



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. Mail subscription rates in Indiana, \$3 a year; outside of Indiana, 35 cents a month.
BOYD GURLEY, Editor ROY W. HOWARD, President EARL D. BAKER, Business Manager
PHONE—Ries 5551. TUESDAY, OCT. 6, 1931.
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."

Talk It Over

Is there any real reason that the wages of workers, the profits of business men, the surplus of factories should go to the utility profiteers?

Is there any real reason why the same rule of valuation fixed by and for these utilities during the days of inflation should not be applied in days of deflation?

For years the utilities have collected on the theory that they had the right to take 7 per cent a year on what it would cost to reproduce their plants.

They did not even pretend that they were collecting on money invested in the plants. They did not even blush when they asserted the right to reap where they had not sown, to grab as much as greed would dictate.

They collected on war prices. They capitalized the national sacrifice. They capitalized the patriotism of the people.

Now prices have fallen. It costs less for copper and steel. It costs less to hire men to work.

But these utilities are still collecting on the old war-time prices.

Last week three members of the public service commission asserted that, as a matter of principle, the utilities should collect on present-day prices. These three went further and declared that 5 and not 7 per cent is a proper return during these days of deflated profits.

Of course that decision was made in a little utility owned by a couple of small fellows. But what is justice for them should be justice for the Insulls, the Clarkes, the Geists, the telephone monopoly and the whole brood of big profiteers.

If those principles were applied to the electric and water rates of this city, the people would be saved at least three millions of dollars a year that now go as a tribute to manipulation.

Last year the Clarke holding company took out \$540,000 in dividends on an alleged investment of \$1,060,000.

Last year Clarence Geist took out \$1,225,000 in dividends on an alleged investment of five million dollars.

Apply the public service commission rule of justice and most of those dollars would stay in this city.

Talk this over with your neighbor. Then get together for a real battle for utility justice.

Dwight W. Morrow

"Meester Morrow he shake hands with me five times one morning. And for why he shake hands with me—me, Panchito! Because the sun was shining and the roses were awful beautiful that day. He's a great man—this Meester Morrow." Panchito, his gardener at the American embassy in Mexico City, was not alone in thinking Dwight Morrow a great man.

When they were youths together at Amherst college, Calvin Coolidge chose him as the man in the class "most likely to succeed."

Even when he was a young lawyer, J. P. Morgan thought he was a great man and so took him into the world banking concern. Within five years he was a partner, the most active Morgan partner.

Why? The answer is not easy. There were men more brilliant and more aggressive. But there was something about Morrow that inspired confidence—confidence in his mind, confidence in his heart.

Everyone trusted him. That perhaps was the secret of his remarkable achievements. That was why the world of international finance and international diplomacy bowed to this simple, trusted, smiling, low-voiced, absent-minded little man as the greatest negotiator of his generation.

Paradoxically, there was something other-worldly about this man of money. He talked and looked like an underpaid college professor—such as his father—whose mind was far away from money.

Usually it was. He lived much in his books. He was a scholar. His range was wide, through the classics, history, political economy, philosophy, and sociology.

Morgan, it is said, always was afraid he would disappear some day and be found in a college retreat, studying and teaching. That almost happened when Amherst was without a president.

Finally he did run away. Still a young man to have achieved such eminence in the law and in finance, he chuckled it all to take the most thankless job in the government service. That was the ambassadorship to Mexico.

The job had broken some of the best men in the diplomatic service. It had made Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg hated in Latin America, and threatened the Coolidge administration. After long bickering Mexico and the United States were close to war.

When Morrow started for Mexico he was a diplomatic question mark to most Americans and Mexicans. When he got there he left his top hat in his trunk, kicked aside embassy red tape and strode through shocked secretaries straight into the presence of the Mexican President.

Half an hour later President Emilio Calles emerged from the palace affectionately holding the arm of an unassuming little man who appeared to be a long lost friend from some village. Morrow trusted Mexico and helped Mexico. So Morrow conquered Mexico—for peace.

He was not rewarded with appointment as secretary of state when Hoover entered the White House. He did not want to leave his Mexico City job until it was done. But when the next big diplomatic task turned up, there was Morrow as a member of the American delegation to the London disarmament conference.

His quiet work was responsible chiefly for breaking the London deadlock. Later his influence helped to obtain the Hoover war debt moratorium. When he died he was working for Franco-German friendship.

The deep honesty of the man came out when he faced the prohibition test as a senatorial candidate in New Jersey. The politicians told him to pussyfoot.

Instead, he told the voters frankly where he stood—which happened to be against prohibition.

