



The Indianapolis Times

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

The Charitable Utilities

The ruthless inquiry of the Federal trade commission is disclosing the hitherto unsuspected charitable character of the public utilities of the State.

They know, much better than the people, just how lonesome and hungry the members of the Legislature may become when they sacrifice themselves to the public good.

They know, these utilities, that these brave patriots, who, two years ago under the leadership of Harry Leslie, made suppression of all graft inquiry a party policy, would starve unless they eat. And so they feed them.

Such at least is the testimony of one Mr. Cuppey, an official of the Lafayette Telephone Company, and during the Legislature a lobbyist for the utilities who want to protect the public from their "fool friends."

Mr. Cuppey is testifying before a Federal body which wants to know the extent to which the utilities of the Nation have corrupted or directed public sentiment.

It is not the first time that lobbyists have been of interest to Federal officials. During the 1925 session of the Legislature, inquisitive dry agents wondered where so many of the members secured the necessary stimulus to enable them to stagger into the Statehouse and vote for bone dry laws, and poked their noses into the rooms of lobbyists with some degree of successful inquiry.

Mr. Cuppey testified that he drew \$2,000 as salary as a lobbyist, an item that may interest the public service commission when it fixes, if it ever does, the rates for the particular company of which Cuppey is an officer.

Mr. Cuppey more significantly says that he spent "1,200 for theater parties, luncheons and dinners for members of the Legislature."

The interest in the lawmakers was altruistic, of course. Hungry boys should be fed. And so they feed them.

No one would suspect, or even hint that at these dinners and luncheons and theater parties, which may or may not be a poetical description of the entertainment, that the agent for the utilities ever intimated that certain bills were to be killed and others passed.

It may be a coincidence that the members seen most often as guests of these utility lobbyists always vote as the utilities desire.

But at least we know what makes so many of these lawmakers fat—and dumb. They eat utility food.

Sanctuary

Do not worry if you are at all alarmed by the thought that the police are ruthlessly interfering with constitutional liberty when they raid the makers and venders of baseball pools.

Be reassured that none of these purveyors of tickets and pools are in jail, or likely to be in jail.

Our minor judges, appointed or special, are meticulous in their regard for constitutional rights.

Take this case, for instance. A policeman saw a citizen receive the pool tickets. He saw the proprietor of the selling station hand them out. He saw the citizen deposit a dollar on the counter—and grabbed it as evidence. That might suggest that the man was buying these gambling tickets and that the proprietor was selling them. But the transaction was purely suggestive, in the opinion of this judge. There was lacking one element. The proprietor had not put the bill into his cash register. Just what would have been the reason for freeing this proprietor, who always votes right and stands well with the machine, if he had not owned a cash register, offers wide fields for imagination.

The truth is that the baseball pool is the successor of the old policy game, the meanest form of gambling, and a very definite menace to the community.

Its daily business runs into thousands of dollars. Young men are taught to idle and to steal. It filches from the tables of the needy. It grabs the shoes from the feet of children. It is responsible for a lot of plain hell in many homes.

It is also common sense and certain that these baseball tickets can be used for no other purpose than that of gambling. The men who print them know this and are guilty. The men who sell them know that they can be used for nothing else.

The police make the raids. Some very few are given small fines. The small courts find excuses and technicalities.

The big fellows who are reaping sizeable fortunes every week laugh. They know the place when they find sanctuary.

Michigan's New Income

A generation or so ago Michigan was a great lumber State. Mighty pine forests covered her hills and river valleys, and the cutting of them poured a great stream of wealth into the pockets of Michigan's citizens.

Now most of the lumber is gone, although the upper peninsula still does a good bit of cutting each year. But Governor Green believes that the summer tourists and vacation business will, in the near future, give

Michigan an even greater annual revenue than the lumber business ever did in its palmiest days.

He warns citizens that if they do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg—if, in other words, summer visitors are treated courteously, given good accommodations and are not overcharged—Michigan will speedily find her lakes, her sunshine and her beaches far more valuable than her old-time pine forests.

Probably he is right. It is amazing that Michigan's development as a vacation center has not been even more rapid. Climate and scenery are superb. Nature has provided a magnificent vacation ground there.

A Fair Fight

Herbert Hoover has a notion that a man who aspires to be a President should be a gentleman. He proposes to fight Smith fairly.

