



The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 W. Maryland Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion County 2 cents—10 cents a week; elsewhere, 3 cents—12 cents a week.

BOYD GURLEY, Editor ROY W. HOWARD, President FRANK G. MORRISON, Business Manager

PHONE—RILEY 5561 TUESDAY, JAN. 29, 1929

Member of United Press, Scripps Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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

The Beast Snarls

Years ago Judge Ben Lindsey wrote a book which he called "The Beast in the Jungle."

It was not about an animal at all. No lion, jaekal, tiger walked through tropical undergrowth.

It was the story of graft and pillage in government, of the boss who ruled with graft, of the special interests that stole pennies from playgrounds and dollars from the dinner pails.

There is a likeness between a beast, savage and rapacious, and graft in government. For graft, in turn takes on the likeness and the form of all the beasts that are loathsome and fearsome.

At election times it turns polecat and starts its squad of whispering women with vile rumors to defeat good candidates and confuse the well-intentioned.

When beaten, it turns its bared teeth to the people and snarls.

The beast in Indiana is snarling now. For it knows itself beaten and driven from hole to hole, seeking a new place from which to dart out to plunder. The polecat finds itself no longer able to loot the chicken coop with the same old security which was once its boast.

Its snarl takes the form of a measure in the legislature to prevent cities from adopting the city manager form of government.

Some member, the same one who tried in vain to keep John Duvall in the mayor's chair for two years and failed because a grand jury discovered evidence of his crime, now proposes to repeal the law which permits cities this measure of home rule.

There is every reason to believe that the utility lobby, those sleek gentlemen with fat bank rolls who fill the hotel lobbies and are intent on defeating every good bit of legislation, will help him in his scheme.

There is more reason to believe that the old machine in the Republican party will take a hand and try to prevent the establishment of this modern system of efficient and more popular government.

The only argument for the denial of city manager government is a desire of the politicians to control the jobs and the taxes of this city for the purpose of loot and plunder and "party" success.

The machine wants the police force, the fat contracts, the power and the privileges that go with authority.

The people of this city, by a vote of five to one, decided that they want city manager government. They know that it has been a success in other cities.

They know that other communities which stagnated under graft rule have blossomed and become prosperous under this new form of government.

The people of this city must defend their rights—and this new government is a very definite right.

They must stand ready to march upon the statehouse if necessary and present their petitions for justice. Those petitions, perhaps, must be made in boots.

There is no mistake as to the crisis which confronts this city and the cause of popular government.

The beast, snarling and driven into the open, is pouncing for its prey and the prey it wants is the right to rule this city as it was ruled under Coffin and Duvall.

The city manager committee should marshal its army of citizens and make it very clear to the politicians that they will stand for no interference with their rights and their expressed wish.

Senate Secrecy

Some years ago the American people got so excited about secret treaties that they fought a war on the slogan "open covenants, openly arrived at." The idea was that the people's business was—the people's business.

But while we have been trying to democratize the methods of world diplomacy, we seem to have overlooked some of our own archaic institutions. For instance, that rule for secret senate sessions for consideration of executive nominations, providing expulsion of any senator disclosing the debate or vote of these star-chamber proceedings.

This un-American rule has only one advantage. It puts a premium on political deals, which need the protection of closed doors.

Whenever attempts have been made in the past to modernize this rule, the reform resolution has been referred to the senate rules committee—sometimes called the senate graveyard.

Fortunately the United Press, through its senate correspondent, Paul R. Mallon, has forced the issue to the front again by publishing the proscribed secret roll call on the confirmation of Secretary of Interior West.

Mallon may be subject to contempt proceedings. But his press colleagues are standing by him. So are many senators, who are humiliated by the secrecy rules imposed upon them. Anyway, Mallon must have obtained his information from a senator, just as other correspondents are accustomed to receiving regular though less complete information on such secret votes from senators.

So the senate can not move against the press without implicating its own members—and that probably would be the end of the rule.

The secrecy rule may be thrown out in any case, as it should be. Senator Jones Republican whip, has introduced a resolution providing that all sessions be

TRACY

SAYS:

"Those Who Walk on Level Ground Can Make Mistakes Without Great Risks; Not So Those Who Walk in High Places."

DENVER, Jan. 29.—The frozen bodies of a Colorado lawyer and his wife were found in their home. Notes left behind, as well as conversations with friends preceding the tragedy suggest that, fearing the loss of her mind, the woman persuaded the husband to kill her and then himself.

