



The Indianapolis Times

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

Still In Chains

Faced by a grave emergency, the people of the state find themselves still in chains despite the fact that they are spending large sums of money on a special session of the legislature to give them relief.

The chains are a hypocritical attitude of mind toward facts.

The chains are the secret grip on government of special privilege.

The chains are the petty political plots of those who want power and soft jobs.

The chains are the incapacities of men to look only for the common good and disregard the private and political interests that appeal to small minds.

The farm and small home are being confiscated by heavy taxes—and yet the legislature refuses to divert, for the time, the millions of dollars that are being wasted by the highway department.

Business struggles for existence and yet there is the serious threat that it will be hampered by a heavy tax on privately operated trucks, used by business in an endeavor to keep down costs of transportation.

The ranks of the unemployed increase week by week, the demands for charity grow by bounds, and yet the legislature hesitates to give back to the cities the gasoline and automobile taxes which would permit them to put their citizens to work instead of feeding them scant meals from public funds.

New sources of revenue are sought and yet there is a "moral protest" against taking away a part of the huge sums wasted by desperate people on gambling enterprises.

In this city alone, several millions of dollars are spent each year on various lotteries. The law can not reach these enterprises, due to court decisions that draw so fine a line that convictions are impossible.

The people buy these tickets and see courts order their return to the operators when zealous police officers make raids.

The drain from this source alone amounts to at least half the tax levy. It goes to the racketeers. If the people pay, the least that could be done is to see that the revenues go to the victims in the form of taxation instead of into private hands.

There is hypocrisy in the hesitation to repeal the Wright law that it is not only ineffective, but costly.

Every effort to curb the rapacity of public utilities which have greater power to tax than have public officials is blocked by servitude to these powerful interests.

Public ownership of these utilities would free business from much of its burden and the citizen from unjust tribute to pyramided financial monstrosities.

Waste in government continues. Unnecessary and costly commissions continue to thrive. High salaries in public office, based on 1929 levels, are paid by citizens whose wage and income has been reduced almost to the vanishing point.

The call is made for leadership. It needs more than that. The need is for intelligence and conscience.

Why not recognize that the emergency is here and the time arrived for drastic action?

Why not face conditions and facts and be as ruthless in the public interest as the plunderbund has been for private profit?

The taxpayer and business demand freedom. The clanking chains are too heavy to carry.

Hypocrisy, politics, private greed have no place in this hour.

Sixteen Years

Sixteen years ago today an innocent man was returning with his wife from vacation on the wooded shores of Russian river, near San Francisco, when he was arrested for murder. From that day to this, Tom Mooney's world has been a prison.

Think back over sixteen years of your life and consider what these full years have wrought. The world has been fought. The map of Europe has been changed. The League of Nations and the world court have been launched.

Most of Europe's monarchies have fallen. Italy has gone Fascist, Ireland independent, China has emerged. Gandhi has stirred Mother India from age-old slumber.

Men have conquered the air with planes and the nether sea with submarines. Lindbergh has flown his nonstop flight to Paris and others have followed. Post and Gatty have circumnavigated the globe in less than nine days.

The Graf Zeppelin has spanned three continents and two oceans in its 20,000-mile trip around the earth in twenty-one days. Admiral Byrd has circled both the poles by air.

Einstein has rewritten the book of science. The talkie, the radio, television, other marvels have become commonplaces. A new planet, Pluto, has been spied out, and a 200-inch telescope soon will peer into the firmament for other new worlds.

Henry Ford has revolutionized surface transportation, his fellows of big business have created super-trusts. The Empire State building has pierced Manhattan's sky line 102 stories high.

America has doubled its productive power and has been through its great bull market. Its new wealth has created new poverty and has thrown out of work 11,000,000 men and women in history's worst depression.

Its government, tossing aside precedent, has created a four-billion dollar corporation for relief to banks, railways, and states and cities. Prohibition has come and almost gone, leaving a wake of new crimes. Labor has come to share in management and profits and is demanding a six-hour day.

You have been part of this challenging changing

era. Mooney, as innocent of crime as you, has been No. 31921 in San Quentin penitentiary. Through sixteen years, 192 months, 832 weeks, 5,836 days, he has risen, worked, eaten, and gone to bed in his little world of steel and concrete, a speck of organic life in meaningless motion.

One thing Mooney has seen. He has seen the world become convinced of his innocence. President Wilson saved his life; another presidential commission reported his trial a farce; his own judge and jury have led the fight for his pardon; Governors, senators, mayors, organizations representing millions of the plain people here and abroad have protested his imprisonment.

