

The Indianapolis Times

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

Finish the Job

If there were reason, and there were many good ones, for Republicans who respect the traditions of their party and demand decency in public office to drive Coffinism from the public schools and the city hall, there are twice as imperative and compelling motives for finishing the job by driving it from the county courthouse and the state legislature.

Coffinism first made its appearance as Stephensonism. It is a system, not a personality. It is a viewpoint of government which is opposed to public affairs.

Coffinism cares nothing for party principles, but demands loot.

Coffinism is founded upon the theory that the stub pencil and the complacent election official form a majority at election.

Coffinism believes in padding pay rolls with useless political workers and denying funds to the indigent, the needy, and the aged. The monstrous condition at the poor farm, where old men whose only offense is their poverty are tortured by privation as they wait for death, is the logical result of Coffinism in power.

Coffinism betrays the people to the privileged interests and sells their birthright for private or political gain. In every instance in which the people of this city or of this state are being pillaged by utility buccaneers the privilege of looting the people has been delivered by Coffinism.

Coffinism ever stands in the path of progress. It was Coffinism which overthrew the will of the people of Indianapolis in their desire for the city manager form of government. Is it too much to say that Coffinism asked and obtained the weird decision of the supreme court by which the people were denied the form of government for which they had voted six to one?

Coffinism depends for its power upon control of a party label. It depends upon the loyalty of men and women to traditions and ancient principles. The real principles of Coffinism are those of the racketeer.

Coffinism is more than local, it exists in Lake county, incubator of perpetual election frauds in importation of manufactured citizens.

The people of Indianapolis, and especially the Republican men and women who have a real respect for the good name of their party, have made three valiant and winning fights against this evil.

The first was the magnificent uprising in demand for the city manager form of government. Denied that, the people drove Coffinism from the public schools and banished it from the city hall.

There remains the last fight, to drive this system and this viewpoint from the courthouse. That accomplished, there can be competition in decency between the two political parties.

Should Coffinism win, decent Republicans must continue to blush in shame and apology for the low estate to which has fallen the party of Lincoln, of Roosevelt and of Hoover.

Snooping in Our Schools

The time has come for city school officials to inform Indianapolis parents whether tattling has become an approved part of the curriculum and whether teachers are making an organized effort to develop a generation of super-snoopers.

On several occasions recently, parents have complained to The Times that a petty spy system apparently had been instituted in grade classes, children being encouraged to tell of the misdeeds, imaginary or otherwise, of their mates.

Now comes a teacher at Shortridge high school who quizzes his pupils on the contents of their parents' basements, with special stress on any beer or wine that may be cached therein.

It is time to call a halt to the rising tide of snooping, tattling, and spiteful talebearing in our schools. It must emphatically be not the business of any teacher or his father of any pupil may or may not have in his basement.

If any teachers wish to be dry agents, their proper course is to resign from the teaching service and become full-fledged spies for Uncle Sam, instead of remaining in the classroom, trying to drill their pupils into an army of peeping toms and squawkers.

Teachers are paid to maintain discipline, as well as to impart knowledge and to teach their young charges how to be good citizens. It is no part of their duty to build up an organization among their pupils akin to a police force or a toy Pinkerton agency, to aid in enforcing discipline.

Mrs. Walter Ferguson, one of the most gifted editorial writers in the country, probably best expresses the views of most parents, when she declares that she rather would have a pirate in the family than a talebearer.

When the parents of today went to school, tattling was the unpardonable sin. The talebearer, to use the parlance of the street, usually received a justified bust in the nose from his victim or the latter's playmates, a paddling from the teacher, and another from the parental hand when he reached home. But that was before the days of prohibition by "divine guidance."

The father who has beer in his cellar may or may not be the proper guardian for a child. Many of them unquestionably are not. But it may be said also that many others who do have brew in their basements are as good fathers as you could find in a day's search, endeavoring to rear their children to be honest, decent, God-fearing citizens.

In any event, the teacher shall not be the judge. That is a matter for the law to determine, if occasion arises.

From any angle, snooping and talebearing as an approved practice in public schools is deplorable. No child can have any more valuable attribute than sturdy self-respect and snooping certainly is not

conducive to this. If teachers can not be made to realize this, they are not fit for their profession.

