

The Indianapolis Times

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

Open the Mines
 Threat of martial law in the mining district of Indiana suggests that the state should offer brains instead of bullets to settle the difficulties in that industry.

The remnant of what was once a very strong union organization of workers is now idle through a failure to agree with operators on a new wage scale. Underneath that failure is a story of conflict within the union, a struggle for control and more than that, competition between various localities and different types of mines for control of the huge Chicago coal market. The welfare of the workers was of minor importance to the selfish interests in these conflicts in all the negotiations.

In these desperate days, when work is essential and when wage scales in the mining industry must be on a competitive basis if the industry is to continue, both sides to this controversy must face the facts.

The people of this state have a very direct interest in the matter. There has been much privation and suffering in the mining districts. It has been necessary to send aid to the jobless. That aid has been all too little and has failed to properly care for the dependents of the thousands who have had no work. There is the larger interest in preventing the tragedy that comes with open conflict.

Probably outside of a very few workers, the vast majority of the miners want only one thing—work on a basis that gives them a fair share of the products of their labor. They want to work in the mines. They are willing to work on a basis that is necessarily established by the price of coal in the one logical market.

No leadership could be more stupid, to put it in the most kindly term, than that which would unnecessarily add to unemployment at the present time.

For a number of years, the miners' union has been losing ground because its leadership has failed to recognize certain fundamental economic facts as they relate to this state. The men have been sacrificed. This has brought hunger, desperation and desolation until many of the mines are running, when at all, under unorganized conditions and there is the prospect of this state being transformed into another Kentucky slave pen.

Bullets will not settle the matter. Only work can do that. And work can come only when there is fairness and justice, not obstinate defiance of facts on the one side or more obstinate greed upon the other.

Instead of soldiers, a commission of fair-minded men should be sent to survey the situation and bring peace and work.

The Way Is Clear

The increase of water rates on larger users of water is declared illegal by the attorney-general and denounced by two members of the public service commission.

The concession obtained by the city in taxes can, therefore, be regarded only as a confusion by the water company of its extortions from the public purse. The increase must be stopped, and can be stopped, if there is an organized effort on the part of those who are called upon to pay increases.

An even sadder picture is presented by the new schedules for the electric company. In addition to the confession that it has been overcharging for street lights and 1 cent chopped from the tax rate, there is a reduction of 12 cents a month to the consumer.

In return for these small concessions, the company escapes an explanation of the apparent variance between figures one set of officials presented to the public service commission and another presented to the public.

It also escapes an inquiry into its method of operation whereby it gives to a twin subsidiary of the holding company which owns both the electric company and the selling agency an extortionate fee for buying coal.

It escapes inquiry into huge charges for management, its losses in commercial and competitive businesses outside the serving of electricity.

There has been no relief for the consumer, especially the users of power. This is important. It is a direct influence upon employment.

Is there enough courage in this city to demand a new inquiry? All that it takes is a petition of ten citizens.

This Deserves an Answer

Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist board of temperance, prohibition and public morals, says in an interview:

"I have no prejudice against referring any subject of importance in the Constitution, or out of it, to the people. . . . Whenever the wets can agree to put up a substitute which they think better than prohibition, I for one will be in favor of letting them have a vote on the subject and help them get it.

"We will not favor a referendum to vote ourselves overboard. . . . If the opposition can agree on what they want, we would have a chance to look it over and vote for that or for prohibition."

That's fine. It is an attitude of mind worthy of careful consideration by wet leaders. It reflects again the mental processes Dr. Wilson seems to have been employing of late.

A great many good citizens honestly believed that liquor could be abolished by law. Many millions in public money have been spent to prove that theory, with unsatisfactory results. But it is only fair that prohibitionists be given an honest answer to the question they are asking wet leaders:

"What have you to offer that is better?"

There may be a half dozen good answers, but only one is wanted. Dr. Wilson says: "Whenever the wets can agree."

It is a fair challenge to the anti-prohibitionists to get together on a definite program.

