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

A Great Citizen

If men must pass, in the fullness of years, there was something peculiarly fitting that the soul of Lucius Swift should go to its reward as he listened to the noise of celebration of the anniversary of freedom and liberty.

For no one in this city and few in the nation had given greater service to the cause of liberty and freedom and none had shown greater devotion and loyalty to the principles which had their birth in the Declaration of Independence.

His love of country was shown when, as a boy of 16, he disguised his age that he might fight for the flag he loved. When other boys were in school, he was a prisoner of war. That circumstance did not prevent him from becoming an educator and a teacher.

His was the character that triumphs over obstacles and that conquers the insurmountable.

His patriotism and love of country was the compass which directed every activity of life. It was a patriotism born of a belief in human liberty and in human rights. It was a patriotism which was founded on devotion to the fundamental principle of the nation.

In the half century of residence in Indianapolis no one ever questioned or was in doubt as to where Lucius B. Swift would stand on any public question.

The answer was written in advance by his keen insight and a still keener conscience. The people of this city knew that he would stand where right unfurled her banner and where liberty beckoned to her loyal sons.

When the nation was at war he threw himself unstintingly into every activity that could aid in victory—or could reduce the heartbreak and the sorrow that he knew to be inevitably bound with the prosecution of a war. Even as he gave of material resources and his strength to the vigorous efforts of the government, he still remembered the orphan and the widow.

When the nation was at peace, his mind was ever occupied in preserving the spirit as well as the forms of liberty. He hated the secret enemies of freedom, the corruptionists, the spoilers, the privilege seekers as he had hated the uniformed foes of his land.

That love of real liberty sent him into the ranks of those who obtained and established the civil service system in the nation. It made him effective and incessant in his efforts to save the nation for which he had fought as a boy from the decay that he knew could come from corruption if the people lost their visions of liberty in prosperity and materialism.

As a trustee of the gas company, he stood adamant against any suggestion that there might be a legal reason for refusing to carry out the contract with the citizens. He had faith in his fellow men. He had faith in their intelligence and their honesty. He had faith in their ability not only to rule themselves but to conduct their own business.

Without disparagement to any of the men with whom he served, it is not too much to say that the keen mind and keen conscience of Lucius Swift did much to direct the policy of that public venture.

As an author, Lucius Swift made his contribution to the permanent thought on civil service and on the real meanings of liberty. As a citizen he gave daily evidence of his love of liberty, real liberty and not sham freedom.

Well might the flags that today decorate the city be dipped in sorrow to this patriarch of patriots, the man who fought, the man who thought, ever and always for freedom and for right of men to rule themselves.

Great of mind, greater of heart, greatest of soul, his monument will be the forces and influences which he inspired and which will live through ages still to come.

A Fine Chance

What a chance to test the new Jones law, which provides for imprisonment of from five to ten years in the penitentiary for transporting whisky, is presented in the arrest of a federal official.

He may be innocent. But there is the charge by officers at Brazil that the local representative of federal justice was not only driving most injudiciously but that a search of his car disclosed one of those prints that have become famous recently.

If the Jones law is to be made as effective as the proponents of grave punishments for violations of the liquor law believe it will be, certainly the place to make it most effective is among those who are entrusted with its enforcement.

If the law is to have terrors for the individual and these heavy punishments will bring about that era of complete enforcement of prohibition which is the dream of all drys, certainly it should include in the intimidation of the men who are under some special responsibility to obey it.

It may be safely stated that very much of the general distrust of the prohibition law as a measure for temperance has been aroused by the fact that the law makers who made the law, the men who are chosen to enforce it in various capacities, have been too open with their own violations.

If the law can be enforced against the enforcers, at least a start will have been made toward transposing a noble experiment into a nobler realization.

Public Ownership Wins

Of all Pacific coast cities of importance Oakland, Cal., has stood out against public ownership of utilities. Once it went so far as to trade its whole water-front for a little red schoolhouse and a dock. Never has it owned anything of its own—until now.

About eight years ago Oaklanders awoke to face a water famine. The private water company, for years drawing on surface streams and wells, had no suggestion for a remedy but to go to the Sacramento river. Quickly calling in eight other east bay cities, Oakland organized the East Bay Municipal Utilities District. They named ex-Governor George Pardee president, and hired a former reclamation chief engineer, Arthur P. Davis, "father of Boulder dam." They obtained a mountain supply in the Sierras, near where Mark Twain's jumping frog won his laurels. They began the race against a water famine.