Last Saturday a Denver man of 55 shot himself through fear of approaching blindness.

Out in the Puget Sound, there floats an ark, built by a man who has become obsessed with fear of another flood. Fear, especially of perils in the future is still the bane of humanity, still the chief source of crime, war and insanity.

Whether it is a witch murder in Pennsylvania, an Afghan man overthrowing their king to save old-time religious customs, or a cruiser bill in Washington, fear can be found lurking in the back ground.

Penny Pinching

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE fears a deficit. In his final session with the heads of departments he advises them to use the pruning knife. It is hard to escape the impression that President Coolidge was not born with a pruning knife in his mouth.

Not since it came into existence has this republic been treated to such a prolonged appeal for penny pinching.

The gospel has found great applause, but made few converts. We are not only extravagant, but believe in it.

We no longer are wedded to the theory of accumulating wealth by thrift. What we want is more consumption to make more production to make more work to provide more money for still more consumption.

Whippings for Women

THE Governor of Indiana has just placed before the legislature of that state an irate taxpayer's suggestion "to stop babying women and whip them at the post like men."

"Two-thirds of the devilry in this country today," adds the irate taxpayer "is abused by women." Talk of it, which comes out as part of the discussion over a proposed habitual criminal bill which include the whipping post.

Sometimes it seems as though we were turning to the jungle for ideas. What place has a whipping post in this day and generation? Talk of it, especially for women, only postpones the advent of normal, steady-going law enforcement.

It is little less than shocking to find the chief executive of a state passing on such a brutal suggestion.

Fall of the Mighty

CURIOSITY, and little else, makes the former kaiser a good source of news. The rest of us want to know just how it feels to have fallen from such a height.

What is the old man thinking about? Has he repented, or does he consider himself merely to have been purified by divine providence?

If some one had told the former kaiser when he was 50 where he would be at 70, that some one would have been kicked downstairs.

Those who walk on level ground can make mis-steps without great risk. Not so with those who walk in high places.

As Shakespeare says, "'Tis not bad to be the worst and most despised thing of fortune. The worst is to have fallen from the best."

People like to hear from the former kaiser not only because of the big trouble he has taken, but because of his abnormal conceit.

He still thinks himself a man of peace, still thinks the war was forced upon him, still bewails his fate as that of a martyr.

Few mortals have ever shown such monumental inability to see their own weaknesses.

Victims of System

STILL the former kaiser is not feeling wrong in refusing to take full blame for the war.

If not the victim, he was at least the product of a system—a system which is as old as human consciousness, which has taught the people of every race and clime that others were not only a little different, but a little worse, which finds embodiment in 99 per cent of all written history and which is being perpetuated in millions of school rooms throughout the world.

In considering national relations we are up against a system, not a mystery.

What the peace movement needs, if such it may be called, is more frankness based in intelligent thinking, and less of the backstairs scheming and back alley gossip which have played such an important part in the diplomatic game.

Bluffing John Bull

THE cruiser program, about which one hears so much, amounts to little as a naval proposition. What would fifteen 10,000-ton ships mean in another war? What did such ships mean in the last one?

No one with any sense takes the cruiser program seriously from a naval standpoint.

What makes it important, and the thing that was intended to make it important, is its bearing on diplomatic relations.

To put it bluntly, we are using the cruiser program as a club with which to scare John Bull, waving it in his face, giving him a demonstration of what we could do if we would, and what we will do if he won't.



Onset of Sleep One of Life's Riddles

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

INCREASING evidence indicates more and more the importance of a sufficient amount of good rest particularly for the growing child or the nervous adult.

A British publication has recently secured from three leading physicians opinions as to the value of sleep in relationship to life in general.

A special report issued by the public health department of the London county council noted particularly increased restlessness and nervousness among children in many instances due to insufficient sleep.

The actual facts are that we have not as yet a good definition or comprehension of sleep. We know that the lack of it produces serious changes in the nervous system, resulting after brief periods in complete prostration preceded by irritability, hallucinations, delirium and loss of memory.

We know that there is a tendency for sleeping periods to come with a regular rhythm between waking periods. But none of these facts explains the onset of sleep. One view was that during this period the brain had less circulation; another that it had more circulation.

One scientist argued that during the waking state there was an accumulation of the products of fatigue which brought on sleep, and that during sleep these products were eliminated.

Other views have to do with the passage of fluid into brain tissues and with changes in the actions of the glands.