His term in the United States senate, now broken before it was well under way, was a period of silence and observation. He was learning the ropes. Meanwhile, he voted in most cases with the Republican regulars.

Despite that, he was considered the outstanding hope of the liberals among all the leaders within the regular Republican organization. That he was being groomed by several groups as the Republican presidential candidate of 1936 was no secret. It was not a matter of personal ambition, but of spontaneous and general public recognition of his superior caliber.

Dwight Morrow will be remembered as a great public servant. He earned that tribute. And no tribute would have pleased him more.

Over the Pacific

Their astounding indifference to everything but the one idea of flying nonstop across the Pacific was the dramatic thing about it. The Pangborn-Herdon flight from Japan to the United States was so bold and calculated, so arrogantly defiant.

There have been many great flights; so many, in fact, that the public has exercised its right to lose interest in them. But now and then there is one so outstanding in drama that the public can't help but admire.

Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris set the mark. The trip of Kingsford-Smith to Australia eclipsed it. The Post-Gatty race around the world in eight days topped everything off. And the flight of Pangborn and Herndon brings the list of momentous ones to four.

There have been other flights as long and as well done as these, but somehow they lacked the spark to lift them out of the commonplace. These four flights stand out above the others.

Pangborn and Herndon have earned all the credit that can come to them. They worked quietly, twelve to eighteen hours a day, for more than a year preparing for their flight around the world. Then on the eve of their departure, Post and Gatty snatched the glory away from them. They flew grimly to overtake the lightning-like Post-Gatty record, and failed.

Then they pushed on to Japan and won worldwide sympathy for their battle with Japanese red tape. Finally, after a delay of weeks, they were permitted to start on the long and dangerous flight to America.

They flew away over the stormy North Pacific and, as a last gesture, the supreme act of indifference to danger, they dropped their landing gear. It was like shouting a slogan of "America or bust—if we win we win; if we bust, what's the difference?"

They won magnificently.

Not Overproduction

Whenever we hear some one proclaiming overproduction as being the sole cause of our present national depression, let's give consideration to the Chinese "ten-year plan."

It contemplates a merchant fleet of at least eight million tons, reclamation of three hundred million acres of farm land, one hundred thousand miles of highways, vast building of factories, the employment of at least two hundred million tons of coal and twelve million tons of steel, improvement of existing canals whose overflow now is costing the lives of tens of thousands of Chinese, river flood control, irrigation systems, vast network of telephone and telegraph lines, the development of three giant ports, one of which would have a capacity equal to New York harbor, reconstruction of cities with modern sanitation, water power, minerals, agricultural and reforestation developments on a stupendous scale.

All that, as William Philip Simms points out, already has been tentatively submitted to the labor office at Geneva with a view to obtaining international co-operation.

But China is flat on its back, scourged, as Simms puts it, "by God and man."

China's population is estimated at 450,000,000, nearly four times that of the United States.

Raising the per capita consumption of the Chinese to the point now prevailing in the United States of America, even in its time of depression, would start every factory in this country working on a twenty-four-hour basis.

So let's not accept the overproduction diagnosis as the answer to our ills.

The capacity of the world to consume is unlimited. The fault lies in the lack of balance between what the consumer can afford to buy and what the producer is able to produce. If some economic genius could break that evil charm, and thereby get action on the world's insatiable hunger for creature comforts, what we now call the depression soon would be nothing but a memory.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "in this distressing period of readjustment let us not forget how much we owe to our friends, the bankers—" but just then everybody laughed.

Just Every Day Sense

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

THERE are certain books that do not lend themselves to moving pictures. "Huckleberry Finn" is one of them.

The cast was well selected and the children did what they could, but all lovers of this Twain masterpiece must have suffered agonies while an epic of literature was converted into a slapstick comedy. Only Mark Twain himself would be able with his pen to describe that sacrifice.

We must take it for granted that those who made this picture never had read the book. If so, then the crime is all the greater. They could not have understood the real Huck and have left him in the end converted to school and civilization.

To achieve the usual moral ending, they have desecrated literature. They forgot, or they never knew, that while "Huckleberry Finn" is the story of a boy, it is a book that adults all over the world delight in.

"TOM SAWYER," its predecessor, was a fine picture because it deviated no more than a hair's breadth from the way in which Twain told the story. But "Tom Sawyer" is a book for children. And "Huckleberry Finn" is a book for sages.

Its subtle humor, its deep philosophy, its biting satire, its insight into life endear it to all men and women. It is one of the few volumes that stay with you through the years.

