



The Indianapolis Times

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

Making Laws

The people expected confusion in the present legislature. The stage was set for that. The lower house adheres to one party, the senate to another and the Governor is uncertain as to everything.

But the people did not expect chaos and corruption. There may be neither, but the appearances and atmosphere suggests both.

The vote on the bill to reduce the legal rate for small loans from 42 to 30 per cent a year, followed a broad suggestion from the floor that a huge sum of money had been spent to defeat it. No one of those who voted against this measure resented the charge. No one demanded an inquiry. The vote was suspiciously close. One vote would have saved even this mild measure of relief for those whose misfortunes send them to the money changers.

One vote would have made this measure a law. That vote was missing. Five were absent. Some of the names of those who voted against the bill make loud pretense of devotion to the interests of the worker. They will have a hard time to explain.

The vote on measures to make the bone dry law reasonable and in keeping with the federal law furnished an excuse for many members to make good with the dry leaders and alibi their real misdeeds.

No one will deny that there has been more drinking in Indianapolis during this session than during all the rest of the year. That is, no one except those physically and purposely blind.

Thus far the legislature has done nothing to relieve the people of unjust burdens, nothing to protect them against the greedy and the strong. Fanaticism rules. The utilities are safe. The money lenders can continue their evasions. The people pay.

The Veto Habit

With congress promptly passing the veterans' loan bill over his veto, the President is reported ready to veto the Muscle Shoals bill and the Wagner employment exchange bill.

Certainly Hoover is courageous in these matters. But is he wise? We don't think so. If his veto policy were in line with his campaign pledges, his action would be understandable. But it is not.

He refused to veto the higher tariff bill, which violated his pledges and prolonged the "business depression."

Now he plans to veto the Muscle Shoals and Wagner employment exchange measures, to which he was pledged.

All in all, Hoover seems to be getting fixed in a veto habit as inconsistent as it is dangerous.

Mr. Capone Pays—A Little

In its majesty, the law has sentenced Mr. Alphonse Capone of Chicago to six months in jail for contempt of court—and immediately liberated him on \$5,000 bail.

Subject to correction, we venture the opinion that the scarfed one can afford to pay that \$5,000. We arrive at this opinion by the following logic:

Mr. Capone's income from his bootlegging and vice syndicate is estimated at \$2,000,000 a week. Making allowance for the large number of Chicago police reported on his payroll, apparently he will not be embarrassed by the extraction of this \$5,000—even though this additional charge upon his income was unexpected and unbudgeted.

Again, subject to correction, we venture the opinion that nothing in this legal "punishment" of Mr. Capone is apt to injure his business.

To be sure, Mr. Capone has suffered inconvenience in dragging himself away from his Florida estates to Chicago in the midst of disagreeable weather. But as this business magnate himself remarked, in his mild manner: "These are hard times."

The Glory That Was Spain

The old biblical adage that the sins of the father are visited upon children through many generations may not be as true in a biological or theological sense as once believed, but there is no doubt that it possesses much historical and institutional validity.

Current events in Spain serve to remind us forcibly of this fact. No other country, perhaps, quite so strikingly illustrates the eclipse of a once great nation and culture as a result of the mistaken policy of its intellectual, religious, economic, and political rulers.

We ordinarily do not appreciate the disasters which absolutism and clerical intolerance have brought to Spain. We are prone to view Spain as a second-rate and decadent power, whose vicissitudes and problems are only what we would expect in the midst of such incompetence and mediocrity.

We think of the Spain of 1888 rather than the Spain of Charles V and Philip II. Yet the magnitude of the blow which clerical bigotry and its allies have dealt Spain can be appreciated only if we consider the Spain of today against the background of Spanish grandeur when Philip II ascended the throne in 1555.

On that day Spain was the richest and most powerful of European monarchies. Its king ruled over a greater and richer domain than any other European potentate, with the exception of the head of the present British empire. And the king of Spain was something more than a symbolic figurehead of imperial unity. He was a real monarch and administrative autocrat.

The Moors and Jews had put Spain at the forefront of European learning. Spain had taken the lead in discovery and colonization, thus carving out a great empire. She had defeated the Turks and become the chief naval power of the old world. She was rich at home and possessed in addition the immensely prosperous Netherlands.

