



The Indianapolis Times

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BOYD GURLEY, Editor ROY W. HOWARD, President FRANK G. MORRISON, Business Manager
PHONE—Riley 5551 THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1930.
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"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way."

"Republican, as Usual"

Every appeal of Republican speakers over the radio or in public meetings ends with the plea to vote "Republican, as usual."

There are many Republicans whom such appeal ought to cause at least to pause long enough to see how they have been tricked of their votes in the past by the same appeal to loyalty to a name after the substance has gone.

It is a far cry from the party of the immortal Lincoln, or of Roosevelt, or any of the other great Presidents, to the party control of Indiana, which depends upon the traditions left by these men to put into office men who care nothing for the principles or the ideals they advocated.

It now is well exposed that the name of the party was stolen by D. C. Stephenson, through the creature of his manufacture, Ed Jackson, through an appeal to race and religious hate. The victory came not through the votes of those who really followed this notorious character, but through the votes of Republicans who obeyed that suggestion to vote "Republican, as usual," although the candidates were not representative of the party or its fine traditions, but of hate and chicanery and frauds.

That was the birth, also, of Coffinism in this county, which now is understood so well and for which the people have paid so heavily. It is understood here, because the independent citizens and the thoughtful Republicans joined in driving these vicious forces from the public school and the city hall and this year will drive it from the courthouse.

Every victory of this vicious system has come from the unthinking voter who casts his ballot by habit and not with judgment as to the best interests of himself or the state.

This year there is every reason to examine your ballot carefully and to discard partisan traditions. Impoverished farmers, overburdened with taxes; the small home owner with mounting taxes, the merchant who sees disaster, the industrial worker who is hard pressed, must know that some share of his trouble comes from the misgovernment and the high cost of machine control.

The state administration, admitting carelessness, has been worse than careless. It has squandered the people's money while the clouds of darkness hovered. It has, and this is especially true of the office of Secretary Fifield, been political and inefficient and wasteful.

This is not a usual year. The real Republican, who has reverence for the fine traditions of his party, will think twice before delivering his vote to a continuation of a machine which pays small tribute to his intelligence when it asks him to vote "as usual."

Political Judges

Just the mere chance that a constitutional convention would take the judiciary of this state out of partisan politics is worth your vote in favor of this measure next Tuesday.

Where voting machines are used, the question is placed on the very top row. To vote in favor of the measure, pull first the party lever, then turn down the first lever of the two in the top row, above the row listing the offices.

Where ballots are used separate ballots will be furnished. To vote in favor, put cross for the "Yes" line.

If any argument were needed of the necessity of taking judges out of politics, or proof needed that the judges are partisan and forced to obey the demands of party organizations, and especially the present Republican organization, it is furnished by the sickening episode of putting Judge Lockyer of the appellate court on the radio.

He is not a candidate. He was announced as a pleader for the re-election of his associates on the appellate bench and Republican candidates for the supreme court.

The praise he gave to some of his associates was deserved. That especially is true of Judge Remy and Judge Enloe. His statement on quick decisions will not be denied by any conversant with the facts.

But he did not stop there. In his closing appeal he said, "Vote the entire Republican ticket."

This blanket endorsement of the evils of the Fifield administration, with its unsavory record, his plea for Coffinism in Marion county, shows the degradation to which the state organization has dragged the courts of the state and the humiliation to which it puts its judges if they campaign reluctantly, or the kind of judges party politics furnishes if they campaign willingly.

Of course a party organization that injects religion into politics could not be expected to have respect for courts or for the bench.

Vote for the constitutional convention as a first step toward dry-cleaning the judicial ermine of the state.

Jack and Jill

By the accident of birth, Boris is a Bulgarian and a king, and Giovanna an Italian and a princess. By marriage she is now a queen.

By nature Boris is a man and Giovanna woman. So far as God had anything to do with it, there is no difference fundamentally between Boris and any other man, or Giovanna and any other woman.

The notion that the blood of kings and their kin is different from the blood of the poorest of their subjects is an unscientific fiction. There is more substance to Mother Goose's melodies than to the fairy tale that kings rule by divine right.

