

# The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)  
Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 West Maryland Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion County, 2 cents a copy; elsewhere, 3 cents—delivered by carrier, 12 cents a week.

BOYD GURLEY, Editor ROY W. HOWARD, President FRANK G. MORRISON, Business Manager  
PHONE—Riley 5051 TUESDAY, FEB. 10, 1932  
Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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

## From Lincoln to Limbo

More than ordinary gall will be needed by the leaders of the Republican party in this state to read, two days hence, the immortal address of Lincoln.

So far has this leadership led its organization away from the ideals of the man who believed in a government of, by and for the people, that it now proposes to set aside the right of even representative government.

One of the duties of the present legislature is to provide a new geography for congressional elections. The state will have one less member two years hence. The change is necessary if the intent of the founders of this government that the people should choose members of congress from small districts and thus keep the government close at all times to the people is to be preserved.

Now, under the advice of party leaders, the Republican caucus of legislative members declare against any law, no matter what provisions it makes.

In essence, the declaration is against our present form of government. In practice, it means that the government is to be removed from the people and made so remote as to be unreal.

Here, in the final analysis, is the same sort of anarchistic thinking that produced a Jackson and a Robinson under the regime of Stephensism and Coddism. Here is tangible evidence that the leadership of that party has not changed in its attitude, even though state and federal prisons have made necessary some changes in personnel.

The birthday of Lincoln would be a mighty fine time for voters of the Republican party to journey back to Lincoln and away from the limbo of forgotten ideals.

## Annoying Children

Why do children annoy their parents? Dr. Mandel Sherman, director of the child research center, says there are 2,124 ways in which children annoy their parents, and that the greatest number of annoyances were caused by disobedience.

Some are annoyed because their children are too slow, some because they are too quick or alert, some because their children were not neat. Other parents were annoyed by too much primping.

All that, however, can be laid to disobedience. That is, children annoy their parents because they don't accept their parents as infallible. Many parents have what might be called the God complex. Having much power over the lives of their children, many parents measure the intelligence of their children by their own.

But for biological and other reasons, ignorant parents don't understand some children are smarter than their parents and can't accept parental wisdom as infallible. This leads to rebellion—and rebellion often is rational.

The easiest way for a parent to "make children mind" is to spank them, whip them and even beat them. Unless there is an appeal to the child's reason, whipping is worse than useless. Some children grow up without ever forgiving ignorant parents for punishing them for intelligent disobedience.

Many boys are sent to reform schools because they are smarter than their parents, their school teachers and railroad detectives who want to get rid of boys who play around railroad cars. The dumb bled never are sent to reform schools; they obey orders.

Boys who are smart always annoy parents, teachers and others who can't handle them because they haven't brains enough. Idiots are easy to handle and seldom annoy anybody.

Whipping children to make their mind is ignorant brutality. The rising tide of intelligence is taking away from teachers the right to punish children who are more intelligent than their teachers—the children who annoy both ignorant parents and ignorant teachers.

If children don't like their home and don't like their school, it is safe to assume that there is something the matter with both parents and teachers. But it generally is assumed that there is something the matter with the children—and in many cases that is an ignorant assumption.

One hope of this country may be found in children who annoy both their parents and their school teachers. There is little hope in morons who are obedient to physical force.

That's the trouble with Hoover—he wants to make everybody mind.

## George Otis Smith

Whether President Hoover wins or loses in the court proceedings over his power commission chairman, George Otis Smith, he is certain to win a temporary victory, at least, on the wider issue involved, the existence of which he is pleased to deny.

So far as enforcement of the federal water power act is concerned—and we still believe this is the only factor of importance in the whole matter—President Hoover has the upper hand.

If Smith is removed from the commission, he will not be removed for months, perhaps for a year. In the meantime, he can exercise all the functions of chairman, and his acts will be binding, in spite of his reputation by the senate.

If he is removed from office by the courts, it still will be Hoover's privilege to name his successor. And if the President picks a man whose views on power and enforcement are similar to those of Smith—or Hoover's first choice for the place, Edgar Jadwin—there is little the senate can do about it, provided the man's past record does not clearly reveal circumstances unfitting him for office.