Therefore, Hoover's political manager, Chairman Work, has sent to Republican leaders throughout the country the following campaign instructions:

"The campaign we propose to follow will be informative and constructive only. The promptings of conscience and personal liberty within the law are not proper subjects for political debate."

This means that Republicans will not be permitted to deal in the slander that Smith as a vet is an agent of debauchery and that Smith as a Catholic is a puppet of the Pope, bent on destroying free American institutions.

It is a sad commentary on the state of public opinion and the rules of the political game in this democracy that Candidate Hoover should have found this warning necessary. Yet his appeal for fair play toward his opponent seems not only honorable and just, but also politically expedient.

Smith is a clean fighter himself. Obviously, any fouls he suffers will increase his popularity among the voters.

As an honorable man and an able politician, probably it will occur to Smith also that this Hoover dictum works both ways.

All the libel about "Smith, the tool of Rome," is no worse than the rot about "Sir Erbert Hoover, the consul of King George." While it remained for unscrupulous Republicans to invent this one about their own party's candidate, some Democrats at Houston were quick to pick it up.

Doubtless Smith will restrain those of his followers who lack his own sense of fairness.

Meanwhile, first honors are Hoover's.

A Highway Investment

There are investments and investments. Some things that hardly look like investments turn out, on examination, to be excellent money-back propositions.

Just now a great super-highway, connecting Canada and the United States with all the countries of South America, is being proposed. It would enable motorists to travel the entire length of the two continents. At first glance it looks like a good idea, but expensive—something that would cost more than it would be worth.

But maybe it would be a mighty good investment. At present there are only 1,000,000 autos in all South America. With such a highway in existence can it be doubted that that number would double, triple, almost overnight? And where would the new cars come from if not from the United States, purveyor of autos to all the world?

It might be that American business men would be very wise to get behind that proposed highway and make it a reality.

In conformance with our regular practice of printing some dry facts during the hot weather, it is hereby announced that prohibition agents occasionally go on a still hunt.

David Dietz on Science

A Queen in the Sky

No. 96

THE constellation of Cassiopeia will be easily found if you have kept pace with this series and learned to know the Little Dipper as well as the Big Dipper.

To find it go out doors tonight and face north. Trace a line from the two stars in the Great Dipper known as the pointers, to Polaris, the north star, which is in the Little Dipper. Now continue this line for about an equal distance on the other side of Polaris.

The line will end very near five fairly bright stars which form a sort of letter "W." The "W" is not quite regular in shape but looks as though someone had gotten hold of it and stretched it a bit.

Those five stars are the principal ones in the constellation of Cassiopeia (pronounced kas-i-o-pe-ya with the accent on the next to the last syllable).

If you watch the constellation throughout the evening you will see it slowly wheel around the north star, as all the constellations appear to do, until it is turned around like an "M" instead of a "W."

In addition to the five stars of the "W" there are four other fairly bright stars in the constellation. One is above the "W," one quite close to it, and two below it.

The constellation is supposed to represent Queen Cassiopeia sitting upon her throne. No stretch of the imagination will make the constellation resemble that, although the five stars do look something like the throne. They really look more like the outline of a modern steamer chair.

The accompanying illustration shows the figure of the queen as the ancient Greeks imagined it to be in the sky and the places where the stars fit into the picture. The smaller diagram shows the "W" and the names of the stars. The "W" has been tipped up on one side to conform to the position of the drawing of the queen.

At first you may have a little difficulty in finding the constellation of Cassiopeia in the heavens. But after a bit, the "W" will stand out just as clearly as does the Great Dipper and as we hope by now does also the Little Dipper.

You will find it a real satisfaction when you are able to recognize these three constellations and you can feel that you have made a real beginning in getting acquainted with one of man's most wonderful heritages, the universe of stars.

Something about the stars in Cassiopeia and the legend of the queen for whom it was named will be told next.



M. E.

TRACY

SAYS:

"It Is Just as Plausible to Suppose That Loewenstein Concealed Himself and Left the Plane After It Landed as That He Fell Out of It in Mid-Air Unknown to Any of His Companions."

ACCIDENT, suicide, foul play or fake, this disappearance of Capt. Alfred Loewenstein is just such a story as the majority of people like to read. More than that, it is just such a story as the man himself would like to father.

"Man of mystery," they called him, and he was as proud of it as of that more resounding title, "The Belgium Croesus."