He has become a world symbol as a victim of injustice.

He still hopes.

And Still It Pours

That old slogan now may be modified to read: As Texas goes, so goes the nation.

For Texas has voted almost three to one in favor of resubmission of the eighteenth amendment, overturning the erroneous belief that the Lone Star state is as arid as its senior United States senator, Morris Sheppard, co-author of prohibition.

All doubt about whether the nation wants to vote again on the prohibition amendment seems to have been dispelled by the Texas result. While drys like Sheppard might sniff at the outcome, impartial observers may observe that more than a quarter million Texans can't be wrong.

Texas confirms the swing to the repeal side, the side of sanity in law and taxation. There was the amazing upset in North Carolina, which so definitely shelved dry Senator Morrison. There were, also the votes for repeal and modification cast by southern delegations to the Democratic convention at Chicago.

Then, to bolster the Texas result, comes the vote in the Indiana house of representatives for modification of this state's bone dry law.

Repeal, if these portents are right, is in sight.

On Their Merits

Railway consolidations under the four-system plan must be judged on their merits when the carriers present their formal applications to the interstate commerce commission.

Some may perceive tacit approval of the proposed final unifications in the commission's agreement of last week to amend its 1929 consolidation plan and permit four railroad systems in the east, excluding New England.

But numerous groups, including labor, investors in railway securities, and others, will be prepared at the appropriate time to present their side of the case, in hope that the commission will conclude its final decision on facts presented at that time.

Commissioner Eastman and other members of this regulatory body clearly have announced their intention of so judging the impending applications.

It was Eastman who also pointed out that this four-system plan already has been accomplished largely by extra-legal means through railroad holding companies not under supervision of the federal government.

Several of these concerns, apparently without regard to cost, have acquired large blocks of shares in railroads which are themselves in such distressed financial condition as to be large borrowers from the government through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

These financial operations will be fruitful fields of study for the commission at the proper time.

Consolidation economies are brought about largely through reductions in working forces, removals of shops and roundhouses, and other mechanical and business headquarters; and in these labor suffers.

Railway consolidation will be helpful to business generally, if the I. C. C. protects the employees and minority stockholders by following the Eastman formula that terms of railway mergers are more important than the mere mergers themselves.

The real meaning of that collateral phrase in the new relief bill is that the only ones who can borrow money from the government are the ones who don't need it.

The names of the Russian towns where new factories are being built provide citizens of Pawhuska, Oswatonic and Tuscaloosa with plenty of laughs.

They're always changing things at the wrong time. Just as our stomachs were getting accustomed to digesting cheesecloth on lunch ham, the packers start wrapping it in cellophane.

At a recent bankers' meeting the general opinion was that the future of the United States is still rosy. What a whale of a difference a few millions make!

Just Every Day Sense

By Mrs. Walter Feergusson

As has been charged, American women are susceptible, romantic creatures, and easily thrown into ecstasies of enthusiasm by masculine charm, then the Socialists are overlooking their best bet if they fail to plaster Norman Thomas' pictures over the billboards of the land.

Because, according to photographs at least, Thomas is by far the most personable of the seven candidates now running for the presidency of the United States.

And the ladies are a little tired of Mr. Hoover's cherubic lineaments. Franklin Roosevelt lacks that certain something that is so effective with the fair sex. William Foster, the Communist, is just so-so. You can see his replica on any street corner.

Frank Webb of the Liberty party has a soulful expression, but is a trifle faded; Jacob Coxey is too old; and Willie Upshaw, the prohibitionist, has a nasty gleam in his eye.

Thus, as we see, leaves Thomas with all the pulchritudinous honors. He has a handsome and intelligent face—the sort of countenance that, when photographed with the best points touched up a little, can throw women into a flutter.

He may not be an Adonis, but he's the best we can do so long as Clark Gable is not running.

I FEEL sure that he could make a sweeping campaign alone. With the right sort of management, he would poll a large beauty parlor vote.

And I speak for hundreds of thousands of women voters who for long have seen feminine success in so many fields depend upon bathing beauty qualities when I say that we demand more good looks in the White House.

We haven't had what you call a really handsome President since Warren G. Harding's leonine head swept a majestic way to Washington, and he was a little too old to intrigue the girls (or wasn't he?).

Mr. Coolidge was a complete washout as to looks, and Mr. Hoover is butter-faced. What we would like is a new deal in politics—a really handsome candidate. We long for some personality plus, some charm, some elegance, some IT. And Mr. Norman Thomas would be le beau ideal.

