

The Indianapolis Times

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

More Imperialism

American imperialism in Haiti dies hard. The new treaty restores Haitian liberties with one hand and takes them back with the other.

Nominally, the treaty provides that the occupation by United States marines will end not later than Dec. 31, 1934. But other sections provide that "withdrawal will begin" not later than that date. The navy department in Washington says that marine withdrawal would require at least a year, and probably longer, after it "began."

So much for the joker in the treaty. But that is little compared with the joker in the exchange of notes which becomes a legal reservation to the treaty. There it expressly is set forth that:

"While it is the definite intention of the two governments to carry out the program set forth in the agreement for the Haitianization of the garde (national guard), it is realized that it might prove impossible to carry out this program at the times fixed, if serious disturbances or other difficulties in Haiti now unforeseen should arise to prevent its execution."

That throws the door wide open for nullification of the treaty by the United States if the state department decides that "difficulties" require further American military rule.

Likewise, the American financial dictatorship is to continue. Nominally, financial control is to be restored to the Haitian government by withdrawal of the American receiver-general of customs and financial adviser.

But a protocol is added to the treaty which provides for appointment of a fiscal representative and deputy fiscal representative, both nominated by the President of the United States, who will have complete power over customs and internal revenues.

About the only change is in title of the officials. These American dictators are to continue in power until the outstanding American indebtedness of \$14,150,000 is retired, not later than 1942. But since further funding or borrowing by Haiti is probable before expiration of ten years, the American financial control doubtless will continue indefinitely.

This is a shameful outcome for all the administration ballyhoo of the last two years about restoration of Haitian independence. There is no justification for our imperialism in that country.

There is no more reason for United States troops to maintain order or protect American capital in Haiti than in any other Latin American country. There is no more reason why our government representatives should act as financial dictators in Haiti than in any European country which happens to have borrowed money from American bankers.

Haiti has a right to her freedom and full sovereignty. She was free until the United States intervened. We should give her back her freedom. The only way we can do this is to get out and stay out.

Educating the Public on National Issues

It is a fundamental assumption of democracy that campaigns are periods of public education on matters of state. The party selects an able man and a statesman-like platform. Then comes the campaign.

The voter is instructed fully by campaigners on all vital issues of the day and on relationship of the candidate and the platform to the achievement of Utopia. After prolonged and serious study, the voter finally arrives at a rational and deliberate choice and goes to the polls on election day to register his solemn decision.

Intelligent insight and serious scrutiny are presumed to dominate the whole process, from the conventions until election day.

George Jean Nathan contends, however, that nothing of the sort exists. He offers the following summary of the conventional methods of securing votes under the party system in a democracy:

"Consider the means whereby he (the average voter) readily is brought to an admiration of whichever politician desires his esteem. Privy to the secrets of his emotional gullibility, the politicians who wish to woo his good-will set about securing it in the following rubber-stamp manner:

"First by having his photograph taken with his wife; second, by having his photograph taken with his wife and children; third, by having his photograph taken with his old mother; fourth—and best, if possible—by having his photograph taken with one or both of his grandparents, a view which is invincible in convincing the American that the fellow, no matter whether his grandparents were horse thieves, comes of solid stock.

"Fifth, by getting his name on the boards of charitable organizations, even though he never once shows up at board meetings; sixth, by patting newsboys genially on the head in public places, thus attesting his humanness and democratic nature; seventh, by wearing clothes of a not too recent cut, and so indicating that he is one of the plain people.

"Eighth, by pitching his voice an octave lower than his natural, thus giving himself the necessary he-man aspect; ninth, by never making a speech on any occasion save the Fourth of July or a fraternal organization conclave without much profound frowning; tenth, by alluding on every possible public occasion to the humbleness of the folk from whom he sprang; eleventh, by mopping his brow as much as possible when facing his audience, by way of subtly flattering inference that he is hard put to it to convince so august an assemblage of minds.

"Twelfth, by approaching a movie news reel camera in a slightly hesitating and different manner, as if he did not deem himself worthy of so great an honor; thirteenth, by wearing a silk hat only at Easter; fourteenth, by effecting a deep interest in baseball; fifteenth, by never smoking cigars in a holder, an act which would bring him to be viewed as a fancy fellow and one to be looked on with certain misgivings; sixteenth, by wearing a collar that doesn't fit him and which thus somewhat occultly persuades the American to regard him as a man so busy with important concerns that he has no time for such trivial details.

"Seventeenth, if the owner of an automobile, by having one of a not too expensive or fashionable make and by making sure that it is of no color other than black; eighteenth, if a college man, by attending more laboring men's balls and picnics than otherwise would be necessary; nineteenth, by never failing to have Thanksgiving dinner with his family; and, twentieth, by denouncing his opponent before election day as being everything from a rat to a skunk, and after election day, whether he is elected or defeated, by admitting generously that, after all, his opponent is a very fine fellow indeed."

This would be splittingly funny if it were not so true and so precise a description of the considerations which dominate in American democratic plebiscites and lead to the choice of our public servants.