But for the accident of birth, the wedding of King Boris and Princess Giovanna would have attracted no more attention than that of any other Bulgarian Jack and Italian Jill. We have no titles of nobility in the United States, but human nature here is much the same as it is in Europe, Asia and Africa, so we

publish pictures of bride and bridegroom if they belong to the social register and pay not attention to the poorer Jacks and Jills.

When we visit London we stand on the sidewalk to see King George and Queen Mary ride along the Mall, but we also visit the zoo to see lions, tigers and monkeys. Anything different is interesting—that is, different from us.

It is possible, however, that the reason monkeys in a cage are so interesting is that they are not so different after all. Maybe it's a hangover of ancestor worship.

When it comes to human beings, we are all Jacks and Jills. We like to see Boris Jack and Giovanna Jill go up the hill happily, hand in hand, and if in the course of human events Jack falls down and breaks his crown and Jill comes tumbling after, all of us will hope that they will live happily ever after, even if they have to reign under a Bulgarian dictator, just as Giovanna's dad does.

Legal Lawlessness

In organizing the National Commission on Law Observance and Law Enforcement, President Hoover specified that it should study, in addition to prohibition and other subjects, the highly important matter of "lawlessness by governmental law enforcing officers."

This subject was rated with prohibition as the most vital before the commission, by members such as Judge McCormick, Judge Kenyon and Chairman Wickersham. Kenyon was named head of a special committee to make this investigation.

But for many months there has been little or nothing heard about this study. And there has been, of course, no response to the request of the Scripps-Howard editorial conference that the commission study and report on the Mooney-Billings case.

Surely it is not possible for Kenyon's committee to report on lawlessness of law officials without including the Mooney-Billings case, one of the most flagrant instances of disregard for law on the part of enforcing officers ever recorded in any civilized country.

There has been no indication that the commission has studied events in Massachusetts court rooms which led up to the execution three years ago of Sacco and Vanzetti, in the face of a great protest that the men had been victims of persecution.

There has been no assurance that the commission will concern itself with the fate of the six men who have been in Walla Walla penitentiary ever since the bloody ending of the American Legion parade in Centralia in 1919.

In all three of these cases, responsible persons and groups have charged that law was disregarded to obtain the conviction of men against whom public opinion was inflamed.

A commission of President Wilson's reported years ago that Mooney and Billings had been "framed" by officers of the prosecution and convicted on testimony known to be perjured. For fourteen years this case has challenged all our national ideals of justice and respect for lawful procedure.

Sacco and Vanzetti are dead, but the belief of many thousands of people that they were not justly convicted will not die, and until it is removed, or its causes corrected, respect for law must suffer.

The Centralia case has been reviewed newly by the federal council of churches, which concluded that the six "I. W. W." are paying the penalty for their part in a tragedy the guilt for which is by no means theirs alone." Its report criticized numerous features of the legal procedure by which the men were convicted.

The President's commission can not fulfill the purpose for which it was created if it fails to give these three cases careful consideration.

John Gregg, inventor of the shorthand system, just has married. His wife should find him adequately equipped to take dictation.

Now that ice is to be introduced in colors, the big question is how are they going to employ the warmer tones?

"Bugs" Moran, racketeer, arrested in Chicago, said that he is a business man. For him, of course, business is always "tough."

REASON BY FREDERICK LANDIS

THE time long since has gone when people drove in from the country on election night and joined their city brethren in listening for the election returns. Now they stay at home and get it all over the radio.

And to listen to the returns this coming election night will be some treat, for there may be more surprises packed away in the old ballot box than it has known for years.

It's going to be a great evening and we are all set to enjoy it.

Almost anything may occur in Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio, due to the fact that prohibition will be the controlling issue in those states and if one be a strict partisan with a weak heart he should have his smelling salts handy.

IT'S the most exciting election since 1916, for almost all of them since that neck and neck race between Wilson and Hughes have been too one-sided to be interesting.

Since 1916 it has been a foregone conclusion for weeks in advance.

A lot of presidential timber may be made by this election and some of it may retire voluntarily if opposition to the administration should result in the selection of a Democratic house of representatives at Washington.