It is safe to say that none of these views has been sustained by sufficient scientific evidence, and that the actual cause of the onset of sleep and the tremendous desire for sleep that occurs have not been established.

The experience of mankind has shown that play periods previous to resting tend to induce normal sleep; physical exercise helps; a glass of hot milk may be useful.

The bedroom should be quiet and cool. The window should be open sufficiently to permit ingress of fresh air. A hot bath before retiring not infrequently aids rest, but in many people results in increasing irritability.

Reason

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD was one of the strongest statesmen the south has produced since the Civil war and the outstanding representative of the new south, so eloquently predicted by the late Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

There was no love lost between Underwood and his colleague, Tom Heflin, which is not surprising, as strained relations exist between the senators from most states, when they belong to the same party.

An Austrian graphologist announces that Lindbergh's signature indicates rare courage and determination, which naturally comes as a tremendous surprise, as you naturally regard one who flies the Atlantic ocean as exceedingly timid.

The finest thing Hoover has done since he returned from South America was to stop to pay his respects to the widow of William Jennings Bryan in Florida.

Two dogs saved the lives of eleven people asleep in a burning building in Boston, yet every no-account will fight if you call him "a dog."

The people of Buenos Aires are superstitious because a shower of leeches fell upon the town, but there was a perfect cloudburst of them in Washington when Hoover was there.

Secretary of Commerce Whiting announces that 1928 was the most prosperous year in our history, but the industrial end of the country got the most of it.

These Oklahoma statesmen who charge that their state has had "petitiot government" because their Governor was dominated by Mrs. Hammonds, his secretary, are hopelessly behind the fashions.

The live stock people are demanding a higher tariff on meats, but liver ought to be put on the free list.

It is reported that Florida is turning from real estate to industry, which is what most of the people who invested in Florida have done.

The former kaiser was pleased greatly because he was able to write his book without his wife's finding it out, but a great many authors have been able to do it without anybody on earth finding it out.



OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD SHOWERS OF LEECHES LIVER ON FREE LIST

THESE Dixie forecasters who assure Mr. Hoover that all the southern states which brought peanuts to the elephant last November will stick, are intoxicated by expectations of patronage, for in 1932 all of them, with the possible exception of Florida, will carry corn to the donkey.

A bill has been introduced in the Nebraska legislature to compel all barbers to have a high school education, but we are prepared for anything since the Ladies' Home Journal has succeeded the Police Gazette.

Common Bridge Errors AND HOW TO CORRECT THEM

BY W. W. WENTWORTH

29. FAILURE TO TRY FOR GAME.

North (Dummy)—
♠ 5 3
♥ 7 5
♦ 6 4 2
♣ A K 10 9 6

South (Declarer)—
♠ A K Q J 9
♥ J 3 2
♦ A 7 5
♣ J 3

The Bidding—South bids one spade. West passes. North bids two clubs. East bids two diamonds. South bids two spades and all pass. The Play—West leads 10 of diamonds and Declarer takes the trick with ace of diamonds. Declarer now draws three rounds of trumps and exhausts opponents of them. Declarer has made four tricks.

He is certain of two more spade tricks and two more club tricks or a total of eight tricks. He may thus make his contract.

If, however, Declarer finesses jack of clubs he will either make game or lose his contract. How should Declarer play?

The Error—Declarer plays conservatively, does not finesse and makes his contract.

The Correct Method—Declarer finesses and makes a small slam if it succeeds.

The Principle—At love score it is always permissible to try for game at risk of losing contract.

(Copyright 1928, Ready Reference Publishing Company)

Daily Thought

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—St. Matthew, 7:14.

RIGHTNESS expresses of actions of lines; there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines.—Herbert Spencer.

How does a Hawaiian guitar differ from an ordinary guitar?

A Hawaiian guitar differs from an ordinary guitar in having steel strings, a slightly different nut, and in being tuned differently. It is possible to turn an ordinary guitar into a Hawaiian guitar. The same finger board is used for both, but the charts are different owing to the different tuning.

This Date in U. S. History

Jan. 29

1621—Wife of Miles Standish died at Plymouth, Mass.

1795—Congress passed law abrogating titles of nobility.

1843—Birthday of President McKinley.

1850—Henry Clay introduced into congress his compromise resolution on slavery.

