

The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

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

In Dry Indiana

How long will Indiana keep up the pretense of being in favor of prohibition?

How long will timid politicians, who control both parties, refuse to recognize facts and apply sensible methods of obtaining temperance instead of sending a population along the paths to bootleg hell.

How long will the night shirt of the old Ku-Klux and the professional reformers of the Anti-Saloon league continue to make a mockery of all law?

How long will hypocrisy continue to rule?

If there were needed any illuminating evidence for those who are not too blind, it was furnished at the American Legion state convention at Anderson.

The mayor of that city, a Democrat, whose wisdom had taught him that other officials have been "framed" in courts by use of the Volstead conspiracy act, refused to accept responsibility. He wired the prohibition officers in Indianapolis, the political arm of the present administration, to send in their men as his small police force was entirely "inadequate" to cope with the situation.

There came not a man nor the offer of a man. The prohibition officers do not interfere with the pastimes of Legionnaires nor any other large groups.

At the convention were congressmen, one senator, high court judges, federal appointees, county officials.

If any one doubts the "situation," this description from the Cincinnati Enquirer may enlighten:

This city was quiet and exhausted tonight after four days of bacchanal. The largest crowd ever to attend an Indiana America Legion state convention has been keeping the air permanently veiled with the many-voiced "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous."

The heroes of the Argonne a decade ago have romped the streets here, well loaded with post-Volstead substituted for good French wine. Not only, say those who saw them, have they drunk long and hard, but they have demanded that all around them quaff. This has all happened in legally bone-dry Indiana, technically the most arid of the forty-eight states.

Here was a gathering of those who fought the war, dedicated, now as then, to the preservation of this country and its safety against capture or cataclysm.

If they disregarded the law, it is because they do not believe the law is binding upon them.

Had any one of these men stolen a car, attacked a girl, robbed a bank or committed any other crime, the entire legion would have turned upon him. The dry law is different.

Had any one of these men violated any other law, the high dignitaries of the state and nation would have helped to prosecute him.

The one reason these officials did not even protest against violations of the dry law is because they, too, do not believe its violation a real crime or against conscience.

Well, the senator, the congressmen, the legislators will go back to their halls and continue to vote for more drastic laws.

Other state officials will go to church and in smug hypocrisy again dedicate themselves to the noble experiment.

The sheriffs will go back home and catch an occasional bootlegger. The courts will jail him. The higher courts will affirm the sentence.

They will do these things until the people prefer men of courage who will not sell their political souls for pottage. They, themselves, furnish the mess.

The DO-X and After

The DO-X is in New York at last—proving very little.

When the world's most prominent airplane takes ten months to complete a flight from Europe to North America, it doesn't help us convince ourselves that a trans-Atlantic air service really is in the offing.

But the DO-X is recognized among aeronautical men as a freak. Its lumbering journey across the ocean is not taken by them as any gauge of the ability of big airplanes to negotiate the Atlantic.

A regular, dependable, time-saving trans-Atlantic air service probably is not as far away as the halting flight of the DO-X would indicate. Also, it is not as near as some of our optimists would have us believe.

It is somewhere in between, and its date will be determined largely by the wise selection of a good weather route, and by the development of a flying boat that can carry a load from New York to Europe in less than three days.

The first problem is being tackled commendably by the Thompson Aeronautical Corporation in its northern route survey—a survey on which Parker Cramer and his radio man recently lost their lives.

The solution of the second is being brought nearer by the building of such flying boats as the forty-passenger Sikorsky, recently completed for the Caribbean service of Pan-American Airways.

Thunder on the Left

The new British government seems to be making radicals out of moderate Laborites. The government must find \$600,000,000 to balance the budget. It proposes, in effect, to take this out of the skins of the poorest citizens. No Labor party can stand for that and keep its voters.

Prime Minister MacDonald's failure to carry more than a corporal's guard of the Labor party over into the coalition is indicative of the sharp left wing of the rank and file.