If Smith should be ousted during the recess of congress, Hoover would be able to make a recess appointment and turn over administration of the power act to his new choice for a time, at least.

But even if the trump cards are all in the hands of the President, the senate is correct in demanding that Smith be removed from office.

In the first place, the senate is clearly in the right in this matter, and that alone is reason for fighting. It has taken the only way open to it to register the people's edict at the polls last November—an edict in behalf of public regulation of power companies.

When Smith took the lead in dismissing from office the two members of the power commission staff who had performed the obvious duty of enforcing the

water power act, he disclosed his point of view more clearly than he could have done in any other way. His attempt to label the proceedings against him a recall will not cloud this fact. Neither will Hoover's denials that there is any power issue involved here.

In the second place, the senate's determined stand has done something to educate the four other members of the commission about the water power act, of which they frankly knew nothing when they came to Washington.

If Smith stays in office, he will stay with the senate's reputation always standing against him. If he goes, we can hope, at least, that Hoover, aware of aroused public opinion, will not make a third inept selection for this chairmanship.

## In 2,250 Years.

Persons of long memory may recall the higher tariff law passed last summer, which was pledged to "revive prosperity within thirty days." One of the chief reasons it has not revived prosperity, but has increased depression—as this newspaper warned it would—is its destruction of our foreign trade.

Official trade statistics for 1930, just issued by the commerce department, reveal a drop in exports from \$5,240,995,000 to \$3,843,391,000, a decline of \$1,397,604,000. The higher tariff, which prevents the normal exchange of goods, is not the only cause, but a major cause, of that export loss.

If those lost foreign orders, amounting to \$1,397,604,000, could be dumped into our laps today, hundreds of closed factories could be opened and hundreds of thousands of hungry men could be given jobs.

It was promised that the tariff commission would rectify any tariff wrongs in the new law. That was more than eight months ago. Now we have the first action of the commission. It has recommended and the President has agreed on the status of seven commodities.

One rate is increased, two allowed to stand, and four decreased. But of the seven rates handled, only one—and that an unimportant commodity, linoleum—was reduced below the high level of the old Fordney tariff law.

At this rate of speed, the 3,000 tariff rates can be reformed in 2,250 years. What a consolation for the factory owner who has shut down, for the merchant whose customers can't buy, and for the man who can't get a job!

## A Contrast

At the age of 12, T. I. Marley Jones worked in a mine in South Wales. His station was a humble one. But he was an ambitious lad. He yearned to know things. He wanted to be somebody.

He studied hard at odd times. Finally he was admitted to Oxford, from which he was graduated in due season.

Twenty years ago he was married. So successful was his domestic life that it brought an award to the Joneses as the happiest married couple in Essex.

Other honors came to him. He was elected to the Royal Society of Economists. He became parliamentary agent for the South Wales miners' federation. In 1922 he was elected to the house of commons.

It took a long time to do all this climbing. The other day Jones gave his wife a non-transferable railroad pass. She used it. That is against the English law. Jones was arrested.

He explained he had wanted an important document brought from his home to London. He did not want to trust it to the mails, so he asked his wife to bring it to him. She did, using the railroad pass. But the law in England is inexorable. Jones was fined \$20. With this disgrace hanging over him, he resigned his seat in parliament.

His salary of \$2,000 a year in the house of commons was his only income. He may have to return to the mines in which he spent his boyhood. And he is 52.

Let's ship Al Capone to England, where the law appears to be the law.

President Gates recently made some drastic football changes at the University of Pennsylvania. He is said to have taken Penn in hand with considerable effect.

A sports writer says that brains are no asset to an athlete. Maybe this is a sly dig at the number of college men who have gone in for professional wrestling.

GENERAL SMEDLEY BUTLER made a mistake. He should have plotted to cheat his country out of its oil reserves instead of telling stories about Mussolini.

It's a great country, particularly in its law-enforcing department.

If the navy wishes to serve notice that everybody in it who talks about Mussolini will be reprimanded or worse, we can see right now where all enlistments will cease and the navy will have to resort to conscription.

It's a little funny for Mussolini to get so hot under the collar about what Butler said, for Mussolini had blown the lid off more frequently than any other inhabitant of our local planet.