We are not in the confidence of the President, but we have a feeling that he might throw the fat into the fire and tell the others to scramble for the presidency.

It is easy to understand how Mr. Hoover might wish to be rid of it all in the event of an adverse vote throughout the country, for all his life he has been a free-handed executive; he has been accustomed to do big things in a big way, to give orders and have them carried out without question.

To such a man, the limitations and compromises of politics are odious.

ON top of this, Mr. Hoover has had the buck passed to him by events; he is getting the load that has been cooked up by this long inflation and one naturally gets tired of being blamed for tricks played by uncontrollable world conditions.

Undoubtedly he would have more joy if he were developing a mine in some far off land.

What any man wants with the presidency a second time is beyond your humble servant's understanding, for it is a mountain of details.

He must shake hands with the whole human race and listen to its desires and be blamed for its disappointments.

He must appoint an army of office holders; he must be the shock absorber for 124,000,000 people. One term of it would seem to be enough.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

Fear of Gang Vengeance Is Robbing Law Enforcement of Its Effectiveness.

WHETHER he intended anything of the kind, Banker Yocum of Galva, Ill., has written a real sermon for us on racketeering and the law.

You remember how it came about; how the old home town jumped to the conclusion that he had been kidnapped and wanted to organize for his rescue; how his wife declared that she rather would handle the case alone, after receiving two special delivery letters; how it was reported that she had been asked to hand over \$50,000; and how Yocum was picked up by a motorist on Wednesday as he was walking along a country road after being released.

Well, he won't talk, either; won't say who his abductors were, where he was confined, or how much his wife had to pay. Perhaps you wouldn't under similar circumstances.

Gangs in Saddle

THE situation thus disclosed includes more than running off with a wealthy citizen and collecting money from his scared family now and then. It includes the witness who is afraid to tell what he knows, the politician who knuckles under for the sake of gangster votes, the judge who succumbs to fixers rather than take chances with organized thuggery, the prosecutor who alibis himself by proclaiming that it is a good thing to let bandits kill each other off.

The murders that never are solved, the squealers put on the spot without so much as a by-your-leave, the demonstrated ability of the criminal breed to get things done, as contrasted with the law's inability, represent a new and awe-inspiring factor in American life.

In many respects, this country is up against a combination of crime, timidity, and official crookedness such as it never knew before, and with which it thus far has shown poor capacity to cope.

Rules by Fear

IN principle this combination presents little that is new. The past fairly reeks with gang rule of one description or another, even when confined to our own brief history. There was piracy as typified by the Teaches and Lafites; there was cat-rustling and train robbing, not to mention the innumerable outlaws and outlaw bands that have contributed so much to make the record colorful.

But in no instance was there anything like the organization we have today—an organization which can take up \$1,000,000, if necessary, or bump off its enemies seven at a time.

People everywhere are afraid of it—afraid to tell what they know, much less to defy it—and that, more than any other single force, is robbing law enforcement of its effectiveness.

Widens Racket Path

MRS. SLOCUM had more confidence in what she could do by herself than in the law, while her husband, though safe at home, refuses to talk. What is worse, nine of every ten people believe they are right.

If they are, where do we go from here?

If \$50,000 or even \$5,000 can be made by the simple act of juring a man into an act of crime, and his wife a couple of notes, won't more of the boys construe it as an excellent way in which to solve the unemployment problem?

And there is an even shadier suggestion in the performance. If a man is to be a rule, if a man can pose as being kidnapped on his own say so, and get his wife or relatives to dig up more or less cash, what is to prevent him staging a little racket all by himself?

Prohibition Not All

PEOPLE are mistaken in supposing that they make things easier or safer for themselves when they pay unlawful tribute without complaint.

This republic of ours was founded through revolt against that very thing, and you get right down to brass tacks, there is no difference between tribute to a gang and tribute to a king.

Any power that interferes with the orderly administration of justice, that puts comfort and safety on a cash basis, especially if the cash is collected by force, threatens both the government and society.

The idea of holding prohibition solely responsible for the rise of racketeering furnishes a good excuse, but no remedy.