Business for Idle Factories

"One of the most colossal follies of our time," is the way Colonel Hugh L. Cooper describes the American policy of killing our Russian trade. Cooper, whose views are printed on Page 1, Section 2, of this issue, is not a Russian propagandist. Besides ranking as America's greatest engineer, he is a conservative business man. As an engineer and business man he has dealt with the Russians for years.

No one can challenge Colonel Cooper's competence to speak on this subject with the authority of an expert. As an expert, he says:

"Beyond question, Russia today offers the biggest, potential outlet for American-made goods of any country in the world. And to slam the door in the face of this market, when millions of anxious American workers are looking for jobs, is nothing short of folly."

The American business man looking for orders and the American unemployed will be interested in

Cooper's description of that rich Russian market which is ours for the taking:

Russia has a stable government, increasingly popular with the people.

Russia wants to buy in America.

Russia has 160,000,000 citizens who desire higher living standards, which can be facilitated with American goods.

Russia has natural resources and riches greater than all the other European nations combined.

Russia during the last eight years has bought \$2,500,000,000 worth of goods from us and paid for it without a penny loss to any American firm.

Russia buys five times as much from us as we buy from her—thus Russian trade more than any other offers a remedy for American unemployment.

But instead of welcoming that Russian trade, we are slamming the door in its face, as Colonel Cooper points out. As a result, Russia has transferred her orders from the United States to Germany and England, until today that rich flow of trade virtually has ceased here.

America could get a billion dollars' worth of Russian business if the Washington government would send an intelligent trade commission to Moscow. That is what our government will do if it is sincerely desirous of attacking the depression.

Lots of Doughnut

(From New York World-Telegram)
 We wish there weren't so many people who make hard times harder than they are.

We mean people with good, reasonably secure jobs, who nevertheless go around with long faces and tied-up pocketbooks, talking fear and worry to their friends.

We are not so foolish as to think this depression can be whistled away. But we like the whistlers better than the gloom spreaders.

Take this big, busy city at the present moment. Does it look like the morgue some folks would have us believe it?

Not by a long shot!

A vast majority of New York workers still are on the job from morning till night, earning fair pay, eating three square meals a day, paying rent and buying clothes for themselves and their families—with something left over to spend in minor luxuries and the movies.

At least 2,400,000 such persons are at work in the city today, not only maintaining themselves, but providing steady jobs and profits for others here and elsewhere.

Among them are 40,590 telephone employees, earning some \$75,000,000 a year; 150,000 men employed in trucking and hauling the huge quantities of goods that flow to and from this great center; thousands more selling \$1,000,000,000 worth of food a year from New York's 40,000 food stores. And a dozen other major groups.

Take a look at the jam of trucks in the market district any busy hour these days. Would you say New York was starving or stinting itself? If you didn't know about "depression," could you spot many signs of it there or among the crowds in the shopping sections or at big athletic events?

Too many of us have slumped into a habit of exaggerating bad times, of waiting paralyzed for the boom days of 1928 to come back and galvanize us.

What we need is more of the spirit of a local corporation head, who said the other day something like this:

"I am sick of sitting back and waiting for 'normal' times. I am going to treat this present time as normal—adjusting expenses, prices, organization, etc., accordingly—and go ahead."

"Then if things get better it will be all to the good. But calling present conditions 'abnormal' and waiting and waiting for them to change will move us nowhere."

Wages are being cut? Well, so are prices—from groceries to steamship travel. Never were more genuine bargains offered to people with courage enough to take advantage of them.

Fixing a mournful gaze on the hole in the doughnut only makes the hole look bigger. There's a lot left besides the hole. And nowhere has the public more reason to realize it than in this very much alive, anything-but-stagnating city.

Don't feed depression with exaggeration.

This is not whistling, but sense.

Just Every Day Sense

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

THAT Alice Longworth—as is reported in the current Good Housekeeping magazine—with all the world open to her, should choose to be Alice Sit-by-the-Fire is not surprising.

From her earliest childhood the world has been open to her. That is why it now has no lure.

For Alice Longworth has been a woman singularly blessed by fate. If we count as blessings attention, praise and the chance to walk with the renowned of the earth.

Daughter of a world-famous father, she has been in the spotlight from infancy. Her girlhood was spent in the White House. She lived amid a clamor of applause. She was sought after by royalty and dined with kings.