She stood at the head in Catholic and clerical prestige, through Crusades against Moors and Jews, through later producing Loyola and the Jesuits to combat the Protestants, and through the encouragement of the Inquisition to stamp out heresy.

Wise statesmanship after 1555 would have assured and perpetuated an Iberian dominion over the modern world.

Yet no other great state ever has subsided so rapidly in prestige and power as did Spain in the half century of Philip's reign. Bigotry had led to the expulsion or suppression of the Moors, and it now was turned against the Jews.

It promoted the fatal and bloody campaigns which lost the Netherlands. It encouraged the disastrous voyage of the Spanish Armada, which forever ended the naval leadership of Spain. It continued and intensified the Inquisition, which stamped intellectual courage and independence from the Iberic peninsula.

Defaulting public finance lost domestic and foreign credit. Intense mercantilistic interference with overseas trade placed an insuperable handicap upon Spanish commercial and colonial development. Political autocracy blocked the way to political progress through representative government and constitutional monarchy.

By 1600 Spain was on the toboggan and she had not yet hit bottom when the Maine sank beneath

the waves of Havana harbor on the fateful evening of Feb. 15, 1898.

Spain thus remains a classic warning to statesmen and cultural leaders of policies which should be avoided if one wishes economic prosperity, intellectual progress, and political prestige.

Henry Thomas Buckle brought out this fact with convincing thoroughness and unrivaled clarity in his famous chapter on the Spanish intellect in his History of Civilization.

No other state so forcibly illustrates the fatal results of trying to imprison the human mind in an iron cage of antique superstitions. No nation is a better proof of the fact that no social or cultural progress can be expected when the intellectual life of a nation is sealed up hermetically by the hand of the reactionary theologian.

Greatness must consist not only in temporary grandeur, but also in adaptation to new stages of civilization.

Nip and Tuck

One of the most illuminating and authoritative discussions of the evolution of contemporary criminal methods is contained in the March issue of Scribner's magazine. It is contributed by an "ex-criminal" and deals with the probable effect of prohibition repeal upon the volume of crime in the United States.

Perhaps the most interesting section in the article is the unfolding of the evolution of present-day methods of daylight bank robbery. This indicates the futility of the common notion that crime can be frustrated and ended through defeating any one particular method or type of criminal behavior.

From 1865 to 1885 the stickup man reigned supreme in lifting the bank roll. Jesse James, the Younger brothers, and other gangs carried a reign of terror into trains, stage coaches and gambling halls. But the eighties ended this sort of thing. Straight shooting and hard riding vigilantes drove the bandits to cover.

The increased settlement of the west made it ever harder for these outlaws to hide themselves. From 1885 to 1914 there was not one daylight bank robbery in the United States. Between 1914 and 1928, no less than 1,121 were reported.

For thirty years the specialists in pilfering bank rolls turned to safe-cracking. This proved a battle in science and invention. It was nipped and tuck between robber and safety engineer. The old key safe was sent to oblivion by skeleton keys. Then came the combination with the lock on the front of the safe. This was quickly solved with drills and powder.

Then the combination lock was put on the back of the safe. This simply required longer drills. So the banks adopted a chilled steel safe, too hard for drills. The bank robbers then waylaid one of the bank employees who knew the safe combination. This brought the time lock. The robbers retaliated with the use of nitroglycerin. The banks came back with the screw-door safe, but the robbers invented the torch.

Finally, the banks introduced a time-locking, screw-door, torch-proof safe, and the days of safe-cracking were over for good and all.

The only way to get the bank roll then was to take up daylight robbery. As the author of the article expresses it:

"If we can't take these banks at night," we swore, "we'll take them in broad daylight!" Neither prohibition nor the war played any part in the resumption of daylight banditry, regardless of what anybody says. It was, as I have shown, nothing more nor less than underworld evolution! The criminal foiled in one line of criminality instinctively turns to another."

The obvious lesson is that we can not hope to end crime simply by making one important type of crime impossible or obsolete. We must tackle the broad problem of getting rid of criminals of all types and of the causes of crime in general.

A jury in Massachusetts, trying a bootleg case is reported to have drunk all the evidence. Thirsting for the truth, that's what.

Statisticians advance the information that there is a divorce in Chicago every hour. . . . Evidently marriage is anything but a breeze in the Windy city.