An army of 600 men working in three shifts went to work on the Pardee dam and the ninety-two miles of pipe-line through tunnels and over rivers. They voted bonds to purchase the local distribution system—\$72,000,000 for everything.

The other day they turned the first stream of mountain water into their great storage reservoir near Berkeley. They found in that reservoir a supply just great enough to last Oakland and Berkeley two days! They had won the race by a hair. They had saved \$4,000,000 of the original estimate and had cut two years from the time.

Oakland has learned its lesson. It narrowly escaped disaster that would have cost millions. Instead it has a water supply for a city of 2,000,000. It was public, not private initiative, that saved the east bay cities. From now on Oakland will follow along with Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and other coastal cities who learned the same lesson years ago.

Get Rid of Them

To put it bluntly, the safest insurance President Hoover can get against further bad breaks from prohibition fanatics on the government pay roll is to get rid of all of the job-holders who got their jobs through the Anti-Saloon League during the Harding and Coolidge administrations.

So long as there are in official position fanatics who feel that they owe greater allegiance to the Anti-Saloon League than to the federal administration, they will aim to please their backers.

Nobody with any sense expects President Hoover to turn prohibition enforcement over to fanatical wets, of course. But there are sincere drys who have not lost their balance, and who do not believe that prohibition enforcement is the be all and end all of government.

What is more important, there are drys who still believe that the seat of administrative government is at the White House rather than at the Washington headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League or the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals; and that Herbert Hoover and neither Scott McBride nor Clarence True Wilson is President of the United States.

The quicker the President gets rid of fanatical officials the sooner he will get the ship of state on an even keel—and the sooner clerical politicians and propagandists drunk with power will sober up.

Has anybody recommended for the Carnegie medal the Washington woman who recently made the courageous innovation of serving a party without liquor?

Archduke Leopold of Austria plans to open up an "idea shop" in New York. Wonder if it will have a notion counter, too?

The sheriff of Shawnee county, Kansas, rides about in an airplane. That county probably gets its law from above.

Summer attire comparable in lightness, airiness and freedom to women's dress would add years to the lives of men, says a doctor. They should live so long!

Sometimes it takes a lot of hush money to run a still.

David Deltz on Science

Carbon Is Foundation

No. 399

IN studying chemical composition of protoplasm, the substance out of which the cells of all living organisms are constructed, we must begin with carbon.

For carbon seems to be the chemical element which is the foundation stone of the structure of protoplasm.

Pure carbon is found in nature in one very beautiful and ornamental form, namely the diamond.

It is also found in a very inexpensive and ordinary form, namely, graphite.

At first, seems strange that both diamond and graphite should be formed from pure carbon. The difference between the two lies entirely in the arrangement of the atoms.

Social Strutting

NEITHER is history bunk, as one of our great industrial leaders has said.

Though the past may not seem very helpful when compared to the mechanical progress we enjoy, it still shows the immutable traits of human nature, still reveals the working of those social laws which are changeless.

One would suppose we had learned enough to realize the danger of overdoing organization, that instead of putting a premium on merger and consolidation we would avoid them as long as possible.

But no, we prefer to travel the same old road.

Not content with billion-dollar banks, we join them to make two-billion-dollar banks, and not satisfied with a group of 1,000 stores we develop one of 10,000, with time clocks, codfish aristocracy and social strutting as the inevitable result.

In the other type of compound, the six carbon atoms are formed into a chain. This is known technically as the aliphatic galaxy.

Carbohydrates, fats and proteins, the three types of compounds which make up protoplasm, are all derivatives of the aliphatic galaxy.

That is, their molecules are all of the chain variety.

The simplest molecules are those of the carbohydrates. The fats are more complex, while the proteins are the most complex of all.

The sugar known technically as glucose, is the simplest of the carbohydrates.

MOST people who commit sin fit to be derived therefrom, but it has not even this exact detail.

It contains only hydrogen and oxygen, in addition to carbon.

The carbohydrates will be discussed more detail in the next article.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

History Presents No Such Tragic Tale as That of Abused Power Made Possible Through Organization.

WHAT price combination, and if it's too much how are we going to evade the bill?

Members of congress, as well as some other people, are alarmed at the increase of mergers and consolidations.

Half a dozen senators are gathering data for future use.