Therefore she knows what the world is like and the men and women who live in it. She understands that most of the attention given to celebrities soon rings hollow and seldom is very sincere.

She realizes that many well-advertised people are uninteresting and even stupid and that it is possible for the public to make a great noise over a nincompoop.

Most of us believe in fairy tales, and the far-away always fascinates us. Society with a capital S is one of the most abiding allurements.

If we live in Oshkosh, we believe that the people of New York are somehow different.

If we are New Yorkers, we yearn to mingle with the famous of Washington, and if we abide among these for a while, we still cling to the thought that the folk in Paris, London or Vienna are all glamorous and charming.

The woman who dreams of high society in her small kitchen knows nothing of how tiresome and silly most of it is. She can not imagine the trite activities, the monotonous round of senseless conversation, the vast disillusion that can follow upon a meeting with those whose pictures she sees in the paper and a description of whose goings on she reads so avidly.

It is only the person who has been everywhere and seen everybody who is wise about this. Alice Longworth would be. Therefore, she gathers about her only those whom she likes.

It is not strange that after such a vivid life as hers has been she should find her ultimate satisfaction in her home and her child.

M. E. Tracy

Says:

How the Highbrow Element Can Improve Politics on the Hypothesis It's "Too Dirty to Enter." Heaven Only Knows.

NEW YORK, April 6.—Colleges are finding it possible to make the front page by other means than sport. Before getting too excited over the particular means, let us chalk that up to their credit. It is gratifying to see student activities in such institutions as Yale, Columbia and the University of California get real publicity in connection with something besides athletics. It restores one's faith in the idea that higher education includes brain work.

Wholesome Sign

COLUMBIA students are protesting vigorously at the summary expulsion of Reed Harris, former editor of the Spectator. Many of them regard it as an arbitrary interference with the right of free expression. Some members of the faculty are in sympathy with this view.

Though formerly stating that Harris was expelled because of material published in the Spectator, Dean Hawkes of Columbia now says that it was for misconduct and that "the issue, therefore is not one of denial of free speech."

Among other things, Harris charged that football had become a commercialized sport at Columbia and that John Hay dining hall was being run for private profit.

Whatever one may think about the merits of the case, it suggests that some students are taking interest in more vital problems of college life and college management than which team can score a touchdown.

Ogling for Grades

MALE students of the University of California are demanding women as teachers. They argue that the girls can get by with poor marks by ogling the men, while they have to buckle down and work.

In their erudite opinion, such a situation is unfair and the only way to even things up is to give them a chance to try similar methods on female professors.

It sounds silly enough to make more than one hard-pressed dad wonder whether he is spending his money wisely, but there is a grain of sense in it.

Nature has ordained that there should be about an equal number of men and women in the world. Our educational system could be improved by closer adherence to that rule.

Our common schools are topsy-turvy with women, while our colleges are topsy-turvy with men. Who knows but that this is fundamentally wrong in a system which is based on co-education.

High Hat Derision

ACCORDING to the Yale Daily News, "Politics is just too dirty" for college graduates to choose as a career.

"The most serious of all menaces to America," says the News, "is the increasing disgust of educated young men for politics. Politics no longer is a decent profession."

The significance of these boldly interesting assertions lies in the fact that they were made right after Governor Roosevelt of New York and Governor Cross of Connecticut had urged college men to enter politics.

Neither should they be dismissed as purely theoretical, or as merely representing the personal views of a student editor.

This country is afflicted with a highbrow element which considers itself too good for politics. How it expects to improve politics on such a hypothesis, heaven only knows.

Maybe, it fails to realize that politics is the business of people in a democracy.

Original Thinking

HERE are three subjects worth more than a passing thought presented to the country by college students.

It has been a long time since anything like that happened. Instead of getting over because we do not happen to agree with some of the opinions expressed, or some of the attitudes revealed, we should accept the performance in its larger meaning, in its definite suggestion that the power and courage to think originally is playing a more important part in our educational system.

Questions and Answers

When a widow wishes to retain the surnames of both of her former husbands, should she use a hyphen between the two names or merely the name of the second husband?