Whether as promoter of an international combine, or as host at a dinner, he was first of all a poser. His every action seems to have been designed with an eye to its effect on the public.

Few Americans had ever heard of him when he stepped ashore at New York last April, but within twenty-four hours the whole Nation knew what he looked like, as well as many of the alleged details of his picturesque career.

Eight suites on the El De France, a radio bill of \$3,500 during the passage, such an entourage of secretaries and stenographers as would make J. P. Morgan gasp, and above all else, that carefully cultivated atmosphere of mysticism did the trick.

Stocks Regaining

Stocks of half a dozen international companies went crashing when it was learned that Captain Loewenstein had disappeared, but not for long. Though still down, the shares are climbing upward.

Small-fry speculators, who hitched their wagon to this financial comet, suffered considerable loss, but the big boys claim they will pull through all right.

Meanwhile, millions of people argue over what really happened. Did the great captain walk out of the wrong door by accident, did he deliberately jump 4,000 feet to certain death, was he the victim of foul play, or has he perpetrated the greatest hoax of all time?

There is room for debate on all four hypotheses. He was known to be absent-minded, and he might have pushed that door open carelessly, even though it would have taken a strong man to do so. He was also known to be in more or less financial trouble and he might have decided to close out all accounts irrevocably.

Though no evidence of it has thus far developed, he might have had an enemy, because enemies are not uncommon for men of his type and character. Finally, he might have done a vanishing trick, either in spite of the employees by whom he was surrounded, or through their connivance.

Others Absent-Minded

His valet, secretary and the two stenographers who were riding in the cabin with him, admit that he was subject to fits of absent-mindedness, yet none of them bothered to watch his movements. Inquire how he felt or observe where he went when he laid the book he had been reading on the table and started back toward the retiring room.

Knowing that they claim to know about his peculiar mental condition of his susceptibility to nausea, it is surprising that they should have waited fifteen minutes before doing anything.

It is also surprising that the outside door could have been opened, if it were, without any of them noticing the fact. One would suppose that they might have felt a breath of cool air, at least.

You just can't reconcile the idea that one of half a dozen people confined to the restricted space in an airplane cabin walking out into eternity without someone in the cabin noticing it. There must have been other victims of absent-mindedness than Captain Loewenstein present for such a thing to happen.

May Have Hidden

Without questioning any one's veracity or reflecting on any one's part in this curious episode I shall insist on the corpus delicti before believing this man is dead, and that, too, even if he never reappears.

All things considered, it is just as plausible to suppose that he concealed himself in a hiding place prepared beforehand and left the plane after it had landed as that he fell out of it in mid-air unbeknown to any of his companions.

Such a statement would be as consistent with his character as suicide, or such a fit of absent-mindedness as would enable him to push a door open against a 100-mile wind without realizing that he was not entering another compartment. Such a denouement would be even more consistent with his love of the spectacular.

Valet's Statement

Think what you will, but here is another riddle, to place beside that of Charlie Ross, "The Man in the Iron Mask" or Louis XVII.

The only fact that we can be sure of just now is his absence.

Beyond that, the case lends itself to all kinds of deduction. He may have left that airplane, but no one saw him do so.

So far as direct evidence is concerned we have nothing but the bare statement that he laid down the book he was reading, rose and walked toward the retiring room, and that when his valet decided to look for him fifteen minutes afterwards he was not to be found.

There are just two ways to prevent children yet unborn from guessing the truth over what became of Captain Alfred Loewenstein. The first is to find his body, and the second for him to reappear.

One Point of View



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Baby's Summer Clothing Must Be Light

BY DR. MORRIS FISHER
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygiene, the Health Magazine

THE chief purpose of clothing is to protect the body from heat, cold, sunlight, rain, dirt and insects.

Much modern clothing is bought primarily with the idea of ornamentation or sex attraction.

This does not concern the infant. It is primarily concerned with the matter of heat loss, since maintenance of body temperature is, of course, of greatest significance in promoting warmth and resistance to disease.

Investigations made by various observers indicate that wool is the best non-conductor of heat. Wool affords the greatest warmth and linen the least.

The warmth of clothing is determined not so much by the material, but by the ability of the material to hold air within its meshes. Pure wool irritates the skin, and for infants it is now customary to mix cotton or silk with the wool and frequently to wear cotton and linen next to the skin with wool over it. Wool absorbs perspiration most

satisfactorily, and cotton least satisfactorily.