Let Superintendent Stetson and his staff of principals give a little thought and a little of their time for an investigation. The schools will be better for a clearing breeze, even if the situation is not as bad as many honest parents view it.

Suave Enforcement

A Texas judge has discovered what, apparently, the prohibition bureau found out some months back. "A man should not remain in the prohibition service more than five years." Constant association with "underworld characters" and the methods he must employ to outwit them weaken the "moral fiber" of a prohibition agent.

This spoke Federal Judge J. C. Hutcheson Jr. of the southern district of Texas, one of the outstanding members of the federal judiciary, a man, by the way, whose record for handling liquor cases could be pointed to with pride, even by the Anti-Saloon League. The prohibition bureau apparently realized that the unique crowd of sleuths, informers, policemen and gun-toters it had been hiring to enforce the liquor laws were doing as much harm as good.

So it instituted a school for dry agents, to teach better enforcement methods—and manners. The service, it appears, wants to transform its men into suave, gentlemanly cops. It seeks higher and higher standards. And that, in its way, is commendable.

But five years hence it will be interesting to determine the result of this new sub-experiment with the noble experiment.

Will polish and urbanity succeed where harsher methods fail?

Will this type of dry agent be any more successful in enforcing a law already proved unenforceable; a law that, ten years ago, said "Thou shalt not do today what yesterday was perfectly proper?"

What will five years' fight with bootleggers, liquor racketeers and gangsters do to the moral fiber of today's upright agents?

Another question will serve as answer:

Did you ever hear any one say that a man who helps enforce, say, the murder law, should quit after five years because association with slayers weakened his moral fiber?

How They're Made

We commend for the study of the Fish committee, investigating Red activities, a paragraph from the speech of conservative Mayor James E. Curley of Boston, before the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. He said:

"The world of America is beginning to wake up and the whole world is waking up. We are awakening to the spectacle of 600 Communists in Cleveland attempting to storm the train of the President of the United States."

Why? Because they find it difficult to understand why the richest nation in the world, with more money in control of the federal treasury and the trust companies and the banks and financial institutions of the land than any other nation, is unable to solve an economic problem that would guarantee work for the able-bodied, willing workers of America."

This newspaper holds no brief for Communists. But it assumes the Fish committee wants to find out how they are made. Mayor Curley's view should be helpful.

The Lions Do Their Share

Members of the Indianapolis Lions Club, pledging themselves to spend \$100 in a specified week to improve business and banish gloom and depression, are to be commended for their effort.

The problem of unemployment and business stagnation goes far too deep for even such praiseworthy movements to solve completely, but "every little bit helps."

In a club as large as the Lions, it undoubtedly will be a sacrifice for many of the members to carry out the pledge. But they are going at their undertaking with such whole-hearted zeal that they should be an inspiration to others who probably far better could afford it, but have hung back, waiting a more propitious time for spending.

Unemployment, we learn, has increased the habit of reading. And reading, in turn, undoubtedly has increased volume production.

Ever since oil was discovered on an Oklahoma golf links, John D. is reported to be watching his game a little more closely.

Those air mail pilots asking for a salary increase can certainly be convincing when they complain of the high cost of living.

REASON BY FREDERICK LANDIS

SPeAKING into a microphone is a good deal like fishing in a bath tub—the success of it depends entirely on your imagination.

If you are able to see faces where there are none and hear applause that never existed, then you will be the berries; otherwise, not.

You must be able to buffalo yourself into the ecstasy felt by the speaker before the crowd which takes the roof off in its enthusiasm.

You must carry your own climate with you into the frigid solitude; you must take along the gulf stream, a few potted plants and a cluster of canaries and create your own summer time.

If you can do this, if you can turn an empty room into a packed pavilion and a stiff-necked microphone into several thousand shouting people, then you are elected and your thoughts will flow gently as sorghum.

But if you are not capable of self-buffaloization, you never will be an evergreen of the ether; you will be an iron man, offering mineral wool to far-flung customers who desire velvet utterance.

If you must "work" at it, you are a total loss, but if you can be natural, then you are wearing the golden slippers.

That is, if you have anything to say.

A lot of people have microphone fright, just as many fine actors have stage fright.

BUT to get back to the radio—The announcer leads you into the studio and pointing, says: "There are more than two million people in this room!"