But then lid blowers, as a class, are very jealous of each other.

WHILE we are in the apology business, if Mussolini still is engaged in the business of organizing his Fascist societies in this country, contrary to international comity, he should be invited to back up and tender us some delicious regrets on the half shell.

FORMER MAYOR DUVALL of Indianapolis was sent to jail recently to serve the thirty-day term to which he was sentenced three years and five months ago.

A fellow charged with crime in this country has to have an iron constitution in order to live until the case is over.

President Hoover states that the proposition to have congress hold the starving strikes at the roots of self-government.

We've heard statesmen say the same thing at least 30,000 times, but the roots are still doing business at the same old stand.

FRANCE and Italy are both wearing chips on their shoulders and talking about expensive navies. And yet when the matter of paying what they owed the United States was before the house both of them played the baby act and Uncle Sam cut it away down.

They'll build their navies with the money owed us.

# M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

Plenty of Money Is Available and at Cheap Rates of Interest, but Those Who Need It Most Can't Get It.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—You've read all about the Oakland fire, of course—the poor, crazed horses, screaming and kicking in a hopeless struggle for life, the trapped human beings, deeds of heroism, stupendous money loss, and possibility of arson.

Like most other people, you've probably exclaimed, "what a pity." Then you've gritted your teeth and declared, "they ought to do this and so with the son of a gun who set it," if it was set and they ever catch him.

Four men and a half million dollars' worth of horse flesh gone up in smoke, for no reason in the world, except somebody didn't take time to think.

A case of putting the horse before the stable, which is no better than putting the cart before the horse, and the show before everything else.

## Be Wary of Secrets

THE trouble with the Butler case seems to have originated in putting the show before everything else.

Couldn't think of anything but a grand stand play when Mussolini belittled.

An object apology wasn't enough. Only a court-martial would satisfy the situation.

A night's sleep and there didn't seem to be much sense in the world, just as there wasn't in the first place.

General Butler merely made the mistake of passing on some information which had been given him with the "I'll tell you, but you mustn't tell" proviso.

That kind of information always is dangerous, even if true. Never repeat anything which comes to you with the warning that it won't stand daylight. If the fellow who got it first doesn't dare spill it, rest assured that it is unsafe.

## Uncle Seems Grasping

AN Arkansas bank registers what appears to be a rather serious complaint against one method of government relief work. He says that bankers in his section are refusing to loan farmers money because Uncle Sam is gobbling up all the security to cover seed loans.

It seems that when the good old uncle makes a seed loan, no matter for how much, or how little, he demands a first mortgage on the crop. That leaves nothing but a second mortgage for bankers, and you know how bankers feel about second mortgages.

You see, the blame Uncle Sam for wanting to get his money back, but doesn't it strike you as pretty rough to demand the whole crop as security for the seed.

## A Money Mixup

MEANWHILE, President Hoover has succeeded in re-creating the good offices of Senator Robinson in his efforts to get around that \$25,000,000 relief fund bill.

Instead of \$25,000,000, it now looks as though the boys would take \$250,000, and that, instead of being given away, it also would be loaned.

If the seed department has grabbed up all the security to cover its advances, what will Uncle Sam ask for to protect him in this case? Will he take a second mortgage, or borrow an idea from the bankers and refuse to make any loans?

Denial of credit, or the extension of credit under impossible conditions, appears to be one of our worst difficulties.

Plenty of money available, and at cheap rates of interest, yet those who need it most can't get it.

## Thinking In Ruts

THE obsession continues that the one sure remedy for our economic ills is to slow down.

That comes from thinking in ruts. For some curious reason, we can't get away from the notion that basic industry and routine trade so must be arranged as to provide work for everybody, and probably never will.

Alexander Hamilton said that four persons could provide the necessities of life for 100 in his day. The chances are that it requires a larger percentage now, but even so, we must look to other lines if every one is to be kept at work.

Man is blessed with a capacity beyond his immediate needs, no matter how simple or complex the matter in which he lives. It was so in the jungle, and it is so in twentieth century America.

The only way he ever has been able to keep busy is by doing something else, something he just likes, something that appeals to his curiosity or imagination.