A great deal of foolishness has been written relative to the effects of various colors in relation to heat and in relation to the passing of the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

There is apparently not the slightest reason to believe that one color is any different than another, either in attracting or repelling the sun's rays.

It has been urged that white absorbs the least heat and that dark colors assist in lending warmth. The evidence for such a belief is somewhat doubtful.

On the other hand, the mesh of the material concerned has much to do with the manner in which the heat or light rays pass through the clothing, and with the way in which the heat of the body is permitted to radiate away.

Modern manufacturers of infants' garments are building garments for infants to wear during the summer so that sun baths may be taken in the city.

This garment consists simply of a covering for the lower portions of the body with two straps to go over the shoulders. Between these straps open mesh material is inserted which permits ready passage of the sun's rays.

For the average infant in hot weather all that is necessary is a cotton, sleeveless shirt, a diaper and socks. In extremely hot weather the shirt and socks may also be left off.

The young infants do not have a well developed heat regulating center in the brain. For this reason, the matter of clothing is especially important.

Too much clothing makes an infant irritable and uncomfortable, hence it cannot sleep and frequently refuses to eat. As a result, it is likely to become ill.

The question of the infant's clothing, as pointed out recently by Drs. S. A. Cohen and L. W. Sauer, is one worthy of the most serious attention by the physician, the nurse and the mother.

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—I read in the Times of June 29 the editorial of Mrs. Walter Ferguson, and of all the hundreds of editorials I have read she wins the propaganda championship. She states that Senator Heflin and two more people have distributed more than 2,000,000 copies of speeches at the Government's cost.

The lady picks out Senator Heflin, but forgets to tell us who the other two are. They evidently are on her side. The lady surely is for Smith or the Catholic political machine, but she has nothing to worry about—they already have won the election, as I see it.

I read in the Times where Senator Curtis was born and sprinkled in the Catholic church. I also read about Smith in the Times. Why should the lady jump on Heflin? Her views cannot lose.

The lady feels so sorry for the poor mailman, who draws a larger salary than the average worker, but she does not mention the poor little Times carrier, who packs her

propaganda mile after mile for a few pennies.

The lady goes farther and states that the average man goes to the waste basket with anything with a frank on it. That is the whole story why the politician and propagandist always trim the voter and taxpayer.

The majority of them are too neglectful to read and study and educate themselves. Thousands of people will read the editorial of the lady and swallow bait, line and pole, but there are others, like myself, who will head her editorial to the waste basket instead of Sena or Heflin's or the other gentlemen's, if we should be lucky enough to have one mailed to us by the Government.

As I see this election business, the people who are dry and who believe in Heflin and the prohibition law, have everything to gain and nothing to lose. They already have lost.

But as to Mrs. Ferguson's side, they have everything to lose. I surely would like to know the address of Mrs. Ferguson, as I would like to point out to her some of the fine points of her editorial—which are none.

JAMES J. CULLINGS,
819 Nineteenth St.

With Other Editors

(Marion Daily Chronicle)

The Democrats have adopted a platform and nominated their candidate for the presidency of the United States—but the candidate will be the platform. There is no other way to figure it out.

Al Smith will be the issue. No other political conception is possible, since for eight years he has been propagandized into the power that made it possible to thrust him upon the Democratic party as its only "available" candidate for the presidency.

He has served his State with distinction as Governor of New York. He is a man of ability and his integrity is unquestioned. He makes a popular appeal, at least in his own section of the country. But to say that he is the choice of the rank and file of his party is far-fetched.

He is the product of propaganda and political manipulation. A wet candidate on a dry platform he was foisted on the great dry sections of the South and Middle West by leaders who accepted him because they saw in the candidacy, as it has been promoted, the only possible chance to cut in on the political patronage that goes with an administration in power.

The victory of Tammany Hall in Texas which has been hailed as a party "love feast" is veneered with surface harmony. The victorious element went to astonishing extremes of conde-

scension to prevent fighting in the open.

Tammany "pulled a slicker" and put it over. In a stand up and knock down fight the vanquished is beaten at his own game and he can get up, shake hands and admit his defeat. When he is tricked, knows it and can't help himself he may be expected to renew the battle.