Spain must find it difficult to recognize the college students striking against the government. They wear no coonskin coats there.

Many a man can attribute his start in life to the alarm clock.

Strangely enough, the wet bloc in congress has nothing to do with the drought relief fund.

REASON BY FREDERICK LANDIS

WASHINGTON and Lincoln now will retire to the temple of fame for another year to recuperate from the arduous duties, incident to the observance of their anniversaries, on which occasions they were used as witnesses by all sorts of people to prove all sorts of things.

According to the verdict of the admirals and other wizards, the recent sham battle down at Panama demonstrated the great importance of aircraft to defend the canal, but we need no elaborate sham battle to teach us this.

All we need is just one grain of common sense.

MAYOR WALKER said the other day that New York policemen should use force to end crime. It would help some if Tammany would lay off graft for a while, for a crooked statesman is the most prolific cause of crime, especially when he gets away with it.

All in all, it seems to be a bad season for the purple folks, for in addition to the queen of Yugoslavia with the measles, King Carol of Rumania has a bad cold, King Zog of Albania narrowly escaped being shot, and King Alfonso of Spain is hanging to his high chair by his eyeballs.

Representative Elliott of Indiana, who was beaten at the last election, just has received an \$8,000 position, good for fifteen years.

Lame ducks come a lot higher than turkeys.

CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL, the motor car speed king, was amazed when King George asked some pertinent questions about his record-breaking dash.

For some reason, people always are amazed when kings manifest a little common gumption.

Up at Montreal, a hotel guest threw a biscuit at a waiter and broke his jaw.

Hotel biscuits should be handled with great care.

Down in Florida a son has asked the Governor to be permitted to take the place of his father who has been sentenced to the electric chair.

The son is perfectly safe, for such a substitution is impossible.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

Uncle Sam Shows Al Capone He Still Has Some Power and Some Courage, Even if He Can't Stop the Beer Racket.

FORT WORTH, Tex. Feb. 28.—Mr. Capone gets six months in jail for contempt of court. Whether he deserved as much on the particular charge, he certainly deserved no less on general principle. No man in America has shown more consistent contempt for court during the last ten years.

It appears to have been a case of overconfidence on Mr. Capone's part.

Last Tuesday, he more than divided honors with "Big Bill" Thompson when the Republican party of Chicago endorsed gang rule.

The next day he walked nonchalantly into federal court, as much as to say, "now do it if you dare."

Judge Wilkerson dared, which appears to have surprised Mr. Capone quite as much as it did some other people.

Uncle Sam still has some power and some courage, even if he can't stop the beer racket, and a crooked thinker is pretty sure to trip over small things, no matter how smart he may be with regard to big ones.

Where Do We Get It? ACCORDING to a government bureau, it now is possible to buy a year's food for a family of five for \$360. What bothers several million families is how to get the \$360. But we'll let that pass.

Food certainly has gone down, but some other things have not.

The price at which you can get good meals in the average hotel coffee shop is astonishing. The price you still have to pay for rooms is even more astonishing.

For some inscrutable reason, about everything the farmer deals in can be bought for less, but when the farmer goes to town, it's a different story.

The racket has something to do with this difference and some men who think Mr. Capone a terrible fellow are behind the racket.

No Chance for Wets THE next item of importance on our political calendar is the Democratic powwow called by Chairman Raskob for March 5, presumably with the idea of getting the boys properly lined up for 1932, especially on prohibition. At all events, that is the way dry Democrats understand it.

Senator Sheppard of Texas, commonly referred to as "Father of the Eighteenth Amendment," has shown what he thinks of the proposition by tossing a bill before congress which would prohibit home brew, even to the extent of letting cider grow.

There are lots of Democrats in this section of the country who feel the same way, no matter how tolerant they might be toward cider.

It requires no great prophetic sense to foresee rough sailing ahead for Chairman Raskob if he attempts to make the Democratic party behind anything like an honest, straightforward wet plank.

Democratic leaders of the south and west might be willing to accept such an outstanding wet as Governor Roosevelt of New York on an embassies or non-committal platform, but it is hard to imagine them going much farther.

They have talked too long and loudly on the other side, and though some of them may have experienced a change of heart, they are all chafed lest the following built up by their ballyhoo has not.