Why not give that side of the picture a little attention? Why not consider art, culture, sport and recreation as part of production?

Golf has put a lot of men at work and kept them at work during the last twenty years. Who knows what we could do in other fields of diversion along the same line if we were to put our minds on it?

Editor Times—If our city wishes to get rid of crime and lawlessness, get a copy of Collier's Weekly of Dec. 13, 1930, and read the article "Gunsman Dodge This City," meaning Milwaukee, and try their remedy and we will soon have a city as much to be proud of as Milwaukee. We have a beautiful city, but it's running wild. We are not at home nor on the street. I think it is time the citizens were waking up and doing something. All they do here is pass the buck. And crime goes on. We surely couldn't get along without The Times. Hit them and hit them hard. They need it.

LAURA A. ALLEN.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.—Psalm 136:1.

Our whole life should speak forth our thankfulness.—R. L. LEBES.

What gives the earth its heat? The earth's heat is obtained from the sun.

# Taking His Last Fling



## DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

# Hookworm Feeds Largely on Blood

This is the first of two articles by Dr. Fishbein on hookworm disease.

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygiene, the Health

WITHIN the last twenty-five years much has been accomplished in control of hookworm.

There seems to be no doubt that hookworm disease has existed for thousands of years. However, it first was described scientifically in 1833 by a physician who found the worms in the body and named the disease ankylostomiasis, because the worm has a bent mouth.

Today hookworm disease is found throughout the world, mostly in warm countries, but wherever there is a warm climate and plenty of rain.

The disease is not nearly so frequently seen in the cities as in the small towns and among the rural population. The story of the hookworm's entrance into the human body is almost romantic. When excretions containing the eggs of the hook-

worm are deposited on the ground they are acted on by various conditions of moisture and temperature.

In from twenty-four to seventy-two hours embryos hatch out and in about five days these larvae become capable of infecting man.

Under natural conditions they rapidly die out in from six days to two weeks.

When mud containing these larvae comes in contact with the skin of man, the larvae pass through the skin by way of the hair follicles or sweat glands.

They then burrow through the tissues and enter the small blood vessels. They then are picked up by the blood, carried through the heart, and to the lungs.

Burrowing again, they may reach the bronchial tubes and be expectorated or they may be swallowed and pass into the stomach and the intestines.

Six to eight weeks after the time when they have entered the skin, they begin to lay eggs in the bowel, and these are passed out with the excretions. This is the cycle of the life of the hookworm.

The head glands of the worm secrete the substance which interferes with coagulation of the blood. The worm feeds largely on blood, and although any one worm may not take very much, hundreds and thousands, taking small quantities over a long period of time, produce a severe anemia, interfere with nutrition and growth, and delay both the physical and mental development of the individual who may be infested.

Hence, when hookworm disease first was given publicity, it was called the condition that produced lassitude.

In practically every case of hookworm disease, the person concerned has been going around barefoot and has developed the condition called ground itch.

If there have been many worms to invade the feet, the worms will be found covered with small blisters which are broken by scratching and rubbing.

The serious symptoms of the disease are all the result of the anemia from loss of blood.

# IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

Ideals and opinions expressed in this column are those of the author and are not necessarily those of the publisher or the editor.

THE most familiar complaint made to a New York columnist by his friends and readers, if any, runs: "The trouble with you is that you hang around too much in the same neighborhood and visit the same speakeasies. Why don't you go away and learn the rest of America and write about it?"

This is the most familiar complaint, aside from mere sweeping statements such as: "You certainly have turned sour." "Do they really pay you money for writing that stuff?"

After great deliberation I decided to meet the first complaint by taking the advice of well wishers and planning a short trip. So I am starting for the open spaces.

After a brief stay in Arizona I intend to make Hollywood or, best, please don't worry, if you are worrying. Nobody has invited me to write for talking pictures or to wrestle with John Gilbert for the sheikhood of the silver screen. My function will be wholly that of a rapidly passing tourist.

What'll I Travel?

AND yet I find already that thumbs are down upon the project. The same friendly well-wishers who advised me to cultivate a broader horizon now lift their eyebrows in scorn and remark, "So you're going to turn travel on us!"