After the first impact of this utterance, you look around and regard the statement as slightly exaggerated because you see nobody but the announcer. He means that two million people, scattered over the map, are on the line.

He makes the announcement, then nods to you and you are it.

You start in a strained voice which you never heard before and you start to look under the piano to see who is butting in.

Then you "get easy" after a little while and it's a thrill to the end.

You resolve to be gay, light-hearted, and nonchalant next time, but maybe you won't.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

In Spite of All Our Crook-Proof Systems, Some of the Boys Keep Right on Putting It Over.

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE

(O.) is a pretty town. You'd like it, especially at this time of year, when its streets are aflame with autumn leaves. Also you'd know that the people who live there like it by the way they keep their houses painted and their yards in order.

We were tempted to stop long enough to pass the time of day, if nothing more, but Columbus was only forty miles behind, while Cincinnati was thirty ahead, with a couple of detours in between.

So we compromised by jogging slowly through the business district, noting the spiffiness of the parked cars, the neatness of the shop, and the atmosphere of complacent self-sufficiency which pervaded everything.

What we really sought was a bank, a bank with sealed doors and, perhaps, shuttered windows, a bank that went out of existence five months ago, a bank that had given Washington Court House lots of advertising when the brother of its president became attorney-general of the United States, and that promises to do more in the same line, now that its president has gone bankrupt and been indicted on fifty-eight counts.

But either that bank was on some other street, had been disguised by a new tenant, or we missed it.

Just as well. Such a bank does not belong in such a town, yet who can efface the memories it conjures up, or the chronic weakness for which it stands?

Small Town Tragedies

EIGHT or nine years ago, Harry M. Daugherty was a tower of strength in the political affairs of this country, not only as a member of President Harding's cabinet, but as one of the President's closest friends. Brother Mal shone in his reflected glory, and as any other town would have done under the circumstances, Washington Court House claimed a little of the spotlight for itself.

Then came the crashes and scandals, one after another, in quick succession; not so bad as they have been painted in certain racy books, perhaps, but bad enough, and to spare—the still unexplained tragedy of Jess Smith, the exposure and downfall of Forbes, the upheaval over Teapot Dome, only to mention high spots.

The "Great Cabal," as some have called it, originated in small town politics, and in a small town catastrophe.

The Crooks

BUT Washington Court House must not feel it has any mortgage on the vagaries of human nature as represented by Mal Daugherty and the Ohio State bank, because Cincinnati is revealing in the same kind of stew, though with no Washington connection to give it flavor.

Eight-column heads tell how two prominent citizens are on trial, while another has been indicted as a result of bank smashes which occurred when a party named Shafter took them on for a ride to the tune of \$2,000,000.

You just can't seem to beat the game with adding machines and statistics.

In spite of all the laws we have passed and crook-proof systems we have installed, some of the boys go right on putting it over.

The crooks are permanently, of course, but many of them do a surprising amount of damage before they get caught.

We Find a 'Better' Way

OUR grandfathers had an idea that character was the safest bet, and that more could be accomplished by training children to be honest than by trying to make them honest, without training.

We think we have found a better way. Our estimation, personal responsibility, especially as it involves personal punishment, is only some more mid-Victorian tommyrot.

Our conception of personal responsibility is something that can be manufactured, peddled at so much a pound and warranted not to rip, tear, ravel or run down the heel through efficiency system and mass regulation.

If a child is naughty, we punish the whole class, on the theory that the class will make him behave properly. If we discover a careless driver, we hang up another rule for all drivers.

It's an intriguing scheme, chiefly because it enables those in responsible positions to pass the buck.

Off on Wrong Foot

LET us be up to date in our ideas, by all means, but, also, let us not get so enthusiastic over that phase of it as to close our minds to the significance of results.

There are not only too many bank failures in this country, but there would be more were it not for insurance and the excellent work of private detectives. So, too, there are too many crimes of every kind by comparison with the record of other countries.

England, France and Germany continue the noble experiment of trying to impress their children with a sense of personal responsibility, even to the extent of a switch now and then. They are finding it possible to tear down some of their prisons, while we face the task of building bigger, if not better ones.

Times Readers Voice Views

Editor Times—Attached is clipping from your paper showing a large number of typographical errors. I think it would tend to increase your circulation as well as make the paper much more interesting for the reader if mistakes as appearing in this column would not appear.

