



The Indianapolis Times

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

The Young Men

The city will watch with not only interest but hope the actions and activities of a new group who have banded themselves together under the intriguing name of the Young Men of Indianapolis.

There is a challenge in the very title, a challenge to tradition, a challenge to lethargy, a challenge to self complacency and to over-conservatism.

The name suggests that the members, possessed of the vigor of youth, are somewhat determined that the dreams of youth shall not be deferred too long by timidity.

It is more than likely that they have become a trifle impatient with viewpoints that were gained in the day of the horse car, the kerosene lamp and the red flannels.

They have that same fine disregard which their fathers showed for the man who was afraid to ride in an automobile, and as their sons will soon show for those who are afraid to ride in an airplane.

Here, surely, is an organization which should be more than worthwhile.

It is not likely to be bothered by the idea that any advance is impossible, if determination and sanity find that it is desirable.

It certainly caught something of the spirit of the age when it put forward as one of its spokesmen, Patsy Clark, the Butler coach, who sends a message over the radio on the benefits of athletic fervor.

The same old maligned "college spirit," if carried into civic affairs and enterprises can help to produce victories of many kinds.

The same intense earnestness that is seen on the side lines at a football or baseball game could master any civic obstacle or difficulty.

If there be those who, barred by their years from membership in this new group, shake their heads in doubt, our best advice is to watch and listen.

Youth has a way of getting what it wants. It only remains to be seen just what these young men want for their city to discover what it will eventually have.

Plugging the Funnel

Detroit is the funnel through which a vast amount of Canadian liquor pours into the United States.

The coast guard, which was able to smash Rum Row along the Atlantic, has been unable to plug the funnel.

Customs records of Canada show \$25,000,000 worth of liquor cleared for this country last year. The amount that actually entered was much larger.

American officials, unable to check the traffic, have turned to Canada for help. An American delegation, led by Prohibition Commissioner Doran and Admiral Billard of the coast guard, is now in Toronto conferring with Canadian officials about proposed revision of the anti-smuggling treaty.

The Americans ask that the Canadians refuse clearance papers to vessels setting out for the United States with liquor cargoes, and that violations of the customs laws be made an extraditable offense for citizens of any nationality.

The Canadians are lukewarm to the suggestions. Liquor is a legal commodity in Canada, they point out, and many are said to feel that the United States should establish an effective border patrol before coming to them for help.

They fear that public opinion would not support the extradition proposal. Recent revelations of widespread corruption among prohibition agents in the Detroit area is cited as evidence that the United States has much to do at home.

Make It Manslaughter

(From the New York Telegram)

The bootlegger faced the judge.

"What's the charge?" asked the court.

"Transporting liquor," replied the marshal.

"What kind of liquor?"

"Well, Judge, it showed traces of wood alcohol."

The man was sentenced the limit.

Number two on the docket was also a liquor case.

Again the question—"What kind of liquor?"

"Hermiteage, 14 years old," was the reply.

"My man," said the judge, beaming rather benignly on the defendant, "it is very wrong to transport and sell liquor. But if you do sell liquor, that is the kind to sell. I sentence you to one day in the custody of the court's marshal."

This incident happened in a state known as one of the nation's driest—Oklahoma.

It constitutes a rather spectacular example of selective justice.

Whether you like it or not, New York is wet. Some 20,000 speakeasies operate here. That is more than one for every policeman on the force. Complete drying up of this town is so manifestly impossible as to be not even subject to argument.

Up to now, efforts at prohibition enforcement have been utterly aimless. The objective has been limited to just one thing—the enforcement of prohibition. Raids have followed raids and padlocks have followed padlocks and all have brought us nowhere.

During the years that this futile thing has been going on, there has been no attempt to classify, no selective effort, no recognition of the most obvious of facts, namely, that there is a distinction among speakeasies.

In the meanwhile there have grown up in this community all the abuses that ever characterized the old time saloon—plus. To the long list of those abuses has been added the most horrible contribution ever evolved in all the lurid history of the liquor traffic—poison.