And one or two were unkind enough to be reminded of the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson once did a book called "Travels With a Donkey."

I have no means of knowing just how the marred air of the great southwest will affect what I am pleased to call "my inspiration."

Yet this much I can promise already. From my two typewriting fingers there will drip no pen portrait of the great Painted Desert. Nor will I endeavor to convey to the inhabitants of our local canyons some vision of the larger one called "Grand."

This will not be the first time that scenery and I have met in head-on collision. It is quite true that at an earlier age I moved no mountains. I am thinking specifically of the Alps. Yet I claim a good draw. They didn't move me—much.

Best of all, I remember a particular trip to the coast where it was my assignment to sit in on the Democratic convention which eventually nominated Cox with no great good to itself or the gentleman in question.

My companions were New York newspaper men, and the poker game began shortly after we quit the One hundred and twenty-fifth street station and began the great trek through the wilder portions of Morris heights and Tarrytown.

With very brief interruptions that game continued, preventing me from doing anything about "The West Through a Car Window."

The Gorge and Losers

MANY days later, when we were traveling through Colorado or some other of the far-flung states,

the conductor opened the door with a ceremony to announce in an awed voice that we were about to pass through the gorge of some river whose name I can not remember.

All the winners turned nature lovers on the instant and manifested an eagerness to shove the chips and cards aside to view the wonders which Providence had created.

Up then spoke Bill McNutt, who sat nearest the door and weighed far more than anybody else in the party. Luck had not been with Mr. McNutt and he exclaimed savagely: "To hell with the gorge!"

My seat was right-hand man to him, and he topped me only a little in gross tonnage. It was the bad side of the table. I hadn't filled any flukes, either.

So with just as much vehemence, but less profanity, I added, "Let's not bother about the gorge." Between us we squarely blocked the exit so no one in that party was able to catch more than a passing window glimpse of the high rocks and the raging torrent. We made them keep on dealing while the world wondered.

And so I have no faith that while at my age, I will turn descriptive. But I have an interest in people and how they work from inside.

And if I find that human beings are very different in Tucson or San Diego, I'll mention that. It is my hope to be able to report favorably, up to their doings and dodes.

I realize that if the great moving picture colony bites an author that's no longer news. A great many dozens of commentators have gone to pictorial and reported that this was only a carbon copy of Ceylon's Isle, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

If I find that, I'll simply keep the peace. There's no point in kicking an industry when it's down. But I have a strong suspicion that Hollywood may be fun for a tourist. After all, the mere prospect of being able to lie in bed and not report on any lot of a m— or is it 87—sounds to me like a pleasing role.

(Copyright, 1931, by The Times)

When does the Fourth Liberty loan mature and what interest does it pay?

It matures in 1938 and is callable in 1933. It pays 4 1/2 per cent.

When was the independence of Lithuania proclaimed?

Feb. 16, 1918.

What makes mustard watery after it is cooked?

Usually because it is cooked too rapidly and with the oven too hot.

Diego, I'll mention that. It is my hope to be able to report favorably, up to their doings and dodes.

I realize that if the great moving picture colony bites an author that's no longer news. A great many dozens of commentators have gone to pictorial and reported that this was only a carbon copy of Ceylon's Isle, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

If I find that, I'll simply keep the peace. There's no point in kicking an industry when it's down. But I have a strong suspicion that Hollywood may be fun for a tourist. After all, the mere prospect of being able to lie in bed and not report on any lot of a m— or is it 87—sounds to me like a pleasing role.

(Copyright, 1931, by The Times)

When does the Fourth Liberty loan mature and what interest does it pay?

It matures in 1938 and is callable in 1933. It pays 4 1/2 per cent.

When was the independence of Lithuania proclaimed?

Feb. 16, 1918.

What makes mustard watery after it is cooked?

Usually because it is cooked too rapidly and with the oven too hot.

When does the Fourth Liberty loan mature and what interest does it pay?

It matures in 1938 and is callable in 1933. It pays 4 1/2 per cent.

When was the independence of Lithuania proclaimed?

Feb. 16, 1918.

What makes mustard watery after it is cooked?

Usually because it is cooked too rapidly and with the oven too hot.

# SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