She should not use the hyphen at all. If her maiden name was Smith and she marries first a man named Brown and a second time a man named Jones, she should sign her name "Mrs. Katherine Smith Brown Jones."

Are Syria and Palestine greater or less in area since the World war? By the way, how big is Syria?

How many stars are there? The total number is estimated to be between 30,000 and 50,000 millions.

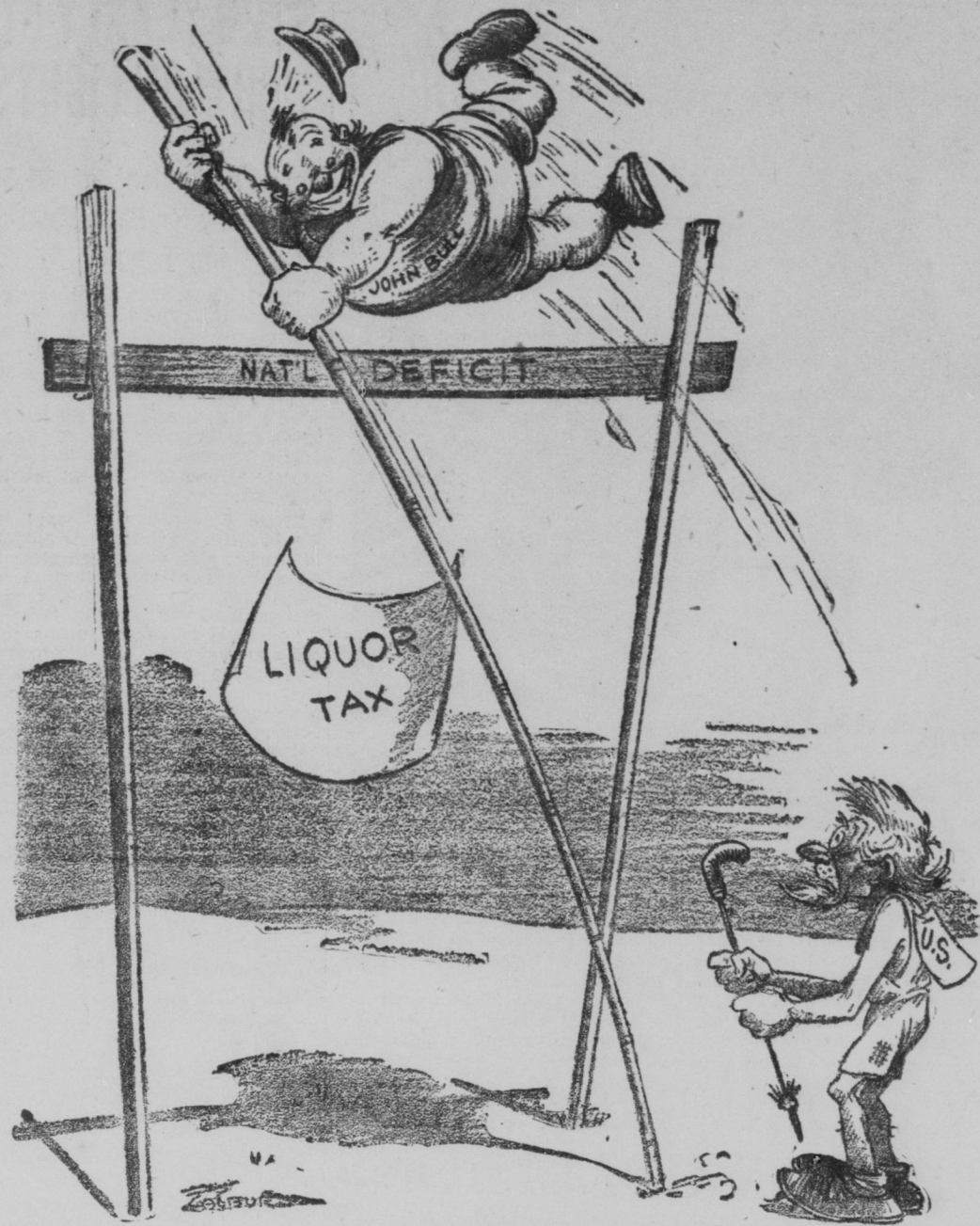
Which of the five great races of man is the oldest?