Of the twenty-one members of the Labor cabinet only four followed MacDonald, and of the 288 Labor members of the parliament only about thirty or less are believed to be loyal to their old middle-of-the-road leader.

The number that has gone over to the radical position thus is seen to be so great that it hardly can be described as a party split, but really is an expulsion from the party of the very small MacDonald minority.

In that sense, the trade union organization and parliamentary Labor party leaders are accurate in denying that MacDonald represents them or that Labor is included in the coalition government.

Although the moderate Arthur Henderson, late foreign minister, succeeds to the nominal leadership of the Labor party, he already has been forced by events to side with the left wing. If Henderson should swing back to a moderate position, he probably would be read out of the party like MacDonald and be succeeded by a younger radical.

Apart from the social effect of cutting unemployment insurance benefits 10 per cent, reducing teachers' salaries 20 per cent, and curtailing educational and health services, world experts will be interested in the economic effects.

If a large part of the \$600,000,000 government savings is taken away from the laboring and lower professional classes, will not that amount in turn be withdrawn from business circulation?

Virtually all the admittedly low incomes of the insurance beneficiaries, government teachers, doctors

and others to be reduced have been paid back weekly into the channels of trade.

When that source of trade is stopped, will it not ruin more merchants, close more factories and cause more unemployment? Will it not add to overconcentration of wealth—and consequent underpurchasing power of the masses—which already is a basic cause of the depression in Great Britain as in the United States?

One interesting sidelight is that the British Laborites, while demanding that the budget deficit be made up out of increased taxes on the rich and by naval cuts instead of being taken out of the workers, apparently have not yet struck at the high cost of royalty.

London newspapers which carried panic headlines about the financial crisis and necessity of more sacrifices by the poor, reported in adjoining columns that the prince of Wales had taken another foreign chateau and listed his expensive pleasure trappings. Americans, who do not care how many kings any foreign country chooses to support, always are surprised by the sharp contrast of luxury and poverty which European royalty manages to advertise somehow every time there is a hunger crisis.

Of course the British Labor party long has presented the paradox of virtually 100 per cent Socialism and 100 per cent monarchism. But the present emergency may have little effect on that contradiction.

Trailing Bigotry

The senate's dreary investigation of Virginia's political-minded bishop, which has dragged on for so many months, still is interesting in one important aspect.

Until the country knows how much or how little the Republican national committee had to do with Bishop Cannon's campaign of bigotry in 1928, the subject should not be dropped.

There is no question that religious bigotry played a prominent part in the presidential campaign. The question is how much of it was inspired, sponsored, or condoned by the party managers.

It is interesting to know that C. Bascom Slem, Republican national committeeman from Virginia, helped Bishop Cannon obtain \$65,000 from Edwin C. Jameson for the anti-Smith fight, and that Mr. Jameson thereafter was recommended by Slem and others for appointment to the Hoover cabinet. Likewise interesting is the discovery of a \$10,000 check given Cannon by former Senator Frelinghuysen.

But the most important facts still are unknown—how Bishop Cannon spent the money, why he seeks to keep secret all his 1928 operations, and who actually was responsible for him.

Back to Barter

We ventured the opinion a little while ago that the shibboleth, "less government in business," had become quite obsolete, with leaders of basic industries actually seeking government intervention in conduct of their business. The swapping of farm board wheat for government-owned Brazilian coffee furnishes the latest proof.

The government in this instance is not regulating business for the protection of the consuming public. It is heeling over head in business itself, and on a gigantic scale. Its transaction with Brazil is a direct invasion of the export field, much akin to the operations of those "wicked" state monopolies of Soviet Russia. Some of the "rugged individualists" must be having a bad time of it.

In addition to marking the utter rout of one school of thought, the deal reveals the extent to which the international economic machinery has collapsed. There will be no transfer of gold or credit, no use of money or foreign exchange. It is simple primitive barter, harking back to the days of the Phoenicians.