That is the real Democratic situation confronted by the voters in the dry sections which makes Governor Smith, a wet candidate on a dry platform, the actual issue. Tammany was even more nonchalant over the farm plank. The platform pledges the party to "an earnest endeavor" to solve the farm problem, and it took 1,400 words to say it.

But Smith, not the platform, presents the issue. He will make the race on his personality. And Smith is a wet New Yorker.

What denomination is "The Little Church Around the Corner" in New York?

The Protestant Episcopal (high church). The proper name is Church of the Transfiguration.

Is the zebra a member of the equine family?

Yes.

Where is the Pribilof Islands?

A group of Alaskan islands in the Bering Sea comprising the islands of St. Paul, St. George, Wadsworth and Otter, with several islets. They abound in sea bear, otter, blue fox and fur seal.

KEEPING UP

With

THE NEWS

BY LUDWELL DENNY

WASHINGTON, July 7.—A third party is in the making. Not for this campaign, but for four years hence.

That may sound funny to you. Third parties are not very exciting at best, and the mere prospect of one in the future might hardly seem like news.

But this is not the way it strikes some of the old line politicians. They are much more concerned over a carefully planted charge of progressive dynamite, than over the customary cap pistol affairs which go off half cocked.

That much-discussed letter by Senator Norris to a California supporter is not so important in showing that the progressive leader of the Senate has rejected the idea of a third party this year, as it is in revealing careful and astute plans for the future.

Norris' idea, in brief, is to let the Republicans and Democrats get red in the face trying to put Hoover or Smith in the White House, while the progressives of both parties quietly go about the business of electing liberal Congressmen and Senators to hold the balance of power in Congress.

With this band of progressives on Capitol Hill in Washington, the movement can be started for election of Presidents by direct vote of the people instead of by the present electoral college system. Under existing conditions a third party with national candidates is doomed almost from the beginning because of the necessity of organizing against the old party machines in practically every State to get presidential electors on the ballot.

In addition to this general consideration there are specific reasons why this is a bad year to put a national third ticket in the field, but a good year to perfect an organization for the next campaign.

HERE, at any rate, is the argument of some third party strategists:

Both Hoover and Smith have more than customary popular appeal and the confidence of many who voted the La Follette-Wheeler ticket four years ago; though either Hoover or Smith after a term in the White House is expected to disappear, extensive established farms and farm, who then presumably in their "disillusionment" will demand an out-and-out liberal of Farm-Labor party.

Prohibition despite the Republican and Democratic bosses is going to be a major, perhaps a determining, issue in this campaign. This will not only tend to cause cross-party voting, as feared by the bosses, but parties are divided on this question.

Prohibition also this year will tend to obscure the so-called basic issues, such as water power monopoly, imperialism, farm relief and civil liberties, on which the future third party must ground its bid for votes.

Like any other party, but to a larger extent, the established parties, a new party must have the drive and appeal of a popular leader. The progressives now lack such a leader-chiefly, because Norris is almost wholly lacking in personal ambition and in the salt of the demagogue with which the public seasons its political enthusiasms. Norris is recognized as one of the best minds and finest characters in the Senate, but neither by age, temperament nor desire is considered the man to head a national campaign.

But the progressives have a "comer," who may be ready to lead in four years. He has youth. He has fire. He has courage. For several years he has pitched and worked with "Old Bob" La Follette. Lately he has been sitting at the feet of "Uncle George" Norris, learning the complicated congressional machinery, mastering the technique of politics by which laws are made and elections won.

It is no secret that this man is Senator La Follette of Wisconsin—"Young Bob."

YOUNG BOB furnished the fireworks of the Kansas City Republican convention last month. He went there his father's son. He came away a progressive leader in his own right.

He presented the minority platform. He won the cheers of the galleries and the delegates; he won the respect of the conservatives and the loyalty of the liberals.

So, at least his friends will tell you, and not a few press observers will bear witness to his personal "victory" there.

All of this and more is between the lines of Norris' letter to Doremus Souder of California, declining to launch a third party this year. "We should confess before the people our own weakness, disappointment as it may be to them and to us," Norris said. "The only thing we can do (now) is to advocate a change in our Constitution that will abolish the electoral college and permit the names of the candidates to be placed upon the official ballot so that the voter can vote directly for the candidate of his choice."

"In addition to this, in this campaign," the progressive people of America can make a campaign for the selection of progressives in both the House and the Senate."