Both in Bad Shape RIGHT now it looks as though both parties might enter the next presidential campaign badly demoralized.

While prohibition looms as the biggest rock in front of the Democrats, it is not the only one.

To a measurable extent, the Democratic party is suffering from the same sectional, economic and industrial rifts as plague the Republican party.

Business, as we call it, has come to be a dirty word in politics. But business does not mean the same thing in one part of the country that it does in others.

In New England, oil means a filling station, with the price of gasoline as all-important, while out here it means a well, with the price of "crude" as all-important.

Three states—Oklahoma, California and Texas—are producing much more "crude" right now than the other forty-five can consume, were it the other way round, congress might have done something.

Oil Situation Serious THE failure of congress to do anything regarding oil, as well as some sharp differences of opinion within the industry itself, has gone far to precipitate what already was a serious situation.

For two years, the oil industry has been floundering along on a prostration basis.

Prostration has nothing to do with gasoline, or any other manufactured product.

What it means is that a well owner can dispose of only a certain percentage.

The refiners have gone right along with their normal production, but back in the field, where the small fry, wildcaters, and independent operators still play a part, production has been curtailed arbitrarily.

Is more money spent on golf equipment in the United States annually than on baseball equipment? What are the comparative figures for golf balls, baseballs and footballs?

According to figures recently published by the Census bureau, golf equipment manufactured in 1929 was valued at \$17,908,753, wholesale, while the total output of all baseball goods was \$5,793,632. The total number of golf balls sold was 19,870,064, against 8,657,316 baseballs, 284,407 footballs, 2,639 basketballs and 1,023,072 tennis balls.

What is contained in "Title II" of the National Prohibition Act? Is it the word "liquor" or "intoxicating liquor," and establishes the machinery for enforcement of the Eighteenth amendment by providing penalties for the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, and exportation of these beverages. It also sets up the permit system for the distribution of

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

GET BUSY! FIGURE THIS ONE

MR. L.A. FISHER WAS BORN ON THE ONLY FRIDAY THE 13th IN A CERTAIN YEAR SINCE THEN THIS HAS OCCURRED 9 TIMES! HOW OLD IS HE? When was he born?

WATCH FOR CORRECT ANSWER



THE BRIDAL VEIL FALLS OVER ROAD - Near Highlands, N.C.

Ultra Violet Light Won't Grow Hair

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

ONE of the most amusing sights in the current scene is the picture of a bald-headed man in a barber shop receiving treatment from a bald-headed barber who waves an incandescent lamp, colored purple, solemnly around the head of the contributor because the latter is convinced that ultra-violet light will cause the growth of hair.

There is not the slightest scientific evidence to indicate that ultra-violet light actually will bring about such a desideratum, and there is plenty of evidence to indicate that a blue colored incandescent lamp produces few, if any, ultra-violet rays.

One of the devices sold to the

ever hopeful bald-headed public is sold with the claim that it produces a growth of hair by the production of infra-red.

There are also various caps on the market sold at extravagant prices for this purpose. These caps produce nothing but heat, and are not half as efficient as would be an electric toaster with the head held about an inch from the toaster.

There are innumerable devices with great bulbs at the tops of reflectors which also fail to transmit enough ultra-violet rays to have any effect, and indeed which fall in pursuit of hair for themselves and their progeny will have what he wants.

Somewhat hope springs eternal in the breast of the bald and thousands of failures fail to destroy it. Men who are cool-headed, both physically in general and mentally

in matters of business, become as trusting as a virgin lamb in the presence of promises of new techniques for the restoration of their pristine beauty.

Thus far the only actual methods known for improving the growth of the hair involve improvement of circulation in the scalp by suitable massage; proper cleanliness, brought about by washing once each week; the use of oil when the hair is too dry, and an ancestry which has had a profuse and luxuriant hairitage.

Apparently the possession of a fine head of hair by one's father, mother, and all of the grandfathers on both sides of the family for several generations back is the best possible insurance that the person in pursuit of hair for himself and his progeny will have what he wants.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

WEST OF THE HUDSON—I am heading back home and I am willing to make a deal which will render it unnecessary for any brass band to meet me at the station. The arrangement is simple and also very necessary.

The band is waived because for a week or ten days it will be impossible for me to profess the full confidence which I used to have in Manhattan against all the world.