Nobody ever reads "Huckleberry Finn" just once. You either read it a score of times or not at all. It's that kind of a book.

Moreover, it is the tale of the American boy immortal. It embodies all the dreams of men. Huck is not a character on a printed page. He is a national institution.

May a murrain fall upon those who have let him grow up before our eyes.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

You Hear Lots of Plans for Curing the Depression; More Men Like Dwight Morrow Would Help.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—People like a man who quits money grubbing when he has got enough, especially if he does so to enter their service.

That, more than anything else, accounts for the respect and confidence which Dwight W. Morrow enjoyed.

He could have gone on amassing wealth, or converted his retirement into a social strut, but he did neither.

In giving up business, he did not give up work, but merely transferred his services from a private enterprise to the public good.

You hear lots of plans for curing this depression and preventing others. More men like Morrow would help.

Neither Lost Head

MOST of the dispatches announcing Mr. Morrow's death mentioned the fact that he was Colonel Lindbergh's father-in-law, as though any one needed to be told.

It was a happy conjunction of the stars that brought these two together.

Neither lost his head over money or fame.

Colonel Lindbergh is out in China doing what he can to make things easier for a few poor devils out of the vast multitude caught in the maelstrom of combined disaster.

Your first thought is that it's too bad he and Anne are so far away. But Mr. Morrow would have had it so.

First Gets Glory

YOU can't think of Lindbergh without thinking of aviation, especially on the day that finds the Pacific conquered.

Pangborn and Herndon not only have made a record, but \$25,000 of the money they have won.

Doubtless many will die trying to match, or beat, the mark they have established, but it never can be dissociated from their names.

The second man to do a thing may be just as able and just as brave, but it's the first man who gets the glory.

It's What It Tells

THE same day that brought four-inch headlines for Pangborn and Herndon because of their non-stop flight over the Pacific also brought four-inch headlines for Vincent Coll and his gang of thugs because of their capture by the New York police.

Some young people are foolish enough to see no distinction in the publicity, and that's where they make their greatest mistake. It's not how big a headline is, but what it tells that counts.

Don't Have Illusions

AL CAPONE, who goes on trial today for evading his income tax, attended a football game last Saturday, when he was booed by the crowd.

The crowd made just as much noise as though it had been cheering and, for a while, the scar-faced generalissimo of Chicago's underworld tried to make himself believe there was no difference.

Surrounded by nine bodyguards, he said "he'd stick it out," but left during the third quarter. Don't have illusions. The kind of applause drawn by the achievements of honest men is not the kind reserved for criminals or racketeers. The noise may sound just as loud and the headline look just as big, but the feeling of them has nothing in common.

Watch for the End

COLL and Capone have talent; no doubt of that. Otherwise, they could not have cut such wide and ugly swaths. But they bet on money and power, regardless of the way in which either were won, and on their ability to meet and beat society through cunning and force.

Some so-called respectable people feel the same way at heart, though lacking the nerve to go as far, and many young men are misled by their wise-cracking cynicism.

Watch for the end of the game, young man. Don't be fooled by what happens at the beginning, or in the middle. Lots of poker players were ahead at midnight, but were there they at 5 in the morning?

Stop, Look, Listen

EASY come, easy go, not only with regard to little things, but with regard to the very biggest. Look at where we are now compared to where we were three years ago.

Does any one imagine there could have been a 1931, without a 1929?

While pondering ideas to prevent depression, chalk up this one. The fact that we have accomplished until now a way has been found to prevent unwarranted and ill-considered booms.

If we have failed to learn that from this misfortune, we have failed to learn anything.

People's Voice

Editor Times—The citizens of this city should be proud that they have such a paper as yours, fearless in their defense and at all times showing how their money is squandered.