The original whites, first forefathers of the white people, were probably the oldest race; then the Africans and Asiatic peoples and Australians, but no authentic data are available.

Where in the Bible can I find the quotation "Am I my brother's keeper?"

That was the question of Cain to the Lord, after the murder of his brother Abel. It is in Genesis 4:9.

'See How It's Done, Sam?'



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

See Doctor at Once in Pregnancy

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

ALL over the world today health authorities, student of economics and statesmen are giving serious attention to preservation of health and life of mothers.

It is realized that the mother may be the most important factor for the future health of the nation—morally and physically.

Number of books and pamphlets developed to advise on this subject is tremendous. In Canada a great co-operative effort involves a study of the statistics of maternal health and mortality, the appointment of a special committee of the Canada Medical Association to co-operate in education on pre-natal care, investigation as to nursing service, the establishment of pre-natal clinics and an investigation of hospitals

as to the type of maternity service that is rendered.

The Canada Council on Child and Family Welfare has developed pre-natal and postnatal letters for mothers, and circulates books of advice.

There is also a Canadian mothers' book, which quotes as one of the important items, emphasis on the fact that it is advisable for a woman to see a doctor immediately, just as soon as she knows that she is likely to have a child.

When a prospective mother suddenly finds that her wedding ring is getting too tight or that her shoes feel too tight, or that her vision is becoming blurred, she must realize that these are danger signals—danger warnings not only for her own life and health but also for that of the anticipated baby.

The warning is stated simply and worthily of note. It reads:

"When the baby is coming, a great change takes place in the mother. Every organ in her body wakes up and works hard."

"There is more work to do and each organ seems to receive new life and help and energy in the pregnant condition."

"Her body is a wonderful machine that needs careful and skillful attention. The one who is able to give that care and watching is the doctor."

"A different little sound in the running of a motor car makes a good driver think and find out the reason, and a little change that the doctor sees or hears or feels makes him think and find out the reason and know what to do."

"This care makes the mother safe. The nurse can help the doctor and the mother a great deal in giving this care."

This advice should be strictly followed.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

A NUMBER of readers—which means seven or eight—have taken violent exception to a recent column in criticism of the clergy. I am accused of being one who singles out gentlemen of the cloth for attack.

That is not altogether accurate. I have liked ministers, and, anyhow, it would be folly to attack any class or group. The percentage of incompetence among clergymen may be as high as that which prevails among clergy. I doubt it, but the thing is difficult to prove, one way or the other.

The quality which seems to me most distinctly lacking among ministers is religious feeling. Of all instincts, mysticism is most sorely in need of that gentle preservative called the amateur spirit.

A minister is a professional religionist. He draws a salary and in return agrees to give public testimony of his love for God and righteousness at set and stated intervals. Every Sunday he stands in a pulpit and, stripping down to his naked self, poses before the congregation.

Should he be blamed if, after many years of such performances, he stands revealed as a man without much soul to speak of?

Sermon Must Go On

AND even so he must keep on speaking. Don't think I have any sympathy for these poor fellows who are blasted for the sins of the people. There are many respects in which the job of preaching closely resembles that which is expected from a newspaper columnist.

But the columnist can serve both God and Mammon, and after a sojourn with subjects of the flesh he can strip down to the sins of the spirit, stepping high, like the prodigal son on his way back to his father's house. There are clergymen in a very true sense dedicated to the good of their fellows.

But fortunately for all concerned, they are not acutely aware of the

fact that they have a mission. A minister realizes that he is one set apart every time he puts a hand up to his collar, and the fact that he thus is branded makes him self-conscious and destroys the fun of wading into evil-doers.

Fine feeling is distributed widely among human beings, but the taint of mortality is such that righteousness dwells in no man as a constant factor. There are mornings when the average person—or, better, call him Everyman—gets up all glowing with an eagerness for good deeds.

