

The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)
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"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way."

Milton A. McRae

In San Diego, Cal., loving friends this afternoon are paying their last tribute of affection and respect to Colonel Milton A. McRae, co-founder with E. W. Scripps of the Scripps-McRae (now Scripps-Howard) newspapers, who died as the result of an operation early Saturday morning.

In the twenty-five cities in which Scripps-Howard papers are published and in Detroit, his home for many years, hundreds of throats are a bit choked and eyes a bit dimmed in consequence of the passing of one of the kindest and best loved men in American journalism.

Starting in the typical American boy fashion—literally sweeping out a newspaper business office, a score of which he one day was to dominate—Colonel McRae moved steadily to the top of his profession, and twenty-five years ago enjoyed (and the word is used literally) one of the widest acquaintances of any newspaper man in America.

The antithesis of each other, the late E. W. Scripps and Colonel McRae formed a perfect partnership. The former devoted his life to editorial policies formulated in the interests of the masses, but was less democratic in dealing with the individual. Colonel McRae, on the other hand, loved to mingle in terms of personal intimacy with his friends and associates and had a genius for locating and extolling their individual strengths and virtues.

Ever an optimist and a great believer in the asset value of youth in journalism, Colonel McRae was, for twenty-five years following his retirement, the chief friend, counselor and guide of scores of men in the organization he had helped to found.

Tradition frequently assigns us tasks beyond our capacity. Custom has decreed that when one among us has died, those remaining shall weigh his deeds and measure his acts, and proclaim to the world what manner of man he was. Yet there are few of us who can make such appraisal with distinction or precision.

The spirit of the man—what he was, rather than what he did—becomes too big, too intangible, to capture in cold type and imprison on paper. Death crystallizes the deeds, but the spirit escapes. And so we find ourselves vainly trying to explain a man, trying to catch the spirit of him, by a mere recital of the outstanding facts of his life. "Financier," "philanthropist," "publisher," Milton McRae was all those, yet no such commonplace label words can describe the kindness, the real warmth of feeling, the real love he had for his fellow-men.

He was urban, a cultured gentleman, a traveled and well-informed man. Yet none of this describes the personal charm of the man, his stimulating personality, which was a spark that set fire to the imagination of scores whom he delighted to call "his boys." Milton McRae directly did much to make American journalism better and cleaner for his having been an important factor in it. His indirect contribution through the inspiration he furnished and the courage he inspired in "his boys" has, and in the years to come will prove even greater.

Another Flop on Russia

This seems to be the season of sensational fops on the Russian situation. S. Stanwood Menken, not so many months back, was warning us that the Muscovites were all but ready to move the Kremlin to Capitol Hill, Washington. Then he went to Russia and repeated the experience of I. V. Lee. He came back as warm an advocate of recognition as Mr. Lee.

One great argument against our recognizing Russia—and the one chiefly relied upon by very moral people—has been the allegation that Soviet Russia has the morals of a guinea pig. Communism in women is held to be as common as communism in bread.

Divorces are given away as freely as we distribute marriage licenses in the United States. Any Russian any time can throw his wife out of the front door and let his neighbor's wife in at the back door. Russian youth is dragged out with sexual excesses until they scarcely have the energy to sing Communist songs or cross themselves before the statue of Lenin. Recognize Russia—as well recognize Sodom and Gomorrah!

But now, lo and behold, Dr. Robert Barrett, president of the Florence Crittenden mission, has returned to the United States from a visit to Russia and proclaims Moscow a more moral city than our own New York under the very robes of Cardinal Hayes.

Indeed, he went so far as to say that Leningrad and Moscow are more moral than any other cities of their size in the world. Commercialized vice, he said, is almost unknown in Russian cities. Dr. Barrett is a deeply religious man, with very lofty and conventional notions of sex morals. It can not be said that he thought Russia was moral because he has no morals himself.

The skeptical will allege that the good doctor was kidded by the Bolsheviks until he thought that Soviet Russia had a law on divorce which matches that of South Carolina, where only death can separate a mismatched pair. But this hardly can be true.

Dr. Barrett tells of one case where he saw a divorce obtained fifteen minutes after the marriage ceremony had been performed. Dr. Barrett actually contends that easy divorce apparently lessens vice and immorality in Sovietland.

Ralph Easley now will get out an eight-page warning sheet. Russian gold appears to be corrupting even worthy men of God. If Mr. Easley can not stem the tide, it may not be long before he, Fred Marvin, Harry Jung, Matthew Wolf and Hamilton Fish will be the only Americans who have not capitulated to the golden lure of Amtorg.