Obviously, we are in a situation which calls for something more than the repeal of a single law, or even a constitutional amendment. One can admit the stupendous part rum-running has played in providing opportunity for the criminal class, and still fail to account for the complicity with which graft, corruption, and even murder are winked at on every hand.

Questions and Answers

Does rock soften through the years?

Not in the ordinary sense. Rock is of varying consistency, according to its composition, and some are harder than others. All rock will disintegrate over a long period of years, by erosion and the action of rain, hail, snow and particularly freezing, which in winter splits them by repeated expansion of water in crevices.

When a man enters the military academy at West Point or the naval academy at Annapolis, does he have to stay for a stated number of years, or may he resign at any time?

Upon admission to either West Point or Annapolis, the entrant must sign an agreement to serve for a period of years (eight years at West Point and "during the pleasure" of the President of the United States" in the navy), unless some other arrangement is made.

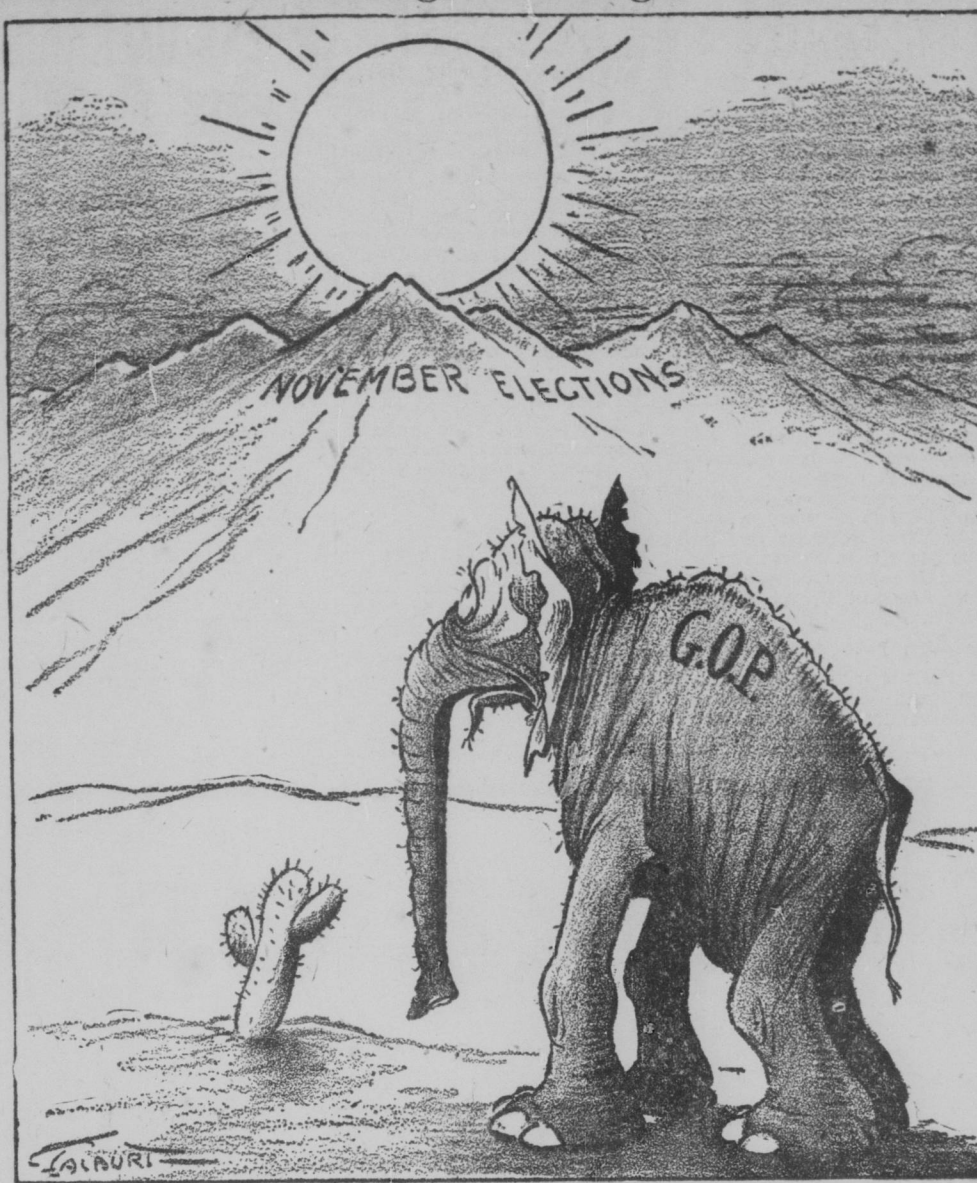
What was the total output of raw sugar in continental United States in 1928?