Low dives where criminals are harbored, joints where visitors are drugged and robbed, where young girls are lured and where minors are led astray, are with us now as they were before Volstead. And, then, there are places which, despite the fact that they are breaking the law, attempt to preserve an order of safety, both in how their places are conducted and in what is sold.

Fully realizing that all who sell liquor are violators of the law and that all law violators are subject to punishment, the Telegram nevertheless regards it as ridiculous to class all in the same category.

We believe the time has come to apply some selective reasoning and some common sense to this whole problem, to recognize that among the thousands of places where liquor is sold there are varying grades of danger—and that the proper course for the police is to hunt out those where the danger is greatest.

Such a concentration will not solve the prohibition problem, but it will accomplish untold practical good. The most imminent danger to the greatest num-

ber is unquestionably in those places where poison is sold.

Whether liquor is poison or not is merely a question of chemistry. To find out is merely a matter of expense. Whenever the speakeasy proprietors of Greater New York become convinced that the police are specializing in a war to the death on poison liquor, the custom of analyzing before sale quickly will become an institution in this town.

The Telegram again desires to commend Commissioner Whalen for the prompt action already taken in that direction and to urge that the policy be continued unflinchingly.

It desires to go further and to urge that the legislature of New York state, now in session at Albany, recognize the difference between the one who sells poison and the one who does not, by passing legislation which will define the sale of poison as a separate and an additional offense.

The statutory classification of that offense should be not less than manslaughter.

Tex Rickard

No successor to George L. Tex Rickard in the field of boxing promotion stands out.

No man who might even approach to Rickard in financial genius, in flair for color and uncanny response to popular demand in boxing suggestions himself.

Rickard was in a class by himself as the greatest fight promoter of all time. Where others thought in hundreds, he conceived plans in terms of thousands—yes, millions.

Rickard was essentially a gambler. Having gambled with life itself in the Klondike, in the turbulent Grande Chaco territory in South America, in the gold fields of Nevada, a hazard with mere money as the stake was every-day business with Tex.

Once convinced that a match deserved his efforts, he arrived at the financial possibilities of the contest. And once in possession of these figures, Rickard downed all money barriers which stood in his way.

Confident that when the boxers entered the ring his salient optimism would be more than justified by a jammed arena, mounting record for attendance and receipts—and a fight in keeping.

No saint was this man Rickard as he went to his maker—no saint, but a fine man among men, generous to a fault, honest in everything he did, loyal and unflinching in support of a friend. His word was his bond.

With all his experience in camp, on pampas and in business, Rickard had an almost childlike faith in his fellows. And he presented something of a human paradox. With all his success he was always a visionary. Ever before him he saw bigger and better amphitheatres, more lurid attractions, bigger crowds. And he always was ready to back another visionary.

One of his hobbies was the support of impecunious inventors with devices or propositions which he regarded as worthy successes.

In high Valhalla Tex sits today, gossiping with Joe Gans, chuckling with John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons, harking back to the days when heavyweight champions fought for a comparative pittance—Tex sits there with a challenge to time to give to boxing another Rickard.

Public Utilities vs. Government

A court battle which may prove of greatest importance is beginning in a New York federal court. It grows out of refusal of the Electric Bond and Share Company to let the federal trade commission examine into its operating expenses.

The whole power of the commission to issue subpoenas and secure necessary information for regulating business will be tested. Also the government must have information about the holding company system, which can be had in no other way, if it is to deal intelligently with the problem of regulating utility companies.

An Ohio bank teller embezzled \$11,000 which he said was spent for "good liquor." He must have bought a pint.

A Cambridge professor urges courses in love-making, leading to diplomas. Wouldn't there be a grand rush to grant master degrees to Peggy Joyce?

David Dietz on Science

Body Acts Thru Reflex

No. 254

REFLEX is the name given to the way in which a stimulus evokes a response from the human body. For example, you touch a hot stove. At once, you withdraw your finger.

The mechanism by which this action is brought about consists of nerve cells and is known as a reflex arc.

A very short reflex arc is shown in the accompanying diagram. It consists of three nerve cells or neurons. One runs from the sense organ, a sensitive spot in the skin, for example, to the spinal cord. There the fibers of this nerve cell join with the fibers of another nerve cell.