But there are other days when he can't drum up any kind of will for his neighbors. In these off moments he can abstain from making violent pretense of passion for right living.

Even the Crusaders, who were dedicated by vows and banners, did slide down from their high horses upon occasion and put off their armor. There were sublimated years in which Richard and all the rest of the lion-hearted ceased to trouble themselves over the fact that the Saracens were at the Sepulchre.

A 7-Day Week

BUT for a clergyman there is no dismounting. He must continue to huzzah for reformation, even though the flesh is weak and the spirit still more feeble. When any one tells you he loves God, this expression comes from his heart, beauty may be created. But it is a less appealing recital if the testimony is merely from the throat and lips.

The difficulty is not insurmountable. Clergymen could avoid religion on those Sundays when they find that none is in them. When the fires of fervor are low and fitful let the preacher talk about his stamp collection or his system, if he has one, for making cider. He need not worry about such passing derelictions from the themes to which he is committed.

Time will set him in tune with the Infinite if he has patience and

refrains from twanging at the strings of exaltation when there is no chance for him to make any loud sounds save discords.

When Ministers Unbend

BUT few ministers have any talent for unbending, even if they are shrewd enough to know that with a Methodist parson who had a distinct gift for the game, but it was wasted. He went around the course never forgetting an instant that he was supposed to be the one wrenched away from human vanities.

He took no proper pride or pleasure in his long drives, and whenever he won a hole, which was very often, he'd shake his head and say, "So sorry!"

And there was another clergyman whom I knew, and he unbent by telling shady stories at a dinner. And I liked him worse than the golfing parson, for this one had no talent. He was trying to be a good fellow, but every anecdote which he related was either hooked or sliced.

Ministers should not try anything drastic in unbending. The stiffness in the knees can't be worked out in a moment.

In proof of the fact that I am honestly intent upon the bigger and better preacher movement, I will enter into a solemn agreement with any person in the city. These are the terms: When I sit down to write a column and ascertain that I have nothing whatever to say, I will not try to coin one out of violent effort but will merely set down a single paragraph saying, "Please excuse it."

And when my colleague, the clergyman, walks to his pulpit having nothing to say I expect him to bow a polite dismissal to his congregation and to say, "Some other time, maybe."

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People's Voice

Editor Times—Cabbage soup for the jobless! That surely is inspiring. Why not build a trough and feed them like hogs?

The grim monster prohibition has engulfed in its hideous embrace misery and suffering of monstrous proportions. Still, our webfooted politicians in Washington, most of whom carry water on one shoulder and liquor on the other, allow it to fester, it seems, regardless of consequences.

Will they juggle this prohibition Enoch and the tariff nuisance around until all our factories move to Canada and leave us holding the sack, an empty one at that?

Wait until Scotty McBride and his erstwhile supporters serve awhile without pay an dare told to make soup from their own little cabbage patch.

W. D. CAMPBELL.

Daily Thought

For I am fearfully and wonderfully made.—Psalms 139:14.

Creation is great, and can not be understood.—Carlyle.

SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

Experiments to Determine Speed of Light Will Be Continued.

THE "high priest of light" is dead. But his experiments are to go on. The University of Chicago announces that the experiments upon which Dr. A. A. Michelson was engaged at the time of his death are to be continued. The work will be carried on by Fred Pearson, who was his assistant.

When Dr. Michelson died last May he was engaged in a final determination of the speed of light. For this test the Mt. Wilson astronomers assembled a mile-long tube of corrugated iron pipe from which all the air was extracted.

The pipe line and the experiments were made possible by a fund of \$40,000, of which the Rockefeller Foundation furnished \$20,000 and the Carnegie Corporation \$20,000.

Professor Michelson planned to measure the speed of a beam of light as it was reflected back and forth in the pipe line from a system of mirrors.

The experiment itself sounded exceedingly simple. A beam of light was reflected from one face of an eight-sided mirror down the pipe to a mirror at the other end and then back.

The eight-sided mirror then was put into rotation. If the speed was correct, the returning beam got back just in time to strike the second face of the revolving mirror, and so on.

Then if the speed of the revolving mirror was measured accurately, the speed of the beam of light could be calculated.