M. E. Tracy

Says:

Statecraft Is Powerless to Make Over Geography, Climate, or the Influence of Common Interests.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Having failed to get anywhere with wheat and mutton, the Ottawa conference tackles coal. As a mere matter of political arrangement, the coal problem looks simple.

England produces more coal than she knows what to do with, while Canada is in about the same fix regarding lumber, and England must look to other countries for lumber, while the bulk of Canada is without coal.

What more natural than to exchange the two commodities? What better set-up could one ask for promoting trade within the British empire?

Should the deal go through, England could send coal by ship up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, and Canada could make use of the same port for shipping lumber to England. Should the St. Lawrence be widened and deepened, as the proposed treaty provides, the port of entry for coal and clearance for lumber could be moved westward as far as Toronto, or even Lake Superior.

But—and this is one little bug under the chip—should the deal go through, the United States would be deprived arbitrarily of a certain part of the Canadian coal market, which she now enjoys, and of the English lumber market.

Under such circumstances, would the United States be justified in paying half the cost of converting the St. Lawrence into a deep waterway?

What of Nova Scotia?

What the United States might suffer and what she might do by way of retaliation, if England and Canada were to swap lumber for coal, is only one rock in the road.

As a Canadian province and a producer of coal, Nova Scotia thinks she ought to be allowed to say so. Why should her interests be ignored to make business for England? If western Canada needs coal and if reciprocity is the order of the day, why not buy it from home folks?

Finally, there are the ultimate consumers in both Canada and England, who will be charged with the freight and who are bound to pay more as the haul is lengthened.

A National Barrier

It is all right to visualize trade as taking definite channels and as properly belonging to certain well-defined groups, but it is all wrong to interfere with the natural processes which determine where trade shall go, or the area it shall cover.

Statecraft is powerless to make over, geography, climate or the influence of common interests.

England could provide a market for her lumber by prohibiting the use of oil, and Canada could provide a market for her lumber by prohibiting the use of steel, brick and concrete.

Politicians have sense enough not to undertake anything foolish. They should have sense enough to avoid these agreements to manipulate trade which amounts to the same thing in principle.

Warning in History

HUMAN progress, as evidenced by discovery, invention, and the constantly changing use of commodities, is superior to any other force on earth. It suffers nothing to stand in its way.

It wrecks great industries without qualm or scruple. It develops revolution after revolution, which is none the less genuine because bloodshed is lacking. It alters the habits of work and life as no other force has or can.

It has transformed the external aspects of civilization during the last 100 years, and that, too, in spite of law tradition and prejudice.

If statecraft is wise, it will refrain from interfering with the natural development of trade, and confine its efforts to helping and encouraging improvements of every character.

Statecraft is out of its sphere when it attempts to manipulate trade for taxing purposes, as all history warns.

People's Voice

Editor Times—Once again a complete Democratic party in the house of representatives contemplates appropriating \$50,000 instead of \$125,000 for the Governor to squander.

His contingent fund of \$125,000 has been used as follows:

To employ the National Swine and Stock Breeders' Association to show at the state fair in competition with farmers; \$35 smoking stands, red draperies and redecoration of his state-owned mansion; contribution to the Hoover banquet and the Governor's feast at French Lick; and the noncompetitive bid to clean the statehouse at a cost of \$64,800, in violation of the 1929 statute on contracts.

If this contract had been let lawfully, there would have been a saving of \$50,000 and the legislature would have needed to appropriate but \$20,000 instead of its recommendation of \$50,000.

Before the legislators appropriate any money for the Governor's contingent fund, they should again look at the statehouse and see the bargain they got for \$64,800.

The Governor has stated, "It is my money; I can spend it as I please."

Quoting from the attorney-general in his official opinion to Floyd Williamson Aug. 10, 1931, in the absence of express limitation in the appropriation or other law, the Governor has a wide discretion in the use of his emergency contingent fund. There is no such express limitation in either the 1929 appropriation or the 1931 appropriation to said fund... If this authority be deemed too broad, the fault is in the law...

As the Governor's fund has been spent similar to the way a drunken sailor would spend his, this \$50,000 emergency contingent fund is but a political pork barrel, and all taxpayers in Indiana should remember that some of the legislators are up for re-election, and others running for the senate.

GUY D. SALLER

Right Off the Griddle



DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Coal Oil Poisoning Is Dangerous

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

Occasionally children drink kerosene or coal oil by mistake, and as a result may develop poisoning.

Dr. Julian P. Price has reported four cases of children who drank kerosene, one without any serious effects; one with immediate collapse, from which he recovered; one who developed fever, difficulty in breathing, and later recovered, and one who died.