Such a joint is known technically as a synapse. This second neuron, known as a central neuron, is located entirely within the spinal cord.

It in turn joins a third neuron which is known as motor neuron. It runs to the cells of a muscle tissue.

When the skin comes in contact with something hot, it stimulates the sense organ. At once a stimulus, now known to be electro-chemical in its nature, travels up the afferent neuron.

It reaches the synapse and is transferred to the central neuron. At the second synapse, it is transferred to the motor neuron.

It runs then to the muscle cells and when it reaches them, it stimulates them to action.

Most reflex arcs are very much longer than the simplified one described. But they are always the same sort, the impulses being transferred from one nerve cell to another by way of the synapse.

An interesting thing about the synapse is that it is a one-way channel.

Experiments have shown that nervous impulses can travel in either direction through neurons.

But the synapse only allows the transfer to take place in one direction.

As a result, a nervous impulse can travel from an afferent nerve to a motor nerve, but it can not travel in the other direction.

The reflex arcs in some cases are very long and involved, especially so, of course, where the arc runs all the way to the brain.

M. E.

TRACY

SAYS:

"All that is needed now for men to make a non-stop flight around the world is an engine that will stand the strain."

THE army airplane question Mark still is in the air as I write, having been there 150 hours, covered more than ten thousand miles, been refueled thirty-one times and broken all records.

We expect all records to be broken these days. Records are no longer dependent on human capacity or endurance. Inventiveness has become the all-important factor in making them. They now depend on what men can think. That means no limit.

The significance of the Question Mark's performance lies in what it forecasts, not in what it eclipses. With refueling while in flight demonstrated as practical, we reached a point where endurance of machinery tells the tale.

All that is needed now for men to make a non-stop flight-around the world is an engine that will stand the strain.

Government Cost

THE American people are paying more than \$9,000,000,000 a year in federal, state and municipal taxes. That is the largest amount ever paid by any people at any time. Even so it does not represent the actual cost of government.

While more than \$9,000,000,000 are collected in taxes, approximately \$12,000,000,000 are being expended. The difference is accounted for by rents, fees and bond issues.

Expenses of the federal government have decreased since the war. Expenses of the state and city governments have increased. Either there is less centralization of power at Washington, than some would have us believe, or we are getting it cheap, and if we have lost our local liberties, the loss is not reflected as it should be in the tax bill.

Auto Industry's Future

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers expect to produce 5,000,000 cars in 1929. That is 400,000 more than they produced last year and 1,500,000 more than they produced in 1927.

The automobile market is not only increasing in this country, but barely has been opened up abroad. There are only about one-fifth as many cars in all the rest of the world as there are in the United States.

Europe, with Russia left out, contains twice as many people as this country. That means that Europe could operate as many automobiles as we do, even if only one-half as many people could afford them. Who doubts that Europe can, and will, reach such a point some day; that instead of running 3,000,000 automobiles, as is the case now, she will run 20,000,000?

American manufacturers can not hope to sell them all, of course, but they can hope to sell a good share.

Witchcraft Trials

THE murder trial now going on in York, Pa., is bad enough and weird enough, without making it worse. It is not a witch trial in any sense of the word, nor will it bear any comparison to those that took place in Salem.

The defendants in this case, are not charged with the crime of witchcraft, but with that of murder.

While the murder may have originated in mysticism, and while the motive for committing it may be traceable to a belief in witchcraft, it is for killing a human being, and not for holding any particular views, that the three men are being arraigned.

The men and women of Salem were charged with being witches, and nothing more. In very few cases was any serious offense mentioned, much less proved.

While some people of York may believe in witchcraft, that belief enjoys no standing before the law of Pennsylvania.

In Salem, this condition was reversed. Some people in that town refused to believe in witchcraft, but the law accepted it.

As a matter of record, little could be proved against some condemned witches in Salem, except that they refused to believe in witchcraft. This was the case in the case of Rebecca Nurse, whom the jury would not convict, until Chief Justice Houghton said he would not accept a verdict of acquittal and sent it back to re-consider.