Another Tariff Reminder

Measures which materially would curtail trade of the United States with her best foreign customers are being discussed at the British Imperial conference in London. Proposed by Prime Minister Bennett of Canada, they have been supported by Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Ireland, South Africa and even rebellious India.

Bennett suggested that all British nations add 10 per cent to existing or future tariffs on imports from non-British nations. This would mean that Canadian wheat and other products would get into Great Britain cheaper than American, and that British manufacturers would have the advantage in Canada over ours.

The British cabinet, according to reports, will reject the Canadian proposal. Nevertheless, the mother country finds herself confronted with what amounts to a united demand from her colonies that she abandon her traditional policy of virtual free trade.

The cabinet will advance its proposal for the bulk purchase of goods abroad by government boards. It seems likely that out of the discussion will come some system resembling that proposed by Bennett, although it may accomplish the same ends by different means.

Thus, America's foreign trade, already hard hit, is confronted with another danger, largely as the result of the passage of our own extortionate tariff. Stimulation of empire trade long has been discussed, it is true, but various proposals failed to win popular support. When our tariff bill was drawn up, however, empire discussion gained new momentum.

The unanimity with which the dominions supported Bennett is evidence of the feeling stirred by our law. Premier Forbes of New Zealand announced that his country already had taken steps to divert trade to Great Britain from the United States, Canada recently raised her rates in retaliation against us.

The only way this country can revive and keep its foreign trade is to revise its tariff schedules downward to sane levels. Foreign nations have given abundant proof that they will not—in fact, can not—take our goods when we put up virtual embargoes against theirs.

The Billboard Eyesore

The automobile touring season of 1930 is just about over; and if you asked the average tourist for his chief impression of the scenery along his vacation drive the chances are that he would mention the great national eczema of advertising signs along the highways.

Looking back over a summer spent largely on the highways, one recalls these signboards in a dizzy, ever-multiplying panorama. They make the approach to our cities hideous and they mar one's enjoyment of quiet country roads; they intrude upon pleasant vistas of inland lakes, they dot the white-fringed seashore and they plant themselves at the feet of lofty, snow-tipped mountains; and the long-suffering American continues to endure them without a protest.

A recent issue of the Roadside Bulletin, a little magazine published by the American National Association, contains a series of pictures of roadside advertising signs, and the series is enough to make the reader doubt the collective sanity of the American public.

With a magnificent continent criss-crossed by excellent roads, and with the entire population on wheels ready to go out and enjoy these roads, we permit commercial interests to mar the scenery, desecrate the open country and inflict monotonous ugliness on us from one seacoast to the other.

A number of states have tried to remedy matters by law; but the law, in this case, is rather ineffective. You can prohibit the erection of signs on the highway itself, and you can keep them from being placed in the vicinity of railroad grade crossings—but that is about all.

You can not keep a needy farmer from renting a vacant lot to some over-zealous advertiser. You can not keep a man from smearing an ugly sign across the side of his barn. You can not keep the owner of some dilapidated eyesore of an abandoned grain elevator or rundown factory from plastering it with screaming posters.

Why do we put up with it, anyway? Is there something radically wrong with our esthetic sense, that we permit these signboards to litter our countryside in such profusion? No country on earth offers its motorists such a lovely variety to choose from; and no country permits its tours to be spoiled as we permit the billboard, the hogstand and the filling station to spoil ours.

The remedy, of course, lies not in law, but in an aroused public opinion.

REASON BY FREDERICK LANDIS

IT disturbs one's equilibrium to hear the vice-president of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, Russia's official trading company in this country, say that the Amtorg has been sending to Moscow the secrets of our coast defenses.

But, come to think of it, this is not an unpardonable international sin, but a very conventional procedure, every nation doing spy work in every other nation all the time.

Uncle Sam is not entirely ignorant of what's going on in the matter of the national defense of foreign nations.

However, one fails to see why Russia should go to the trouble to have a spy system in America since our officials at Washington broadcast all our secrets.

All Russia or any other foreign power has to do in order to keep tabs on us is to read the published revelations of our guardians.

PROHIBITION DIRECTOR WOODCOCK states that United States authorities can not do anything to anybody that makes wine and beer in his own home for home consumption. If this is so, there is no reason to repeal the eighteenth amendment, for if a fellow doesn't care enough for it to make it, that ought to end it.