The patient who died was a white boy, 11 months old, who while crawling around the floor picked up a container holding coal oil and started to drink.

Immediately he began to cough and attracted the attention of the nurse, who rushed him to the office of the family doctor.

The family doctor gave him some sweet cream, followed by a drug, which caused the child to throw up the mixture in the stomach.

Everything possible was done to keep the child stimulated and to restore his circulation and breathing, but the next day he died from terminal pneumonia.

When coal oil is first taken into the stomach there is a burning feeling in the mouth, throat and stomach, colic in the abdomen, vomiting and thirst.

If the poisons of the coal oil are absorbed the patient develops drowsiness, shallow breathing, feeble pulse and turns blue, then becomes unconscious and not infrequently dies.

In grown-up persons who take a small amount of coal oil or who work for a long time in an atmosphere where they inhale a great deal of coal oil, symptoms develop like those in a mild jag, which is called a "naphtha jag."

First symptoms are a sense of excitement and lack of self-control; later, however, there is depression, headache, nausea, roar-

ing in the ears, irritation in the throat and a trembling in the hands and arms.

If a sufficient amount of the fluid is absorbed, signs of shallow breathing, weak heart, convulsions and death follow.

Thus far, medicine knows no specific antidote for coal oil poisoning. Therefore, under such circumstances the first thing to do is to wash out the stomach and to give a mild laxative.

Then stimulants are used to sustain life and the patient is watched constantly, to lend him such support as can be given by medicine for the organs that need it.

One physician suggested the withdrawing of a considerable amount of blood from the veins and the transfusion of additional blood to take the place of the blood that has had its oxygen carrying power destroyed by the coal oil poisoning. This method is, however, still experimental.

Mr. Miller, author of "I Cover the Waterfront," is conducting this column during Mr. Brown's vacation.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY MAX MILLER

To have walked through Broadway, now, was a mistake, all right, as a fellow may as well have walked by his own few theaters at home.

No visitor, if he must see Broadway for a first time, should do so without content with what he has learned from books.

Not even a ghost of the swash-buckling Broadway of our illusions is there now, although it does seem strange that summer could have wiped away so completely all the descriptions we in the west have been raised to accept.

Winter may bring these descriptions back to truth again. I do not know. But I do know I saw nobody the least different from the chaps who stand around in front of our own picture houses at home and who always have a way of appearing cynical and vacant.

Broken Hearts and Lights

CONSIDERING the number of day houses, one almost could say that, instead of a broken heart for every light on Broadway there was a broken light for every heart. And I wish now that I completely had avoided the place, as everybody is entitled to the hallucination that at least one spot in the world is different in brightness to any other spot, at least one spot in the world is different in brightness to any other spot.

During the intermission of the musical comedy—a marvelous musical comedy—we all trooped outside, of course, for the customary blow and with our minds still carrying the final melody. But—biff—this melody was yanked away so quickly that we may as well not have attended the opening half at all.

Beggars—obviously professional beggars—were there in the doorway waiting for the grand pounce at our conscience. The same ones are there every night, a man told me, as they do not have to change theaters. The crowd changes each night instead.

But when men without collars, even men who may have more money at home in a sock than you have, stand around saying they are hungry, the visit to the theater has been rather useless.

They make you aware only too suddenly that life is not as bright as on the stage, after all. And there is nothing for you to do. But to re-enter the theater in time and try all over again.

This is an awful memory of Broadway to carry back with me, then. It is too far, way too far, from the visualized quarter where men in tuxedos step from limousines accompanied by that type of woman who does not care to look either to right or to left as she parades into the lobby.

Mary, off Bermuda, and into our own port at home not many years ago was brought the three-masted Marion G. Douglas.

She had been found outside with only one man aboard, and he was dazed. He knew nothing of what had happened.

Some ships, like some men, it would seem, just suddenly become weary of being told where to go each day and at what time. The ships, unable to stand it any longer, blow a magic puff, the crew disappears and the ship for the first time in its life is free to go on its own for awhile. Though it does, naturally, make a frightful mess of the going.

Crowds Instead of Waves

SUCH funny ideas as these, any way, are what can overtake a fellow who has been out of his element for a week. I must be cracking. The sight of the hundreds of folks stampeding into the subway tunnels here exactly at 8, then stampeding into them again at 6, must be doing this to me.

And the first thing this little boy does on returning to his own coast will be to yank off these clothes, pounce down to the ocean and there try to put together, piece by piece, just what all has happened here, anyway.

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Today is the World War Anniversary of the U. S. Troops Cross Ourcq.