Our Justice System

MRS. ADA LE BOEUF and Dr. Thomas Dreher, who murdered the former's husband, were sentenced to hang last Saturday, on Friday the supreme court of Louisiana met to consider a petition for reprieve in order that a lunacy commission might pass on their case. Four justices of the supreme court voted to deny the petition, but the chief justice, overriding their opinion, granted a stay of execution.

This raised the question of whether the chief justice had a right to go against the judgment of his four associates, a question which the attorney-general of Louisiana could not decide and which left the sheriff in dire perplexity.

Under these circumstances an appeal was made to Governor Long.

First he granted a reprieve, then withdrew it, and then granted it for one week. On Monday, ten jurors filed affidavits claiming that they were influenced by fear.

An eleventh juror, the foreman, says that, though he was not afraid, he knew his colleagues were.

The twelfth juror's opinion could not be obtained, since he was out of the state.

This is just one more illustration of how our system of justice can apparently dispose of a case through several months of slow, careful deliberation and then get in a hopeless jam at the last moment.

It Won't Be Long Now



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Proof of Blood Flow Only 300 Years Old

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygiene, the Health Magazine.

IN 1628 William Harvey, an Englishman, wrote a book in which for the first time it was proved that the blood actually circulates throughout the human body. The year 1628 was the tercentenary of this discovery.

In his book Harvey proved a fact which many had thought about and written about for at least 1,500 years.

Q.—Do you know of any electrical treatment for deafness that is helpful and safe?

A.—No. Electrical treatments thus far are wholly experimental. Their value has not been certainly established.

previously. He did it in a simple manner; at least, it seems simple to us today. For those who do not understand the way the blood moves about the human system, the proof is a revelation.

In the first place Harvey showed that the pulse beat takes place at the same time as the heart beat. He showed that the heart stopped beating at death, and that the pulse stopped at the same time.

The most significant things that he showed, however, were the facts that when an artery was cut the blood spurting in a direction away from the heart and that when the veins of the arm were blocked, the blood turned up on the side away from the heart.

Of course, this meant that at each beat of the heart blood was forced out into the arteries, that it proceeded through the arteries to various portions of the body, and that it was then returned by the veins toward the heart.

With a remarkably logical mind he then did an experiment of the greatest importance. He measured the amount of blood contained in the heart of an animal. He then killed the animal and found out how much blood there was in the whole body.

Thus, he was able to show that if the heart throws out a certain amount of blood at each beat and that if the amount of blood in the whole body represents approximately a certain amount, that in one-half hour the heart will have forced out all the blood available, and that if it kept on pumping it would have to repump the blood that was returned to it.

As has been stated, this seems relatively simple. Actually at an age which had no knowledge of the structure of the human body, which looked askance on dissection of either human beings or of animals, the discovery came as a great revelation.

A few years later an Italian named Malpighi proved the existence of what are known as capillaries, the very tiny spaces in various portions of the body which represent the terminations of the arteries and the beginnings of the veins, through which the blood makes the final passage from the artery to the vein system.

And that case of Nurmi was harder than that of most who suffer from supremacy. To begin with, Nurmi was a foreigner from one of the old countries and most of the romance lies much farther south.

It isn't easy to get excited about a Finn under any circumstances and the sporting writers insisted upon making the running star even more alien. They disembodied him. Day after day he stalked the sport pages as the "Phantom Finn."

Nor was that the end of the literary persecution. As if being a Finn and a ghost at the same time were not enough, the newspaper writers also made him a machine. This wraith of the races was deprived of both body and soul. He was a combination of the material and the immaterial, retaining the worst features of each.

Laurels Become Pest

IT IS said that the public likes a winner, but obviously its patience in this respect can be exhausted. Not only the quantity but the quality of the phantom's triumphs became monotonous. The stop watch which he carried while he raced always seemed to me a smooth and polished stone aimed at romance.

Here was a sportsman who figured out in advance just how fast he was and so amply demonstrated on many occasions that all succeeding contests might well have consisted of nothing more than a view of Nurmi working on a blackboard with a piece of chalk.

The only possibility of a slip-up, so it seemed, must lie in the chance that this superman might err in his long division. The actual leg work was no more than a sort of checking up process. I would not care to see T. Cobb judging files with the aid of a foot rule, nor watch Babe Ruth examining blueprints before selecting the precise spot for his next home run.