It is amusing to hear the League of Nations abuse Russia and Turkey, who don't belong to the league, charging them with responsibility for the dope traffic, for it's only a few years since this country attended the Geneva conference, called to handle the dope matter, and offered a drastic plan to control it, whereupon leading league nations walked all over us because our plan went too far.

EXPERTS of the Iowa State college estimate that a hen must lay three eggs a week to pay her board. There are a lot of "chickens" in the United States that don't measure up to this figure.

The new Evansville bridge to Kentucky will have five main piers, sunk eighty feet below the surface, but this isn't as deep as Indiana's part of the cost of the bridge will be sunk. Kentucky gets her back, but we don't. Great statesmanship!

SCIENCE BY DAVID DIETZ

Vienna Professor Clears Intricate Mazes of Modern Physical Theory in His Book.

How fast modern scientific theory is moving can be glimpsed from the case of an excellent book written by Dr. Arthur Haas, professor of physics at the University of Vienna.

The German edition, published in 1929, contained five lectures which Dr. Haas had delivered.

The first English edition was brought out in 1923. For it, Dr. Haas had to write an additional lecture to keep his book abreast of the time.

In addition he had to revise and extend the chapter on relativity because of the work which Einstein did between 1920 and 1923. Minor additions also were necessary throughout the book to bring it up to date.

The third English edition just has been published. This necessitated still more changes and additions, the rewriting of the chapter on chemical elements, considerable new material on the electron theory and the quantum theory and the addition of an entirely new lecture on the subject of the "new mechanics."

This third English edition, under the title of "The New Physics" is available to American readers. (E. P. Dutton & Co. has published it at \$2.15.)

Intricate Maze

"THE NEW PHYSICS" is an excellent book. It is particularly recommended to all laymen who have been attempting to follow the intricate mazes of modern physical theory.

It is not recommended to readers who as yet have no acquaintance with such theory. Those readers will do well to start with some of the simpler and older books, for example, Russell's "ABC of the Atom," or Bragg's "Concerning the Nature of Things."

The reader who has a fair knowledge of the meaning of such terms as electron, atom, ether wave and so on—and the body of readers is extremely large today—will find the book fascinating.

In particular, the book will appeal to the high school or college student engaged in elementary chemical or physical work, who is anxious to anticipate his work in the more advanced fields of modern theory.

Professor Haas does not make easy reading. He treats his subjects with the rigor and attention to detail which one has learned to expect from the professor of a leading university. Footnotes are frequent, sometimes as many as four on a page.

But he keeps his discussion always on the level of the intelligent layman. There are no mathematical equations.

Great Advances

DR. HAAS' style can be glimpsed from the first chapter of the book. He writes:

"In consequence of the magnificent advances made in theoretical physics since the beginning of the twentieth century, our views on natural phenomena have undergone a complete transformation."

"The foundations of natural science have been revolutionized. Deep-rooted conceptions have been shown to be untenable judgments and have been condemned. The oldest ideas of natural philosophy have changed their meaning."

"Previously unsuspected relationships have been laid open to physical research. Our conception of nature has been extended beautifully and at the same time simplified and unified."

"This most recent development of physics, so revolutionary and yet so successful, was aided by two theories which originated in the latter half of the nineteenth century, each of which represented a great advance in the endeavor to obtain uniformity in physics."

"The first of these theories, due to Maxwell, identified the phenomena of light with those of electricity."

"The other theory explained the phenomena of heat by assuming a continuous motion of the smallest particles composing bodies, and thus the science of heat became a branch of mechanics."

TODAY IS THE ANNIVERSARY

THE WHITE HOUSE

ON Oct. 13, 1792, the corner stone of the White House, official residence of the President of the United States, in Washington, was laid.

The mansion first was occupied by President and Mrs. Adams in 1800. The first mistress was put on record the amount of discomfort she experienced during the single winter of her stay in Washington.

Congress had appropriated \$25,000 for furnishing the White House, but Mrs. Adams, nevertheless, had lots to complain about. No system of bells was provided; there was neither fire wood nor persons to cut it in the surrounding forest, and as the fireplaces were without grates, it was impossible to use coal.

Notwithstanding all this, Mrs. Adams wrote: "It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it."

The building was burned by the British in 1814 and rebuilt in 1818. In 1903 the pressure of executive offices in the grounds connected with the main building. The building today is a two-story white freestone edifice. It contains the private apartments of the President on the second floor and the reception rooms on the first floor.

Among the latter are the famous east room, used for public receptions, and the blue room, used for diplomatic and social functions.

Daily Thought

Whoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.—St. John 8:34.