It is also an added demonstration of the futility of government price fixing. The Brazilian coffee pool and the farm board's attempt to peg prices of wheat and cotton were the greatest ventures of this kind in all history.

Both have collapsed miserably, leaving wheat growers and coffee raisers worse off than they ever have been. Similarly Britain's corner in rubber and Canada's wheat pools were failures.

Logically, if we can trade wheat for coffee, we can swap cotton for nitrates or manganese, wheat for olive oil, and so on. It is not to be expected, however, that the barter system will be extended widely. Rather, the present arrangement is a makeshift designed to meet an emergency, and as such may be practically useful.

Solution of the problem of world surpluses and the revival of international trade can not be accomplished by such middle age methods. Industrial planning, elimination of prohibitive tariffs and other trade barriers, readjustment of international debts and reparations payments, and reduction of excessive armaments, are among measures needed for permanent correction of the situation.

Spend your hoarded cash and end the depression, says the head of the A. F. L. What cash?

Just Every Day Sense

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

BECAUSE Jean Norris of New York was found unfit for a magistrate's position, a newspaper reader argues that all women are also unfit, and says: "Women make fine mothers, loyal wives and good housekeepers, but they should be kept out of other positions."

Just what does it take to make a fine mother, anyway? According to this theory, nothing at all, except the ability to stay in the house.

A woman of Jean Norris' type would make as bad a mother as magistrate. If you can not dispense justice from the bench, you will not dispense it at the fireside, where its need is even more essential.

If you are not a good sport in business, you will not be a good sport in the home. If you are incapable of straight thinking, you probably will rear mentally warped children. On the other hand, if you are a loyal wife or a good household manager, you are likely to be a loyal friend and worker and will probably be a good manager for any other business.

FOR to be a fine mother requires the most unflinching sympathy, the warmest understanding, the strictest sense of justice, the deepest love and the sublimest patience. And I challenge any one to say that these qualities would not help the world wherever they might be found.

The traits that make a good mother are those that make the good employer, the good judge, the good leader. Motherhood of the highest sort should and does help a woman to do other kinds of work more capably, because it develops within her some fundamental wisdom that is badly needed everywhere.

Few of us measure up to the requirements of the perfect mother. But the mere act of staying at home and being on time with the mending does not demonstrate the highest form of the maternal.

The spiritual qualities are far more important for the child. The fact that the best mother is quite likely to be a very poor housekeeper.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

You Don't Have to Be an Expert to Guess That the Troubles of Our Police Are Not in the Ranks, but at the Top.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Those who have been following New York's sprightly mayor in his whirlwind tour of central Europe will not deny that miracles still occur.

One would go far to find the record of a more amazing recovery. It seems only yesterday that his honor was so ill, played out, and overwhelmed by the burdens of public business that he couldn't sit up later than 9 o'clock, or smoke more than two cigars between breakfast and bedtime.

Now he is going so fast that his dress suit can't keep up with him. Some say it's entirely due to the waters of Karlsbad.

Oh, yeah!

Taking a Big Bite

A MIRACLE has occurred out west, where John J. Lynch, sometimes referred to as "wealthy Chicago turfman," and sometimes as "prominent Chicago gambler," has reached home in excellent spirits after a week's whirl with kidnapers.

Dame Rumor has it that his ransom was reduced from \$250,000 to \$50,000, and that it was none other than Scarface Al Capone who acted as good angel in accomplishing this feat.

Patrick Roche, chief investigator for State's Attorney Swanson, is trying to find out the truth. It will be an even greater miracle if he succeeds.

No Excuses, Please

THE police of Queens county, New York, are planning to run down a gang of kidnapers by trailing a carrier pigeon with an airplane.

The carrier pigeon is one of four left at various points for the purpose of transporting \$2,500, which Edgar P. Hazleton Sr. was supposed to send as ransom for his 16-year-old son.