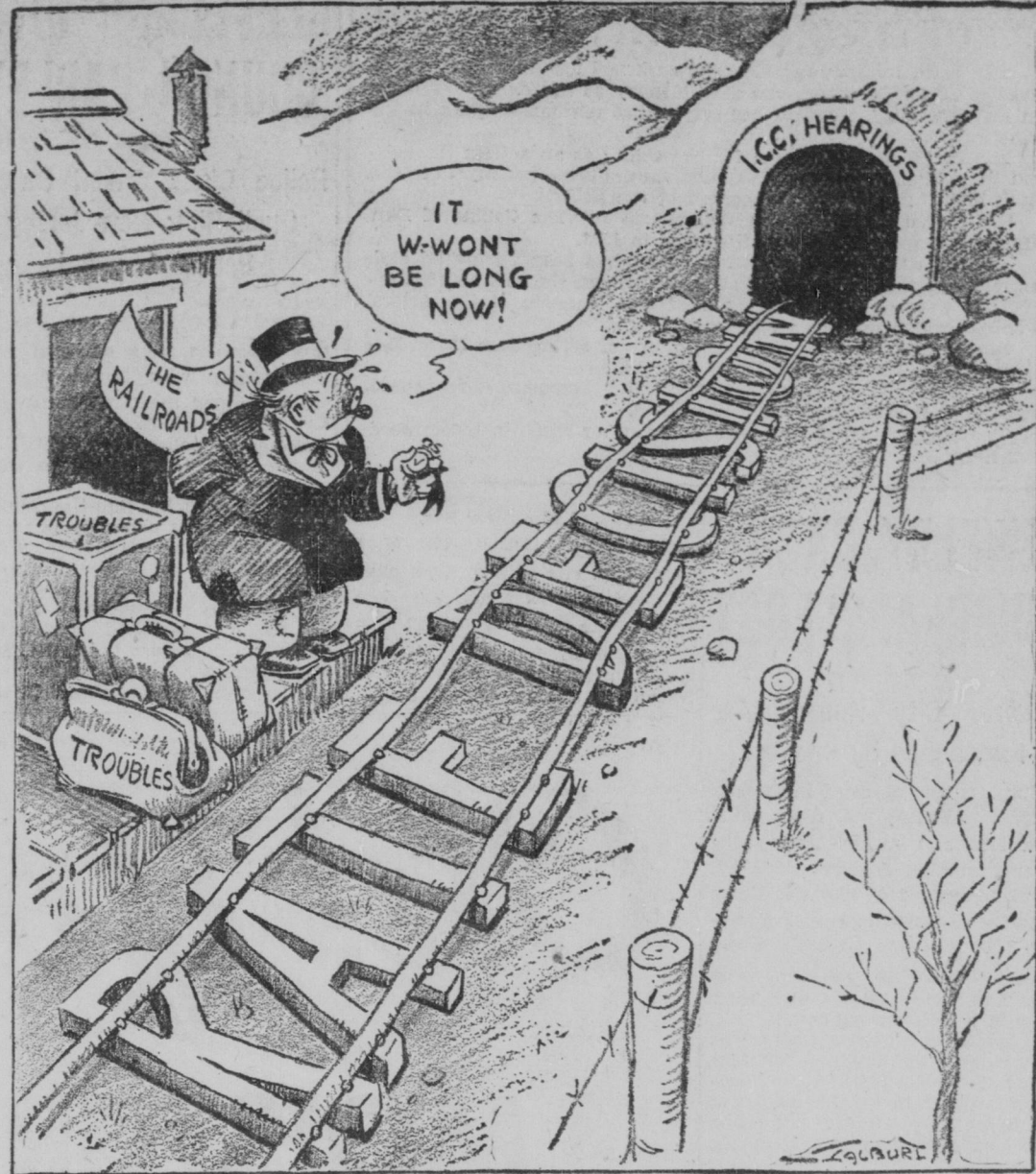
I read with interest your editorial of Sept. 28, in which you stated that any ten citizens could at any time appear before the public service commission. What for? You must have meant this as a joke.

I can not understand why we require a few men placed in any commission to regulate all business in this state, and especially men who could not make a living outside of politics at any line in competition with men of brains.

Reading your paper, we have come to the conclusion that this particular commission is merely to legalize any graft that the utilities care to put on the people. Other commissions merely are clearing houses for tax money, as the people on a whole must realize that, to graft, politicians must spend money for their reform.

Regarding the controversy with the gas companies overcharging by

The Strain Is Beginning to Tell



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Ringing in Ears Is Common Symptom

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

ONE of the most common symptoms of which people complain is ringing in the ears. There are several causes and the condition is difficult to control.

In a recent survey of the subject, R. L. Wegel classifies this condition into two types:

Those in which the tinnitus, or ringing, is due to mechanical causes resulting in actual sound, such as that due to spasmodic contraction of the muscles.

The second type which originates in the internal ear and which seems to be largely a nervous phenomenon.

Wegel feels that people without this symptom are extremely rare; that, in fact, every one has ringing in the ears at one time or another,

but that most people are usually not aware of it until it gets so loud as to interfere considerably with hearing weaker sounds.

Wegel made a study of his own hearing with a view to finding out just how much ringing actually occurred.

The studies were made with the most delicate types of electrical device, and he found that some ringing occurred frequently, although not heard because of more appreciable sounds.