You will note there are nine misspelled words in this column, besides one whole line of jumbled letters and figures that mean nothing.

Why don't you publish this? I do think at least an apology is due.

A READER.

There Are Two Sides to Every Question—

- BUT THE TRICK IS TO KEEP ON BOTH SIDES!



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Liver Helps in Anemia Control

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygienic Health Magazine.

THERE is another condition in which the destruction of the blood is fairly constant and its formation apparently deficient. It comes on usually after middle age and apparently is associated with any demonstrable infection of the teeth, or the tonsils, or any similar disturbance.

Among the early symptoms are disturbances of digestion, apparently associated with a lack of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. There is weakness and breathlessness; there may be a loss of appetite and severe headaches.

Obviously, one of the chief factors in the diagnosis of the condition is the study of the blood under the microscope. When the cells are counted it is found that the red blood cells are reduced greatly in number, whereas the red coloring matter of the blood apparently is increased.

There are many strange-shaped

cells, indicating the attempt of the body to form a sufficient number of cells to overcome the conditions.

Fortunately, in recent years studies have been made which are useful for control of this condition, which formerly was almost invariably fatal. If the blood has degenerated so greatly as to bring about a serious condition, it is desirable to give one or several blood transfusions to bring him to satisfactory state.

It is, of course, necessary to provide rest until the red cells have increased above 4,000,000.

The step of major importance, however, is the taking of liver and of extracts of the liver, or of the stomach wall, which now have been shown to be exceedingly valuable in controlling this disease.

In addition to giving from one-fourth to one-half pound of cooked calf or beef liver daily, or of lamb kidneys, the patient also takes a considerable amount of iron-containing vegetables and fruits.

The general diet for such a pa-

tient includes about a quarter pound of beef or mutton, a half pound of vegetables, from one-fourth to one-half pound of fruit, a small amount of fat in the form of butter and cream, and egg if desired, and at least a pint of milk.

The patient should have from 2,500 to 3,000 calories. The necessary amount may be secured by giving dried bread, potatoes and cereals.

When a diet rich in liver is taken many blood cells begin to form promptly, and it has been discovered that the blood contains a definite measure of new blood formation.

Hence examinations of the blood may be made from four days to one week apart and by this method the physician is enabled to know whether the treatment is having the proper effect.

There seems to be no doubt that the treatment of this form of anemia under modern methods is life saving in the majority of cases and certainly brings about a prolongation of life in every case.

Ideals 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.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

A T last I find myself under a direct and considerable debt of gratitude to General John J. Pershing.

In the past I have not been what might be called a Pershing booster, and during the war I did not care for him at all.

It is quite true that he had many obligations and duties at the time and the fact of my coolness easily may have escaped his attention.

But once, at a review, he spoke to me sharply. It was on account of my fur overcoat, and in this instance it must be admitted that Pershing had provocation.

The coat was not according to military regulations. Indeed, it wasn't even regulation so far as fur is concerned. Just what member of the animal kingdom the garment was supposed to represent never became quite clear.

I bought it one bitter afternoon in a little shop in Neuchâtel. The proprietor did not know any English, and I was handicapped because my French does not go far when it comes to fur-bearing animals. I know "la chat" and "le cheval," but it would hardly have been kind or tactful to mention them.

The French for raccoon or sable I don't know, and neither would have been relevant in the discussion of the deal.

Process of Barter

BY a simple process of barter the coat became mine, to have and to hold. Examined in a stronger light, the skins seemed curious. Here was no handiwork of nature, but the synthetic product of some ingenious artisan possessed of a hair mattress and a liberal supply of nuclage.

It did not seem a coat calculated to stand up well in wet weather. Nor did it. When it rained in the Vosges my fur coat drooped and gave other signs of protest even to such as were not in visual range. To some extent the costumes of correspondents were prescribed by army regulation. Each one of us was compelled or permitted, if you please, to wear a Sam Browne belt, like any officer.

But our buttons bore no insignia, and on the left arm we were identified by a green brassard bearing the letter C.

Full many a time we dashed over the roads of France in government limousines as fine as those assigned to generals.

In fact, from a distance we looked like generals, and I've seen a whole row of doughboys talking about a French village snap to attention as we came roaring down the street in a high-powered motor.