Mr. Hazleton used three of the birds to carry notes asking proof that the kidnapers really were in possession of his son, but without getting any reply.

The police held the fourth to use against their aerial expedition.

The expedite has been hailed as a good crowd should be present when the pigeon reaches its roost and the kidnapers should have no excuse for failure to get away in time.

What Is This?

THREE cases of kidnapping, or, more accurately perhaps, disappearance, have occurred in the New York City neighborhood during the last ten days.

First, there was the rich Japanese importer who vanished from the steamship Belgenland.

Second, there was Charles Marvin Rosenthal, prosperous broker, who has been reported as held by blackmailers for a ransom of \$100,000.

Third, there is young Hazleton. Yet Captain John H. Ayres, head of the missing persons bureau, tells a World-Telegram staff writer that the average New Yorker is quite safe from abduction, even though he, or she, might bring a good ransom.

Averages Not Enough

WE are great on averages. Whether with regard to kidnapping or infantile paralysis.

The trouble is that averages mean nothing to the individual who gets hurt.

You can prove by the law of averages that only one in so many persons will be killed by an auto, safe from what good is that to the one who gets killed?

Of course, the average New Yorker is safe from abduction, or murder, or death by drowning, or a good many other things.

That, however, is not enough. Everybody should be safe from abduction, and practically everybody would be if the law were enforced properly.

Something Is Wrong

TWENTY thousand police in and around New York, but Mr. Rosenthal appears to think that she can do a better job than they can in finding and negotiating with his kidnapers.

Half as many police in and around Chicago, but Al Capone is reported to have engineered the release of Lyn.

No one doubts the sincerity, or courage, of average policemen, but something has evidently gone wrong with them when it comes to organized effort.

It's at the Top

THE general run of cops, whether in New York, Chicago or anywhere else, are willing to work, willing to take chances, willing to die, as they have proved on innumerable occasions.

It is only in mass formation that they seem unable to do what is expected of them.

You don't have to be an expert in police matters to guess that this is the fault of the management, that things are wrong, not at the bottom, but at the top, and that reorganization of the system is indicated.

Daily Thought

Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought his judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness; it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.—Zephaniah 2:3.

Meekness is the grace which, from beneath God's footstool, lifts up a candid and confiding eye, accepting God's smile of Fatherly affection, and adoring those perfections which it can not apprehend.—James Hamilton.

Is it true that the death penalty is inflicted upon persons convicted of graft in Soviet Russia?

The death penalty has frequently been inflicted and the least punishment is exile to Siberia, to work in the Soviet lumber or mining camps.

Two Birds With One Stone



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Raw Vegetables Rich in Vitamin C

This is the twenty-seventh of a series of thirty-six timely articles by Dr. Morris Fishbein on "Food Truths and Fallacies," dealing with such much discussed but little known subjects as calories, vitamins, minerals, digestion and balanced diet.

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

FOR at least four centuries men have been acquainted with the disease known as scurvy, in which there is loss of weight, anemia, swelling of the legs and ankles, and hemorrhages under the skin all over the body.

The search for the cause and cure of this disorder culminated in the development of the fact that results from an absence of vitamin C in the diet.

Vitamin C is the most easily destroyed of all the vitamins.

Although present in milk, it disappears when milk is heated in the process of pasteurization, especially if it comes into contact with the air. For this reason babies suffered particularly with scurvy, even under good conditions in this country.

A Scotch physician named James Lind wrote a book about scurvy in 1757, in which he pointed out that the disease appeared when persons were deprived of all fresh raw vegetables and fruits.

Today it is definitely demonstrated that the giving of appropriate amounts of fresh orange juice, tomato juice, or even the juices of turnips or potatoes will prevent this disease in infants.

It is particularly important that such fresh fruit juices be given

when the baby is fed largely on pasteurized cow's milk.