It was 1,201,000 short tons.

What is the seating capacity of the Roxy theater, in New York?

5,920.

Rising or Setting?



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Science Can Control Blood Making

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

FROM time immemorial," the Harvardian lecturer, Dr. Lovell Gulland, said, "it has been recognized that blood is essential to life, but ever since man began to think there was more in it than a mere nutrient fluid."

The story of the gradual changes of opinion of mankind concerning the nature of the blood is one of the most fascinating histories in science. It involves all sorts of confused ideas, attempts at magic, and extraordinary theories, destroyed only by the development of the microscope and our modern knowledge of the blood.

It is interesting to realize that some of the formed elements in the blood were discovered only within the last 100 years, and that actual knowledge of these formed elements has been available only for the last fifty years.

For instance, the man who first described pernicious anemia in 1822 apparently never looked at the blood, but concerned himself only with the gross symptoms.

First record of a microscopic examination of the blood in disease apparently was dated about 1845, when an Englishman named Hughes Bennett, and the great German, Virchow, simultaneously described the appearance of the blood in the condition called leukemia, a disease in which the manufacture of the white blood cells runs wild.

Actually most of our modern knowledge of the blood depends on the fact that the great Ehrlich, who first discovered salvarsan, began to develop stains which are applied to specimens of the blood in the condition called leukemia, a disease in which the manufacture of the white blood cells runs wild.

Manufacture of blood goes on constantly in the human body. In some diseases, such as pernicious anemia, the destruction goes on rapidly.

By the giving of liver, the manufacturing rate may be speeded up to such extent that it is possible to make a number of red blood cells far beyond the usual requirements.

If the blood becomes too thick with blood cells, more work is required on the part of the heart to push the blood around the body.

The blood must be sent to every part of the body to maintain its health and nutrition.

The white blood cells are increased in times of infection and greatly lowered in certain diseases. Thus the number may vary from 200 cells for each cubic millimeter of blood to 2,000,000 cells for each cubic millimeter.

The white cells are concerned with defense of the body against germs, against the poisons developed by germs, or by chemicals, and against any foreign material.

Today the study of blood has become one of the most technical of medical specialties, and actual knowledge of the state of the blood may mean the difference between life and death in many cases.

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 or disagreement with the editorial attitude of this paper.—The Editor.

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IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

PLEASE pardon me if I print today a column which is reminiscent of activities which will not be mentioned here, the columnar brain is hitting on fewer cylinders than usual at the moment. In fact, half a cylinder would come close to par.

At least I have the excuse of a letter which does remind me of a story that I wrote in the column. "I'm always reading advertisements in magazines," says Miss L. T. G., "about how to have your memory trained. Isn't there any course I could take in forgetting?"

"When he went away, they said that after awhile I'd forget. But I haven't. There was three years ago, and I still remember everything distinctly. Isn't there anything I can do?"

Great Healer

AS far as we know, there isn't any salve, or paste, or ointment. They call time the great healer, but he certainly isn't the fastest of practitioners.

There's only this I can say: I don't think we always give time every co-operation. Nobody can forget just by making a resolution and saying, "I will forget." But I've known myself and others to hang on to memories that hurt.

It even can be that the illusion of time will make a love or a friendship seem a great deal more important than it really was.

I've a story about a princess who was like that. Not a real princess. She merely lived once upon a time. Her name was the Princess Fair-A-Day, and she fell in love with Prince Robin of the Ruby Islands.

He went away to war. And the scene was something like an act in the middle of a rose garden under the moonlight and sang marching songs of his army to her.

And then, from way on down the river, the song came back. His men were being killed far across to the mainland. He went away and two days later he was killed.