Death from sin no power can separate.—Milton.

'Aint There No End to This?'



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Rest Vital to Bee Sting Victim

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

WHEN a rattlesnake stings a human being, certain definite changes take place in the body. The poison of the rattlesnake has the power to break down the blood, as a result of which purple spots will appear on the skin. The poison affects the nervous system, and, if sufficient in amount, can produce death.

In many ways the reaction following the injection of a very small quantity of the poison of the rattlesnake is the same as that which follows the sting of a honey bee.

To determine any relationship which might exist between the two types of poison, Doctors H. E. Essex, J. Mackowitz and P. C. Mann carried out a series of studies with quantities of the venom of the honey bee.

The venom was obtained from the bees by anesthetizing them with

chloroform and then puncturing the venom sack. This poison then was injected into various animals with a view to finding its effects upon the body.

Following injection of the poison, the blood pressure fell immediately. After ten minutes the blood pressure began to rise again and in the course of an hour practically would regain its original amount.

The injection of a very small amount of the poison of the honey bee into the skin of a human being is followed by immediate swelling with the development of a wheal and a surrounding area of redness.

When the venom from eighty honey bees was injected into a rabbit, it caused the heart to be affected noticeably and at the end of fifteen minutes the rabbit's heart beats were too feeble to lift the recording lever.

The effect of the poison of the honey bee on the blood of a dog appears to be identical with that of the

poison of a rattlesnake. It breaks down the red blood cells and causes considerable destruction of the blood.

No doubt the immediate lowering effect upon the blood pressure is due to extensive loss of blood. The poison of the honey bee is a dangerous poison to blood vessels and it acts as a marked stimulant of smooth muscle, such as that of the heart and lining of the intestines. It causes the uterus to contract, as well as bronchial tubes.

Obviously the poison of a honey bee is a dangerous substance, and when injected into the body in large amounts, such as follows multiple bee stings, becomes a menace to life itself.

The person who has suffered multiple bee stings, therefore, should be put promptly to rest; the action of his heart and of his kidneys should be watched carefully.

If his blood pressure falls rapidly, he will require support for the blood pressure to sustain it.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

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

I'm a Canadian teacher who has been teaching the young idea to shoot for two years—the same idea," writes Miss X. "The profession has its good and its bad points, but one gets tired of reports and examination papers and conduct marks, and the one who is not begging for sympathy, but on bended knee I ask you: Does that indicate that I've chosen the wrong vocation? Did you ever wish that you had never become acquainted with the fine points of writing?"

Were you ever disgusted with your chosen calling? Did you ever regret the fact that you had not selected bootlegging or millinery as your life work? Did you ever have a strong urge for some other work that you were possibly not adapted to?"

Hold on, just a minute, Miss Canadian Teacher. That makes a lot of questions we have before the house by now.

I'll have to go back to the beginning to get a start. Let me see now. First of all, you want to know whether getting tired of your job means that you're in the wrong profession.

Dull Days

I DON'T think I ever met anybody who liked his job every minute of every working day. I know I've heard people say that before we had factories and mass production—back in the Middle Ages—all the skilled

artisans went about their tasks kicking up their heels and singing. But, of course, all the artisans of the Middle Ages are dead now, and we have none of them around to prove it.

And there's a popular belief that all painters and sculptors are constantly and divinely happy. That may be. To an outsider those seem like fascinating professions.

But maybe at the end of a long, hard day of painting old Dutch ladies, Rembrandt threw his brushes down on the floor of the studio and said, "Why did I ever get into this racket?"

Miss Canadian School Teacher asks did I ever have a strange urge for some other work—work for which I'm not fitted. She also wants to know if I ever regretted having learned the fine points of writing.

Well, it would hardly be reasonable for me to regret that. I never did learn them.

But I have had vague longings to be something other than a newspaper man. I sometimes think I'd rather be a painter.

Painting seems to be more fun than writing. But it isn't a fair test. I'm only an amateur painter. I've never lived by it. I couldn't unless I had a tin cup and pencils as a side line.

I did sell a painting of mine to a man once for \$5, but I had to ask him to dinner at my house and entertain him first. The ginger ale alone ran to \$3.45. There was no profit in that.

It was a picture of an angry ocean to be an apple orchard. Lots of my pictures don't wind up where they started. In case of doubt, I always let the ocean in.