Everything about Nurmi was kalomined with the hard white paint of exact science. Chance had no more place in his life than a germ in a hospital room.

One Touch of Nature

BUT on a certain night, a little before he left us, there came suddenly into the rhythmic stride of Nurmi a skipped beat. He slowed and stopped and put his hand against his side.

And then we knew his as neither God nor devil, but a man. Finn he was, but no phantom for evidently the pain was in his stomach. By indignance he left his ghosthood and became the brother of us all.

And when the explanation of the upset was offered, Nurmi took a stride, and longer than he, ever passed out upon a running track, back into the hearts of the public.

According to the attending physician, his patient was in distress because of the fact that he had taken a hearty meal three hours before competing in the 5,000-meter run.

I am aware that this story was later denied and that Nurmi's manager admitted he had made it up when his star collapsed because he ran too fast. I hope, nevertheless, that it is true. At any rate, I choose to accept it and to take the veil on faith. I want to think Nurmi, and every other superman, as being capable of an occasional spree.

To a dried-fish man veal could easily stand as the wildest sort of delirium. Veal is recommended by none of the dietitians. Everything is against it except that it tastes good. There is no dish I think quite like schnitzel with an egg on top.

Nurmi is normal and not a superman. He showed himself on one occasion, at least, capable of self-indulgence, and that is one of the true tests of character. I was afraid that maybe this Finn was in reality a throw-back to the bad old days of Sparta. Fortunately it isn't so.

Those Spartans really were killed in that past. It was one of the most decisive battles in the history of the world. The small band fought for more than their meager homeland. They were attempting to preserve the cold bath in the morning, eight hours of early sleep, regular exercise, whole wheat bread and the single standard in drinking fluids.

Beat Them Down

THEY were only a handful against a multitude, and the pace was very narrow. And yet in spite of number the multitude did manage to get through the bottleneck and into the softer fields of lush grass.

The Spartans tried to hold back the tide of life and it beat them down. After that battle the whole world knew that there would still be cakes and ale.

Man was not made to live by discipline and dried fish.

—And after that incident of the veal pie I always felt kindly toward Paavo Nurmi, the Phantom Finn. I was glad to learn that he had definitely lifted himself out of the ranks of the ascetics.

Accordingly I wish him many triumphs and a long future. I hope that he may know victory once again, and also, just now and then a little indignation.

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MR. HOOVER IS BACK

TIPPING THEIR HATS

BRAVERY IN SPOTS

MR. HOOVER is back in Washington and for the period of his visit will be the entire entertainment, putting President Coolidge, Senator Borah, Jim Reed and other historic spots completely in the shade.

He will wear much information, doubtless letting most of it go in one ear and out the other, for he should be a connoisseur of apple sauce, having heard it in almost every land under the sun.

He will choose a cabinet of builders, do big things and be his own boss.

We have visualized other Presidents as wearing long coats, but we visualize Hoover in his shirt sleeves.

Those who think we are "going to the dogs" should read Beveridge's Life of Lincoln wherein he pictures the gross immorality of the old frontier, citing the records of pioneer courts to prove it.

Apparently our ancestors were much nearer to "the dogs" than we are, at the present time.

Russia's establishment of the seven-hour day in all public works emphasizes the greatest tragedy of modern life and it is that the overwhelming majority of people all over the world do work they do not like.

The man who really likes his work, finds great pleasure in it than in anything else, and gives it twelve, fifteen, often twenty hours a day.

Before the Civil war the slave-holding planter sat on his pillared portico, sipping his milk, julep and discussing the Constitution, but he couldn't have raised \$100,000 to save his life, yet this amount just has been left to Fisk University of Nashville, by James Dallas Burrus, who was born in slavery.

Chicago's smoke is destroying the bronze statues of heroes in her parks, but this is nothing alongside the destruction of the reputations of our heroes by the denatured authors of American histories.

11. OVERLOOKING OPPORTUNITY TO RUFF

North (Dummy)—
♠ 5 4 3
♥ A K 7 6 5
♦ A 8 4 2

West—
Leads ♠ K

South (De