Ringing in the ears sounds most frequently like the noise that is heard when a seashell is placed at the ear, although in some cases the noise may be ringing, singing, buzzing, ticking, hissing or whistling.

If there is any inflammation in the ear with increased amount of blood passing through the tissues,

the sounds are increased when the patient lies down.

On the other hand, if the patient is anemic, the sounds are likely to be increased when the head is elevated.

Ringing in the ears also may be induced by a smart blow on the ear, by the presence of water, wax or other substance in the external ear canal.

Obviously the first method of treatment of this symptom is careful examination to make sure that the external ear canal is clean, that there is no disturbance of the eardrum, and that there is no beginning of disease of the internal ear.

It becomes possible in many cases to control the symptoms by proper psychological suggestion, taking the mind away from fixation on the ringing, and also by the use of various medicinal preparations to lower the threshold of perception of the symptoms.

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.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

I CAN speak with perfect non-partisanship on one subject which now is rocking the public to its core. I refer to the recent statement of Professor Charles Grey Shaw of New York university that all whistlers are moronic.

My neutrality is based on the fact that I never whistle. Yet I have a warm sympathy for the other side, because I have tried to on many occasions. Mere physical incapacity has kept me out of the ranks of the morons.

Possibly I speak too hastily here. It may well be that the constant desire and longing to be able to whistle will be identified by Professor Shaw as equally telltale.

Escaped by a Breath

TO me the gift is gracious and endearing. Many times have I read of this or that popular show which sent the entire audience out of the theater at the end of the show whistling its refrain. Can it be that all people who go to musical comedies and revues are morons? Of course, there could be a debate on this question. And some

Must All Be Tenors?

INCIDENTALLY, I wonder whether I have fallen into the same category as whistlers. If so, I may as well accept my doom, for whenever irritated or annoyed I begin softly to carry an approximate version of "It's in the Stars" just under my breath.

Not to get back to an amateur and hasty psychoanalysis of Professor Charles Grey Shaw, I think there are indications that the man is not altogether at ease in his chosen profession. Being unsure of himself, he flies into a pedagogic fury.

Without knowing every detail of the savant's life, I assume that very likely he began to teach in some institution less august and adult than New York university.

He was, we may fairly suppose, a young man in those days of his novitiate. Possibly there was a mere trace of blond hairs upon his upper lip. Some of the boys in the class were biggish, skeptical, and scornful.

When Mr. Shaw undertook to tell

them that Gaul was divided into three parts and that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, certain students in the far removed desks manifested a lack of interest in the subject being taught and the manner of its presentation. At such times there came faintly to the ears of the young teacher the sound of feet shuffling. Even worse, the shrill and jangling notes of "Yankee Doodle" whistled behind upheld geography books. And in such moments he felt incompetent.

He was not sure of himself. Every bar of music was a tap dance stamped out upon his ego.

And so I think there is more emotion than true scientific fervor in his denunciation of the entire whistling clan. After all, I think the word "moron" has come into far too frequent use. It serves to put practically the same purpose as "pro-German" fulfilled for a few years later, "Bolshevik."

If a man disagrees with you about any contention, from economics to literature, it is easy to toss him out of court by saying through clenched teeth, "Moron!"

Does Hoover Tap Feet?

AND I have a certain specific charge to bring against the pontifical attitude of Professor Shaw. According to his words, as set down in the papers, Charles Grey Shaw propounded the theory that no great man ever whistled. Then, somewhat unctuously, he popped the question, "Can you imagine President Hoover whistling?"

Well, whether or not the great engineer in the White House whistles, he has, upon numerous occasions, given "cheer up" statements which seemed to me very much in the musical manner of a small boy walking past a graveyard on a moonless night.

Moreover, who told Professor Shaw that Herbert Clarke Hoover was a great man? Indeed to put it over bluntly, who's the moron now? (Copyright, 1931, by The Times)

We All Make 'Em

Mistakes in the use of the English language are common enough, but a little thought and attention to simple rules and a memorizing of words frequently misused and mispronounced will help any one to the use of good English. We lose caste if careless with our language.

Our Washington bureau has ready for you a bulletin on Common Errors in English, which, if read carefully and referred to when in doubt, will improve your English, if you, like most people, make careless errors.

Fill out the coupon below and send for this bulletin. It might mean the difference between getting and losing a job.

CLIP COUPON HERE

Dept. 150, Washington Bureau, The Indianapolis Times, 1322 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin Common Errors in English and inclose herewith 5 cents in coin, or loose, uncanceled United States postage stamps, to cover return postage and handling costs.

Name

St. and No.

City State

I am a reader of The Indianapolis Times. (Code No.)