Times Readers Voice Views

Editor Times—At a recent meeting in secret session of the Republican county central committee, one of the speakers is reported to have said:

"How are we going to fool the farmers again? We fooled them in 1920 and in 1924 and in 1928, by promising them each time that we were intending to do something for them. We promised them relief each time, and assured them that we were the sole friends of the farmers and knew how to relieve them and that our friends, the Democrats, did not know how."

"And now look what we have went and done! Every twenty minutes since Harding's inauguration, some farmer somewhere in the United States, has committed suicide. The papers usually say it was caused by ill-health, but we know that caused the ill-health. Sleepless worry over the quadrupling of their debts by the reduction of the value of their products. Our last three Presidents have each vetoed a farm relief bill advocated by a majority of the farmers. What can we say now?"

"There's only one thing to say: 'The Democrats declared the war a failure and Lincoln freed the Negro. That's reason enough for the farmers to vote the Republican ticket. By cramming the idea constantly into their minds, we can make them forget our record on farm relief and the dire consequences that have followed.'"

—ROBERT ROE, Covington, Ind.

Sort of Tapping

THE trouble with writing is that the actual mechanical work connected with it is no particular fun.

You can't get much satisfaction out of hitting the right key on the typewriter. That is, if you do hit the right key.

But I am glad to be a newspaper man. That's the most enjoyable sort of writing. I've written for magazines sometimes, and even in the cases where they accepted the article it was all of three or four months before it got published.

That made me feel as though I were writing for posterity. By the time the piece came out I'd received my check—and spent it, of course—and I wasn't interested in the article any more.

It's getting the pat on the back immediately which makes jobs interesting. That's one of the reasons why everybody wants to be an actor.

He says: "Though all the world believes that you are guilty of this fiendish murder, Hildegarde, I know that you are innocent." And even before he stops the audience begins to applaud.

They Tell Me

I'M not speaking out of experience exactly in talking about acting, though it's true that the only jobs I've ever done professionally are writing and acting.

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

I don't even think the other actors regarded me as a regular professional actor. I was on the same bill with Rin Tin Tin, the motion picture police dog. He didn't treat me like an actor.

Every time I met him in the alley on my way to the stage door, he growled at me. But perhaps he didn't like any actors. Maybe it just was professional jealousy.

I should think, Miss Canadian School Teacher, that in the long run there ought to be certain very exciting things in your job.

After all, the painter is trying to make something out of paint, and the sculptor has only granite or marble or clay to work with.

A teacher has a chance to make something out of people—young people. That's a pretty gorgeous gamble. Particularly if you catch them young enough.

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Questions and Answers

How many wage earners are employed in the manufacturing industries in the United States, and how many in the iron and steel industries?

There are 8,349,755 wage earners employed in all manufacturing industries in the United States, not including officers and executives. There are 389,270 persons employed in the iron and steel industries.

Has the United States any helium wells?

The bureau of mines has four helium wells near Amarillo, Tex.

Do the federal reserve banks invest in stocks and securities? Do they have a seat on the New York Stock Exchange?

They can invest only in bankers' bills and government securities. They have no seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

How much gasoline was used in the United States in 1928? The total amount was 12,231,186,044 gallons.

Did Gene Tunney ever attend college? No.

How many department stores are operated by the J. C. Penney Company? The company operates 1,431 department stores in forty-eight states.

What became of the hull of the battleship Maine that was sunk in Havana harbor? It was raised from the harbor in 1912 and towed out to sea, off the Cuban coast, where it was sunk again, with formal ceremonies.

How old is Douglas Fairbanks? He is 47 years old.

How many times did Jim Corbett fight Jim Jeffries, and what were the results? They fought twice; the first time at Coney Island, May 11, 1900, resulting in a draw.

Is Fred Landis related to Judge K. M. Landis? Fred Landis and Judge Keneas Landis are brothers.

How many lepers are there in the leper colony at Carrville, La.? About 278.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

Just Another Revolution, We Say of the Brazilian Civil War, but It Strikes Near Home for Us.

THE world may be growing small, but it hardly seems that way when one tries to figure out what is going on in China or Brazil, especially the latter.

Considering our cock-sureness of what Latin America needs most, as is illustrated vividly by the Monroe doctrine, and considering the fact that Brazil is by all odds the largest Latin American country, we ought to know more than we do about its geography, history and politics.

Possibly it is in line with our boasted sense of humor that Brazil can not make the front page without staging a whale of a row, but what about our sense in other respects?

Here is our greatest neighbor at war, and we are caught completely by surprise. Had no idea that anything of the sort was likely to occur, and, now that it has occurred, can't imagine what it is all about.

We Feel Superior