1861—Kansas admitted as the thirty-sixth state.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROWN

ideas and opinions expressed in this column are those of one of America's most interesting writers and are presented without regard to their agreement with the editorial attitude of this paper. The Editor.

PALEM BEACH, Fla., Jan. 29.—Among the things which are awry with nature is the fact that it is easier to burn than to tan. Oh, yes, I've heard of all the various remedies. They say that olive oil is good, and also the juice of the coconut. But I know that these are tinkling cymbals. At least my nose knows.

A proper tan can be achieved only through suffering mixed with patience and persistence. At the moment I glow like a sunset, but perhaps a better day will dawn.

To be sure, I have avoided one prescription. The Palm Beach set protects itself from the ravages of the sun with an aromatic preparation of great price, called, if my ears do not deceive me, "Qui m'aime." And if French is what it used to be, this means "Who loves me?"

Just why a sunburn cure should be called "Who loves me?" I will never tell you. It has a penetrating fragrance. Perhaps it works. I do not know. I haven't tried.

Not All at Once

THIS particular bather from the north is already sufficiently like a full-blown rose to get along without adding unto himself the perfume of that flower. I should not care to walk along a crowded beach all redolent with any sweet scent called "Who loves me?" That is distinctly my own concern and I don't want to have the matter pressed.

Somebody might bob up with the right answer, which would spoil my outfit. And so, although I am a pitiful peeing object at least I do not suggest a song cure. As yet I've only finished the first two lines of the lyric, which go:

"Qui m'aime? Qui m'aime?"

"The answer is always the same."

At this point I am stuck because they tell me that I cannot rhyme "virgin" with "urging."

Scoring Triumph

BUT though I've flunked the sunburn test, one triumph belongs to me. As yet nobody has managed to get me to go fishing. Seemingly, fishing is something like driving a milk wagon and must be done early in the morning. I don't know why. I thought it was worms instead of fish which led to the early rise.

Nor has anybody increased my enthusiasm for the sport by harping on the size of the monsters to be hooked in Florida waters. Sailfish, so I'm told, run to a couple of hundred pounds or more. That's pretty heavy for a fish. Why, it's even pretty heavy for a cannibal.

And then with glowing eye the sportsman goes on to tell of the manner in which these huge creatures fight. I am informed that often one hour and a quarter is needed to land a sailfish. And what have you got after the struggle is all over? He is not good even for chowder.

Of course, it is possible with great labor and trouble to ship the carcass to a taxidermist where for a mere \$150 the man will paste the big brute on a board for mounting. For dens and cozy nooks and locker rooms and golf courses there is nothing which gives just the right touch except a stuffed sailfish.

Game Fish

ANGLERS hereabouts are addicted to the sailfish and to the amberjack, because they say these tribes are game. Gameness is fine when it is found in the horse or the football team which I have backed to win, but if it belongs to the fish on the other side of the line, it is a nuisance. It is almost the last quality to be described.

The gameness of the sailfish keeps him struggling for freedom through long minutes and beyond the hour, I am told.

But what would I be doing during all that time? An hour is more than one act of a play. Sometimes columns are written in shorter span. Battles have been won within the period and juries have sentenced men to death with shorter deliberation.

Juliet had known Romeo less long than that before she knew she loved him. An hour is an important fragment in the lives of those who expect no more than three score years and ten. And I should spend it wrestling with a fish fit only to adorn the walls of an oyster house? Most certainly not.

My chief fear has been that if I ventured forth to fish I might have the misfortune to hook something and become involved in one of these long squabbles. At the end of ten minutes I feel certain that I would be minded to lean out of the boat and try to effect a compromise. Any fish ready to say "give up" will be loosed upon the instant.

If the sailfish fights for more than an hour that must mean that he is very desirous of going on with life, however imperfect. Even though his heart has been broken now and then he finds that there are fair days and fascinating adventures along the ocean floor. He wants to live and I have no passion sufficiently strong in the matter to set over against his wishes.

I'd rather wish him well and let him take away the hook and the pole, too, if he wants it. Who knows what lies beyond this life for anglers and sailfishes?

At times I have been cruel enough to work ravages among the minnows, but never have I been an avenger among the gamier fishes. I like best the various species somewhat addicted to defeatism.

The pickerel, for instance, is no terrific fighter. He merely loafs and dawdles a bit in the journey up from the lake waters. The joy of life is not turbulent within him. So much the better. I don't want to catch any fish except such as are willing to meet me at least half way in the matter.

(Copyright, 1928, for The Times)