It is true that they unsnapped again as soon as we were close enough for them to observe the tell-tale C. The salute would distinguish a salute into a profane exclamation.

"It's only some more of those war correspondents."

Merely a Guest

I HAD no desire to be mistaken for a general by either friend or foe. My earliest military embarrassment came before our own troops were in the line, and I was temporarily a guest at the British front.

I then wore a hand-me-down uniform procured at the Galleries Lafayette in Paris—a uniform which, I must admit, did credit neither to me nor the store. Nor to the allied cause, for that matter.

And yet I sufficed to fool a simpering British soldier whom I met during my first morning ramble around the town of Amiens. The man's right hand did two complete loops before it came to rest at his forehead.

So elaborate and punctilious was the salute that I felt decidedly embarrassed. Some acknowledgment must be made of a gesture of such magnificence, but a salute from me would be both inadequate and deceptive. After all, I was not an officer, but only a reporter.

I had to think fast, for the British soldier stood frozen fast while I tried to make up my mind. I did nothing at all with my right hand, but merely remarked cheerily: "Good morning. It's a nice day. And then I passed by. The British soldier seemed surprised. Evidently "good morning" isn't regulation, either.

Noncombatant

MY status as a nonmilitary unit with the army was pretty well established by the fur coat, known by this time to the other newspaper men as Fido.

The winds and the rain and the dust of France had done Fido small good by the time I first wore the garment in the presence of General Pershing at a review of the Rainbow division. So heavy was the caked deposit of French soil upon the coat that I need only have laid it flat to start a Tom Thum golf course.

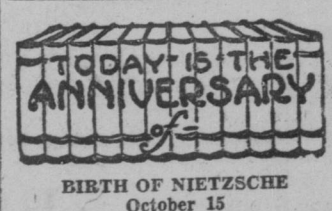
Officers in trim array were chatting with their chief when we bowed down upon them. When I say "we" I mean myself and Fido.

General Pershing took one horrified look and then advanced five pages to meet me. "Mr. Brown," he said with great severity through clinched teeth, "you must have come over some very heavy roads this morning."

I have every reason to believe that it was intended as a rebuke to a coat and a correspondent who were both doing the best they could.

But the rancor of that day has disappeared, for the radio station called up recently to say: "You've got a night off this evening. Gen. Pershing is speaking at a dinner of the Fidas and his address will go through your period. You needn't come."

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ON Oct. 15, 1844, Friedrich Nietzsche, one of the most daring thinkers of the nineteenth century, and held by many responsible for the war spirit of Germany, was born near Leipzig, Germany.

Educated at the universities of Bonn and Leipzig, Nietzsche at 25 became professor of philosophy at Basel, but resigned ten years later because of an eye affliction.

In the ensuing ten years he wrote the daring philosophical essays on which his fame rests. They intentionally offend the Christian reader by their violent denunciation of Christianity, culminating in blasphemy.

An apostle of the superman and a foe of the weak and inferior among mankind, Nietzsche hotly opposed democracy and Socialism, for the reason they insisted upon equality of rights and privileges for strong and weak.

Nietzsche asserted that only through the morality of the strong can men, that is, the few, the masters, rise to higher stages and attain the state of "superman."

SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

Whether Ether Exists Is a Baffling Problem for the Scientific World.

MUSIC comes out of the loud-speaker of your radio set. The performer may be in a broadcasting station a thousand miles away. How does the miracle take place?

Strange as it may seem, the scientist would have answered the question with more assurance ten years ago than he feels justified in showing today.

"Radio waves travel from the broadcasting station to your radio set over the ether of space," would have been the answer ten years ago. But today, many scientists are not certain that the ether exists. Consequently, it is a much more difficult task to explain the transmission of radio waves.

The ether is what the scientists call a hypothetical medium. Radio waves travel from one place to another. So do light waves. Light comes 93,000,000 miles from the sun to the earth. Light comes 25,000,000,000 miles from the nearest star to the earth. How does it do it?

The existence of the ether was hypothesized to provide a medium of transmission for the waves of light.

Conflicting Ideas

A THEORY about light which preceded the wave theory of light held that light consisted of minute particles or corpuscles. Such a theory does not require the existence of an ether.

The corpuscular theory