ON July 27, 1918, American and French troops continued their rapid advance north of Chateau Thierry, making their total gain in this vicinity more than ten miles.

Defending German forces were strengthened by new regiments, but were unable to stop the onslaught of the allied armies.

Americans occupied Le Chateau and crossed the Ourcq near Fere-en-Tardenois. It was learned that seven American divisions, totaling nearly 200,000 men, were in the battle on the Marne.

The crossing of the Ourcq was made despite desperate resistance on the part of crack German guard divisions. Losses on both sides were heavy.

Did the late Thomas Edison succeed in extracting rubber from goldenrod?

In February, 1929, Mr. Edison said that he had found more than 1,200 American plants yielding rubber in some form or other, and of them forty were worth being cultivated on a large scale. He found that rubber could be extracted from goldenrod, and when vulcanized would respond as well as caoutchouc or ordinary rubber. Between 6 and 8 per cent of rubber was obtained by Mr. Edison from a species of goldenrod found in the Florida Everglades.

SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

Butterflies Have Fragrance of Flowers; Wide Variety of Pleasant Odors Diffused.

MANY butterflies are not only as beautiful as flowers, but they have the fragrance of flowers.

This is pointed out by Austin H. Clark, distinguished biologist of the Smithsonian Institution, who has given much time to the study of butterflies.

An examination of some of the common American butterflies reveals that a wide variety of pleasant odors is given off by the scent scales of the males, he reports.

Among butterflies with very pronounced odors, he finds, is the common orange-and-black regal fritillary.

The male of this special has a strong odor, which is both sweet and spicy and resembles that of sandalwood. It is detected easily, Clark says, by smelling the upper surfaces of the fore wings of the male.

The female of this special, however, has a special scent-producing organ, which gives off a powerful and nauseating odor, he says.

One usually thinks of the butterfly as dancing about with an aimless unconcern, but Clark reports that the fritillary is shy and suspicious.

It has a decided preference for the flowers from whose nectar it feeds, mostly red milkweeds and thistles. But as a rule it visits only tall, isolated plants and generally feeds only on the topmost blossoms from which the view is unimpeded.

Clark reports that the males are more shy and more suspicious than the females of the species.

Milkweed Butterfly

ANOTHER butterfly which Clark finds has a distinctive odor is the common milkweed butterfly of the eastern United States.

It emits an odor like the faint, sweet fragrance of red clover blossoms or the flowers of the common milkweed.

This fragrant odor, however, is emitted only by the males. Clark finds that it arises from the scales within little pouches on each hind wing of the male.

As in the case of the fritillary, the female has no such similar sweet odor, but gives off a very disagreeable odor, which Clark says resembles that of a cockroach.

The milkweed butterfly is a great wanderer and strong flyer. It is particularly fond of flying along the seacoast or the banks of a wide river. Clark says that it has been seen on the open sea 100 miles from shore.

It usually flies between 10 and 15 feet above the surface of the water. It flies with a speed of about 20 miles an hour and always in a straight line.

An odor resembling that of crushed violets is possessed by the common blue butterfly of the middle Atlantic states, Clark says. This butterfly is a woodland creature, found frequently in bushy bogs. It has a decided preference for white flowers.

Such preferences for particular flowers or flowers of particular color are among the most interesting facts which Clark points out about butterflies.

The popular conception of a butterfly is an aimless creature, flitting about without destination or purpose. Clark shows that each butterfly has definite habits and tastes.

Yikes Yellow Flowers

THE tiny butterfly known as the lesser sulphur butterfly has an odor like that of dried grass or hay, Clark says. A similar odor is possessed by the yellow clover butterfly.

The yellow clover butterfly, Clark finds, has a decided preference for yellow flowers.

If a cloudless day, it seeks a place of rest at once, picking out a yellow clover leaf or some other yellow leaf.

This butterfly has a strong social instinct and does not seem happy until it has a companion. A lone individual can be detected by dropping a small piece of yellow paper on a muddy spot.

Another species which has a fondness for yellow flowers is the cloudless sulphur butterfly. It has an odor resembling violets and musk.

One of the most common species of butterflies throughout the east, perhaps, the most common of all is the cabbage butterfly.

The male of this species, according to Clark, has a faint odor like that of sweetbrier. It has a preference for white flowers.

The cabbage butterfly, Clark says, has been the subject of considerable superstition, because one will occasionally appear in a house in mid-winter.

This is because the caterpillars often pupate on firwood. When this is piled near a stove, the warmth hastens the metamorphosis, and so the butterfly is likely to emerge before the end of winter.

Daily Thought

For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.—Hebrews 10:36.