-building material. Foods depended on for protein are: Milk, skim milk, cheese, eggs, meat, poultry, fish, dried peas, cowpeas and nuts.



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.



'Well—What Are You Laughing About?'



THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

Troubadours Sing Songs of History

Written for The Times by Will Durant

WHEN men are harassed by poverty they take refuge in song. Imagination, which is the soul of literature, is a precious boon, without its Utopias and Elysian Fields, its perfect lovers and friendly gods, life would be a dark and lonely thing, full of necessity and endless strife; and only a Stoic could bear it cheerfully.

Truth, which we seek so bravely, seldom rewards us with loveliness; we look at it a moment in dismay, and then fly back to the castles which imagination builds. As long as the earth is imperfect men will write poetry.

The earth was unquestionably imperfect in the days of Abelard, and therefore Abelard was wise enough to be not only a philosopher, but a troubadour; doubtless he was happier when he sang songs of undying love to Heloise, or pious fealty to the Virgin Mother, than when he meditated on the real nature of the world and man.

If one were less gifted than Abelard, and could not fashion fair imagery or tender speech, he might, if rich, pay a jongleur or jester to provide entertainment at his feasts and revelries; and even the poorest could pick up these songs or quips out of the air as they travelled long tongues to tongue across the continent. So Abelard, aged and penniless, must often have heard his own roundelays come back to him from the minstrels in the streets, who never guessed that this gray-haired priest had composed their melodies.

SURELY the pleasant side of medieval history is the tale of the troubadours, happy-go-lucky song birds who, armed only with a lute and tune, tramped from town to town from lady to lady, and from court to court, singing of fair women and brave men.

There were many species of this carefree genus; in the far North they were stern skalds, inditing verse Eddas or prose sagas of thunderous gods or terrific warriors, of Thor and Odin and Friga and Sigurd and Brynhild and Olaf Trygvasson; in Germany they were minnesingers, developing the endless fairy stories of their people into the legend of the Nibelungenlied, and the tales of Siegfried, Tristram, Kundry and Parsifal; in England they were minstrels and gleemen, of names unknown to us, who sang in rude alliterative verse the tale of the doughty Beowulf, or created the poetry and prose of King Arthur and his round table of valiant knights and seekers of the Holy Grail; in France they were jongleurs and troubadours, remarking Charlemagne into a god in the story of Roland and Oliver, and almost creating romantic love in their haunting albes or dawn songs, in "Aucassin et Nicolette," and in "Roman de la Rose."

These chanted tales revolved about two foci which have always been allied: war and love, with a dash of piety thrown in; for love could not be quite romantic if it were not taken tremblingly as a delicious sin.

In the story of Isolde and Tristan, the love-motif is independent and alone; there is nothing here but devotion and desire, burning like clear flames; and when the tenderness of music is added, the theme becomes hypnotic, like some enchantress' eyes.

With Other Editors

That there is need of a thorough inquiry into the rumors, charges and suspicions concerning the administration of the public depository law and the management of certain banks in Indiana seems to be established.

Prosecuting Attorney Homer R. Miller of Howard County, who is still investigating failure of the American Trust Company, a Kokomo bank, says he will press his inquiry. There is no reason to question that he should.

The Howard County grand jury in adjourning announced that it had been unable to return new indictments, but urged that the next grand jury take up the inquiry and carry on.

From D. C. Stephenson and from Stephenson's "black boxes" much disturbing evidence was obtained, and it seems to be the clear inference that indictments were not returned solely because there had been no corroborative evidence obtained.

If that can be procured the course is clear, not only in Howard County, but in any other counties indicated by the facts that already have been uncovered.

The Howard County prosecutor repudiates sensational statements attributed to him concerning a great conspiracy in the country which seemed to indicate a treasonable plot to disturb the government.

That is not for Indiana to investigate. The thing with which this State for directly concerned is whether the State depository act and the State banking laws have been violated by Indiana banking officials and officers of any banks in Indiana.

Anderson Herald Governor Ed Jackson has replaced Joseph E. Hennings as a member of the board of trustees of the Indiana reformatory for aparently no other reason except that he wanted to give the place to a political friend.

The change was made at the expiration of Hennings' third term and his tenth year as a member of the board. The announcement came as a surprise to reformatory officials and the public, which long ago had learned to appreciate the wisdom of the betterment of the institution.

Without casting any reflection on the ability of Omer K. York, of Marion, who has been appointed

successor to Hennings, it does not seem within the range of reason that he can step into the place and do the work as well as his predecessor had learned to do it. That will take years.

The reformatory was located at Jeffersonville when Hennings was first appointed a trustee of the institution. He served during one of the most important periods of the institution, having a prominent part in the planning, construction and practical completion of the new institution at Pendleton.

New board members were accustomed to seek his advice. The present efficient management of the State's largest penal institution is the result.

Hennings was regarded as an authority on parole and pardon cases. The young man who became a prisoner by circumstances, and deserved another chance, always found a friend in Joe Hennings.

He found employment for them, helped them get back on their feet, and was always keenly interested in their welfare.

The hardened, untrustworthy criminal soon learned that there was one member of the board from whom he could not expect more than he was entitled to receive.

Reviewing Hennings' long and valuable service to the State, it does not seem that there can be a logical reason for the refusal of the Governor to reappoint him for another term.

The new member of the board is president of a Marion motor truck firm. His company was known to have been a strong advocate of the now famous Road Ripper bill, which Governor Jackson supported several years ago in an effort to reorganize and gain control of the State highway commission.

So it appears that the Governor is willing to let the reformatory administration suffer to take care of a friend to whom he wishes to repay a political debt.

Does the Bible say that a woman should not wear men's garments? Deuteronomy, twenty-second chapter, fifth verse reads: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man: neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."