Five years after the death of Prince Robin of the Ruby Islands, the Princess Fair-A-Day married King William. The prince minister said she must. William wasn't quite as tall as Robin, and he was a little bit stouter. But as kings go, he was really very attractive. He and the princess got along very well. But he never had sung a tenor solo in a rose garden under the moonlight. He hadn't been killed in the war. He wasn't the man she loved. She kept saying that to herself a good deal. I think she even hinted as much to William. And though roses, distressed her and brought back tragic memories, she had them planted in the garden under her window.

Prince Robin had been dead a little more than seven years when a certain Christmas came around. King William brought the princess a present.

Royal Gift

THE king said, "The court magician has made this for you. He calls it a whirling ring. You see it isn't like Aladdin's lamp. When

you rub this ring a genie comes, but he's only a little genie. There are plenty of wishes too mighty for him to carry out. You must only ask for little things—a new red dress or a bottle of perfume or something like that. Whims, you see. It's a whirling ring and a very small genie."

The princess was skeptical, but the ring worked. She did get herself gowns and even necklaces. The genie was about three feet tall and very respectful and anxious to please the lady who wore the whirling ring.

Spring came along—late spring—and the princess was sitting alone in her room in the palace. The roses were early this year. Down the street there was a cafe, and the orchestra was playing the marching song of the Ruby Islanders.

People were dancing to it, but the Princess Fair-A-Day was weeping. She was remembering the whirling ring and there was a pop like a flashlight photograph and the little genie stood in front of her.

Generally he didn't talk much. He'd just say, "Your slave awaits your commands." But this time he noticed that the princess was crying and he asked, "Is there nothing I can do?"

"There is something I want," she said. "I know it's impossible, but you've insisted."

Whims

"Your whim is my command," said the little man. That made the princess frown. "It isn't a whim. This is a mighty wish. My heart bleeds for this."

The genie rapped his forehead on the floor three times. Very

apologetically. "All I can do is whims," he said.

I suppose the princess was a little overwrought by now, because she didn't pay any attention. She just went on talking. "I want you to bring to this room—now—a man who has been dead for seven years."

"I want him to stand before me as he stood in a rose garden a long time ago. I want him to come here singing his song. I want him in the flesh and body that he wore."

"What man? What man?" asked the little genie, very anxiously.

"Prince Robin of the Ruby Islands," she said, and a very happy smile spread over the face of the little genie.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, indeed," he said. "I can do that. I am the slave of your whims."

Just a whim? said the genie. He said it very firmly for a person only three feet tall. "Then," said the princess, in a curiously strained voice, half sorrow, half release, "then let the dead prince sleep. Bring me roses to wear to the ball. No, bring me orchids."

Daily Thought

The fool foldeth his hands together and eateth his own flesh. Ecclesiastes 4:5.

Ever since Adam, fools have been in the majority.—Casimir Delavigne.

Looking Ahead

DR. RUSK says that it is impossible to guess what the twentieth century may hold.

"In the last few years the study of light has revealed more about the nature of things to the scientist than has any other story," he continues.

"In art a similar emphasis has been put on light and color, and in forgetting about exact imitations these impressionists and luminists often have disclosed more about the eternal significance of things than any other predecessors.

"Today the theories of relativity and quanta are profoundly influencing scientific and philosophic thought, and we confidently may expect art to be the counterpart of science to reflect the spirit of these movements, but let us not expect art to answer in the same language and with the same tongue.

"The average artist would hear with surprise or perhaps with alarm that the light is being inflected particularly by that at once terrifying and intriguing branch of mathematics known as the four-dimensional geometry of Lobachevski and Riemann.

"Nevertheless, it is true, for this four-dimensional geometry of the which quanta has broken down the last stronghold of the absolutists, who conceived that the standards by which we judge the true and the false are absolute rather than relative.

"The relativists have won. True and false are relative terms and the standards of judgment of art must be relative, flexible and progressive; not absolute, rigid or static.

SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

Art and Science, Often in Conflict, Have Much in Common.

EINSTEIN'S theory of relativity and new theories of the nature of matter, such as the quantum theory and wave mechanics soon will exercise a marked influence upon the world of art.