Making allowance for the part politics plays, the subject still is worth attention.

Problems of Trusts

"IN my opinion," says Senator King of Utah, "the most important question which demands solution at the hands of the American people is that relating to trusts and monopolies."

"Solution" is an optimistic word, but that does not mean that the situation is beyond improvement.

Though new in a business sense, perhaps, this struggle with organization is as old as the hills.

Human history is little more than a record of the development and defeat of organized power.

Drunk With Power

IT all goes back to the her instinct.

Whether in religion, politics, war or amusement, the first impulse is to organize.

At the outset, organization is acceptable because of what it promises common folks. An army seems desirable because it gives them protection; a chain store, because it can sell them goods cheaply; a church because it guarantees them happiness in the hereafter.

Eventually, organization crystallizes, becomes a system, yields to discipline, grows drunk with power and elevates the few at the expense of the many.

Will Soviet Last?

SOVIET Russia is founded on Communism. Class distinctions are supposed to have been obliterated. Heads of departments and heads of the state live like other people.

Who imagines that such a condition will last, that the strutting instinct if nothing else will not create differences?

Even if the Soviet survives, it will go the way of all human machines.

By and by the fire chief, the superintendent of streets and the factory boss will have their automobiles form their little cliques and re-create the same old picture.

Splitting the Pot

IN America, business has become the dominant figure, but that does not alter the attitude or reactions of human nature so far as organization is concerned.

We have a board of directors instead of a soviet, but are traveling the same road.

With system giving birth to authority and authority giving birth to pomp and display.

Thus far we have been able to get a better split of the pot for common people than was possible through some of the older schemes, but we have not played the game through to the end by any means.

Dangerous Road

MECHANICAL power has made it impossible to take advantage of human knowledge without organization. To that extent, we are dealing with something new. But organization still contains the seeds of tyranny and class rule, just as it always has, and still leaves little hope for justice except through the exercise of decent self-control by those in charge.

If we have learned the wisdom of not abusing our privileges, we are safe.

If, on the other hand, our lords of trade are still the victims of appetite and ambition, we are reading a dangerous course.

Keeping Their Heads

THE tendency always has been to overdo organization, to take advantage of the opportunities it offers a few to ride the many.

Whether in church, state or commerce, it has been the same old story of men's inability to keep their heads.

Monarchs would have survived but for tyrant kings, and there would have been no such religious controversies as have occurred but for the ruthlessness of priesthood.

Turn where you will, and history presents no such tragic tale as that of abused power made possible through organization.

Come in Costume

HERE is, to be sure, a notion that we of the United States are a plain and simple people, testing fashions and feathers. This is such an obvious fallacy that it should never be allowed to haunt us. The sartorial requirements for an elk, odd fellow or eagle far transcend the moderate adornment expected of an ambassador at the Court of St. James.

The general, knee breeches and all, would seem a dumb and inconspicuous figure were he to fall into the hands of Knights of Pythias on parade. And in a country when ploughs are almost obligatory on the golf course, it seems a little strange that a full-blooded American patriot

should shy profoundly at the royal styles in knickerbockers.

So little do we actually dislike strange garb that countless occasions are seized upon to present an excuse for costumes. If General Dawes went back to his class reunion he probably would find himself called upon to dress as a convict, a Chinese coolie, or to wear some classmate in a baby carriage.

In Gay Chicago

IT has never been my privilege to come across the general at any Pagan frolic, Beaux Arts ball or Greenwich Village revel, but it must be Chicago, too, knows such affairs and that the general has not been wholly aloof from evenings in which he represented Napoleon just arrived from Elba, or Daniel Boone or Little Boy Blue.

I am not emotionally equipped to make any very strong plea for the practice of clambering clumsily into the uncomfortable gear which comes from the renting office. I'm one with General Dawes in feeling that it is a rather tedious way of seeking release from inhibitions. That it serves splendidly for certain people there is no denying.

Nor do I pretend to be immune from the influence of brave raiment. Once at a Beaux Arts ball I crashed through a gate and carried four attendants with me to the middle of the dance floor. I really had a ticket but the minnows would not accept my pledge that I had lost it. Under such circumstances I would ordinarily make a feeble protest and then sneak home. But on the night in question I represented Casanova and could not conveniently take "No" for an answer.

The Old Monkey Suit

THE case of General Dawes would be much stronger if he had thrown convention wholly to

Those Days Are Gone Forever!