Dr. E. V. McCollum points out that there has been a growing tendency in recent times for people to live more and more on bread, cooked meats, canned foods and otherwise sophisticated and refined food preparations.

This tendency is unfortunate because such foods do not provide sufficient amounts of vitamin C.

Tomatoes, celery, carrots, raw cabbage, lettuce, watercress and any other vegetables that can be eaten raw are important in providing this substance to the diet.

When the materials are cooked and exposed to the air at the same time, the vitamin is destroyed and must be provided in some other manner.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

A SERIES of popular books for which I have no particular passion is "Browns." Gravelly I suspect that the errors set down are manufactured rather than actually culled from examination papers. They fit too neatly in a formula. Once you know the trick it is possible to turn them out by the dozen.

Perhaps at the beginning there was a certain spontaneity. But by now the mark of the machine is on all the wheezes. I don't mean that I intend to conduct a crusade against this school of humor. But it will be my function to sit upon the side lines and take a bitter revenge by never joining in with any long cheer.

What's the Rush?

I HAD a chance last Saturday to fly to Washington. Having attempted to crawl there last election day, the invitation was less than enticing. Moreover, I might as well admit that among the many things which terrify me is the airplane.

When it becomes necessary to carry the serum to Nome or exchange a last word with a dying uncle in Kansas, then perhaps I may manage to get my nerve up to the point. But for sheer pleasure the airplane is not for me.

"So you wouldn't come with me on that airplane trip to Washington, would you?" writes Beatrice Norton. "Well, Mr. Brown, you missed something. I don't mean the actual physical thrill of soaring aloft, either, though that's something never to be forgotten."

"But it does definite things to one's ego. I don't believe I'll ever again feel small. Riding at an altitude of 2,000 feet in a comfortable eighteen-passenger plane, my only regret was that we did not pass the Empire State building so that I could thumb my nose at it."

"You'd be surprised how comfortable it is riding in a plane. The one I was in was equipped with large upholstered chairs, a double row on one side and a single row on the other. You just lean back and relax, or if it's your maiden trip—as in my case—you just hunch forward and keep your eyes glued to the window."

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Brothers Under Wrinkles

HE took us through the building. It's a grand place. At one end of a long corridor is an imposing life-size statue of Ben Franklin. The guide took great pains to point out how the artist had sculpted Mr. Franklin in all his characteristic deshabille.

"My escort, who knows you only from hearsay, brightened up and whispered to me: 'There's something for you to tell your boss. He isn't the only great man who's careless about his clothes.'

"Some day they'll have Heywood Brown's statue in here, and they'll be explaining to posterity that here is another immortal who was above and beyond such trivialities as personal appearance."

"We were taken into the gallery of the house, where but for the grace of God and Ruth Baker Pratt, I might have been able to point to your desk. It's a very imposing room. Almost too imposing, I should say. I hardly think you'd have felt very comfortable there."

"Even the gallery is divided off according to party. On one side there was space reserved for Democrats, the other side for Republicans, and in the center the ladies were allowed to sit and listen in."

"Going up to the senate chamber, the guide pointed out especially the beautiful wrought-iron balustrade and grille on either side of the white marble staircase. Just falling across the stairs was a plain sandstone, with a wooden rail. Here, again, my companion remarked:

"It's a good thing Heywood Brown wasn't elected to congress last year. He'd have to walk up the cheap staircase. Tell him to wait and get elected to the senate. They have much swankier steps."

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Views of Times Readers

Editor Times—In a recent issue of The Times you have a picture of a "haymow" sleeper getting ready to remove his clothes to sleep, and another showing a "haymow" sleeper sleeping in his B. V. D.s.

Such pictures are nature fakes. Any one who ever did any haymow sleeping knows that the haymow sleeper never removes his clothes to sleep.

Also, he couldn't sleep in his underwear, for the simple reason he has no underwear.

A genuine haymow sleeper wears a costume consisting of overalls, shirt and wide-brim straw hat.

On retiring, he climbs to the haym