In the "Chanson de Roland" the master is all of war. Charlemagne, after defeating the Spanish Moors, recrosses the Pyrenees too rapidly, leaving his rear-guard, led by the knights of Roland and Oliver, and the mighty warrior Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, so far distant that the Moors ensnared them.

"Sir, comrade," says Oliver. "I think we shall have battle with these Caracens."

"God grant it!" Roland replies. "Here we must hold for our King. A man should suffer for his lord, endure heat and cold, though he lose hair and hide. Let each one of us strike his best, that no evil song be sung of us."

HERE is no strain of love, but only feudal honor and fealty; in all the long poem there is hardly a line about women. If there is love, it is Greek, the comradeship of Roland and Oliver in life and death. When Moors have slaughtered the little host almost to the last man, the two friends find themselves surrounded and doomed.

They turn for a moment and bow to each other, and they face around to their deaths. Roland for a time beats off his assailants, but Oliver falls. Let us have a snatch of the verse here, so that we may see how French literature began. It is a literal translation:

"There Roland sits unconscious on his horse, And Oliver, who wounded is to death, So much has bled, his eyes grow dark, Nor far nor near can he see clear As too recognize any mortal man. His friend, when he has encountered He strikes upon the helmet of gemmed steel, Spilled from the crown to the nose-piece, But the head he has not reached at all. At this blow Roland looks at him, Asks him gently and softly: 'Sir, do you lie in earnest?' You know, Sir Roland, who has no love, In no way have you sent me to defiance."

Says Oliver: "Indeed I hear you speak, I do not see you. May God see you. Strike you I did, I pray you pardon me! Roland replies, 'I have no harm at all. I pardon you here and before God! At this word one to the other bends himself. With such affection, there they stand."

Roland returns to battle, but his eyes blind him with tears as he looks upon the high-born knights who lie on the field in death.

"Selgneurs barons," he prays, "may God have pity on you and grant Paradise to your souls, and give them to repose on holy flowers. Better vassals shall I never see."

Land of France, sweet land, today bereft of barons of high prize. . . . Oliver, brother, I shall die of grief if no one slays me!"

"Then Roland feels that death is taking him. Down from the head upon the heart it falls. Beneath a pine he hastens running: On the green grass he throws himself. Beneath him puts his sword and shield. Turns his face toward the pagan army. For he does it, that he wishes greatly. That Charles should say, and all his knights: 'The gentle Count has died a conqueror.' And then the inevitable medieval end."

"His right-hand glove to God he proffered: 'His right hand from his hand took it: Upon his arm he held his head in grief. Folding his hands he passes to his end. God sent him angels cherubim: And Saint Michael of the Sea in gerril. Together with them came Saint Gabriel. The soul of the count they bear to Paradise.'"

Sometimes the two motives, love and war, are woven together in the tale, as in the cycle of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot; or the story may turn on the conflict of love and piety, as in the legend of Parsifal. How old and young and international these "chicks" are!

Christian of Troies first wrote them down, in French, toward the end of the twelfth century; Wolfram von Eschenbach, a generation later, gave its noblest form to "Parzival" in German; Sir Thomas Mallory (in the days of Chaucer) gathered the romance of Arthur into "Le Morte d'Arthur," and enriched the work with English prose; when the world almost forgotten the theme, Tennyson clothed it once more in poetry; even today an American tale thrills thousands of hearts with the story of Tristram and his love, which legends spring eternal from our always romantic souls.

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M. E.

TRACY

SAYS:

"Much of the Trouble of This World Goes Back to Minor Accidents—Careless Words, Thoughtless Acts and Things of No Consequence."

Did Rear Admiral Collard of British navy call the bandmaster a "bloody beggar" as he claims a "bloody" something else by naming with "B," as others assert. Was the chaplain of the R. O. Oak so aggrieved when he heard what the admiral said that he tested to the latter?

Did the Rear Admiral call Captain Dewar to his quarters solemnly aver that he did not say it?

Did the Rear Admiral threaten Captain Dewar if the latter failed to make Commander Daniel introduce the guests properly at a reception?

Were Captain Dewar and Commander Daniel justified in filing complaints against the Rear Admiral for these and other alleged discourtesies?

Such are the grave questions which a court-martial now sitting at Gibraltar must decide.

No wonder the British empire awaits the outcome with breathless anxiety.

Common Courtesy

But this scandal of the Royal Oak, as they call it, is not so ridiculous after all.

Common courtesy plays a bigger part in life than many of us realize.

In important matters men can usually be depended on to act with decency and fairness.

Small matters catch them off guard, and are more apt to reveal what they are.

Much of the trouble in this world goes back to minor accidents—careless words, thoughtless acts and things of no great consequence, except that they hurt people.

Mayor Walker of New York is raising quite a little disturbance right now because some unknown person connected with Chief Judge McAdoo's court answered him roughly over the phone, and Secretary Work is taking great pains to convince the public that he did not call Colonel Estes "a liar," as Senator Caraway charged, but that Colonel Estes used that uncomplimentary term regarding a subordinate in the Interior Department.

Ohio Question Mark

The week opens with a great question mark in the sky above Ohio. Bennett is a dead man, but who thinks of that?

Though young, the campaign, 1928 already has gathered enough headway to leave small time a sympathy.

It is on with the argument, with a few faithful friends attend to the last sad ceremony!

Has Herbert Hoover been hurt or hasn't he?

"Though seeming to imply disrespect, such a question on millions of lips pays former Senator Frank Willis high tribute.

It makes no other conclusion possible than that he left a real vacancy.

Loss of a Leader

But if the question is a tribute, some of the ways in which it is being answered are not.