Although no Nellie Bly in getting about from point to point, it was possible for me to compare memories of Paris, Peking, Venice and London with our own West Fifty-eighth street.

And always it seemed to me that New York was by many lengths the fairest and the finest. Now, I'm not so sure.

There actually exist spots in the Arizona desert which are more fetching to the eye than Riverside drive. Southern California has mountains meriting a trial against our Palisades.

Back in the days before I took to touring I expressed the belief that no sound is quite as pleasant as that of the milk wagon's big horses clanging on our streets about 5 o'clock of a frosty morning.

Now, I'm trying to match that in my mind with the pleasant tinkle of silver dollars when the man says, "Seven," and moves a tower thirty-five coins high in my direction.

Just Once THAT, of course, is a rare occurrence. Didn't I say I was heading for home? Yet, even if the wheel were much more kind, I would not go native and settle down in desert shack, Hollywood studio or beside the glorious patio of Agua Caliente.

There is work of a missionary nature to be done. A great light has struck me suddenly. New York isn't

everything. I am prepared to admit it.

But that doesn't mean that we have to take any back talk from Chicago or Kansas City.

If I am a candidate for public office on the Socialist ticket in any year to come, I am afraid it may be used against me that I spent the better part of a week at Agua Caliente playing roulette and the races. The only defense can be that it was fun.

Over the Border BUT there is something to be learned on the Mexican side of the border, even in a largely American resort like Caliente.

Here and in Tia Juana one gets a chance to study the gambling urge as it hits mankind from proletarian to captains of finance.

It seems to me that a well-nigh universal instinct, ranking only a little after love and hunger. The liquor craving is mild beside it. Who wouldn't leave a highball to play a lucky number?

A Foreign Club, in Tia Juana, there is room where the players can bet down to 10 cents upon a whirl of the wheel. Here the players are wholly Mexican.

The noisiest gamblers are American women of 50 or more hailing from Maine, Iowa or Kansas. And quite a few are here.

Isn't that they complain so much about losing, but they will insist on explaining just what impulse it was which induced them to put 50 cents on No. 22.

That is distinctly boring to anybody who has lost all on 7.

Fake a Number OF course, suggestions are sometimes helpful. Many people advise noting down the last digit on the bill for dinner, and I have known wonders to be worked with a hat check.

But that was my tough luck. It looked like 9, and not until I lost the last chip did I discover that it had been 6 all the time.

Looking back on it all, it seems to me that 6 was turning up almost every other time.

Mostly the play is not in chips, but in silver dollars. That's an advantage. After one brief winning streak, I had so much metal about me that a strong man could hardly have lifted me from the floor.

Even a level-headed individual is apt to get delusions of grandeur by the time twenty-five silver dollars are rattling in his pocket.

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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.

Placed on Sale D. R. STEIN writes that in addition to the one microscope in Utrecht and the three in Leyden, he knows of only one other museum to possess one of the Leeuwenhoek microscopes, namely the museum at Gouda.

He adds, however, that he has a letter stating that F. A. Haaxman, a resident of The Hague, possesses a number of them.

There is considerable question as to whether some of the rest of them may not be in Holland.

In 1747, twenty-four years after Leeuwenhoek's death, his microscopes were placed on sale. Dr. Stein writes: "The catalog for the sale was printed in Latin and Dutch by the city printer of Delft, Rainier Boitet. The following is a translation of an excerpt from this catalog."

"The catalog of the far-famed microscopes made with much trouble and expense during many years by the deceased Van Leeuwenhoek, and left by him, who during his noble life was a member of the Royal Society of England, will be sold on Monday, May 29, 1747, in the city of Delft, in the guild chamber of St. Luke, in the morning from 10 to 12 and in the afternoon from 2:30 to 5."

Dr. Stein continues: "The microscopes listed are three gold, silver, five silver and copper, and 375 copper."

Haaxman writes, "It appears that all these microscopes remained in Holland, judging from the names of the buyers."

The name of Dirk Haaxman appears very often on the list of purchasers. It is surprising there are not more of these microscopes in my family."

Daily Thought

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.—Daniel 5:27.

The judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time.—Fontenelle.

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SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

Scientists Expected to Start Search for Microscopes Made by Famous Dutch Inventor.