Will Durant well has supplemented this by his description of our amazing tolerance of the qualification of a "public servant." After showing how exacting we are about the preparation and training of a doctor who deals with our private ills, he has the following to say concerning those who jangle our public ailments:

"It is sufficient if they are friends of the chief, loyal to the organization, handsome or suave, hand-shakers, shoulder-slappers, or baby-kissers, taking orders quietly, and as rich in promises as a feather bureau."

"For the rest they may have been butchers or barbers, rural lawyers or editors, pork packers or saloon keepers—it makes no difference.

"If they have had the good sense to be born in log cabins, it is conceded that they have a divine right to be President."

Hungry Children

In the golden state of California, where the per capita wealth is highest in the land, a 4-year-old boy died from eating spoiled food picked from a refuse pile near a commission house. His 7-year-old sister almost died of the same cause.

This and other stories, from city slums, coal mine villages, factory towns, and other places in this still wealthy land tell the lie that "no one is hungry in America today."

Men and women and children are suffering from want now. During the coming third winter of the depression, the cumulative effects of cold, exposure, malnutrition, and bodily neglect will grip these unfortunate. Unless a mass effort is made, some of them will die of starvation.

Fifteen years ago America mobilized her will to give. She massed her mighty resources for war. The people emptied their pockets, not of a scant few hundreds of millions, but of billions. They "gave till it hurt."

The man who was secretary of war then now is head of a national welfare and relief mobilization. This will meet soon in Washington to prepare for the "war of 1932-33." Newton D. Baker now calls for millions to fight the new enemy, hunger.

More than 25,000,000 Americans, one-fifth of our entire population, must be fed by charity this winter. "All theories," says Baker, "must give way in the presence of a hungry child."

Fundamentalists Again

North Carolina's outbreak of hysteria over "paganism" in its university follows an old, old pattern.

Plato and Socrates once were shocking to their contemporaries. Galileo had to endure the abuse of ignorant men and women. Roger Bacon was feared as a "magician" and locked up in a dungeon. And thus has education progressed from one painful step to another.

Still, it is startling in this age of mechanical achievement to learn that 300 business men, public officials, and churchmen seriously can petition the Governor of a state to purge its university of such works as Freud's "General Introduction to Psychoanalysis" and bar from its doors such speakers as Bertrand Russell, labeling them "filthy" and "pagan." It is not inconceivable that these good citizens may be equally perturbed by stumbling across certain Biblical passages in their university library some day, and what a dilemma will confront them then!

If plaintive wails such as this had been taken seriously from ancient times, university students today still might be debating how many angels can stand on the point of a needle and how many blood-sucking leeches on a man's neck constitute a cure for pneumonia and cancer.

But the petitioners' prototypes weren't able to stem the onward sweep of human thought. Neither can they.

A group of lawyers recently decided that our jury system is defective. So much so, that sometimes the lawyer's only alternative is to fix the jurors.

An Iowa farmer who died the other day left \$100,000 in government bonds and a 320-acre farm, thereby making his net estate about \$25,000.

Our over cautious statesmen should bear in mind that the world will forgive an occasional error if you bat out enough home runs.

Andy Mellon says that stocks will hold their recent gains. We hope that doesn't start a selling rush by the boys who heard that in 1929.

Mexico has at least one advantage over the United States—it eliminates a candidate, he stays eliminated.

Just Every Day Sense

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

TAOS, perhaps the oldest settlement in this country, slumbers contentedly under a brilliant sun. Hundreds of artists have tried to put its color and vividness and charm upon canvas, and its Indians have inspired writers and poets.

The lives of an inhabitant of the Taos Pueblo and the average tourist who peers inquisitively into his dark doorways are separated by centuries. What thought must engage the minds of the brown men as they watch the curious whites and their queer accoutrements.

One artist, Blanche Grant, has caught something of this bewilderment, and the picture she has done about it is a sermon in oils. It is the portrait of a young Indian, one of the few from this region who took part in the World War.

Dressed in a gaily colored war bonnet, he posed after his return and his eyes question the meaning of an American trench helmet, his souvenir, that he holds in his hands.

How far has civilization traveled from the primitive? Not a hair's breadth, if you take war into consideration. From the war bonnet to the trench helmet is but a step, and that step is backward.

NO Indian ever fought for such foolish causes as those that engage the martial enthusiasms of the white man. In his native state he was not the bloodthirsty individual that he frequently has been painted.

And when he did fight, he fought only for those rights which he knew to be his—the right to hunt over his mountains and plains; the right to fish in the streams that watered his land; and the right to dwell peacefully in those regions where his fathers lived and died.

Historians have reviled him because he used poisoned arrows, because he took scalps and came sneaking upon his foes. He has been accused of duplicity and treachery. But are we, who criticize, any more noble, any less reprehensible?

We have improved upon the Indians' poisoned arrows and we use poisoned gas. We do not scalp each other in hand-to-hand combat. We blow our fellow-men into atoms by the thousands, drop bombs upon innocent noncombatants and sneak through the ocean waters in submarines. We are civilized.

M. E. Tracy

Says:

Hoover Has Given a Fine Demonstration of How Not to Improve Conditions at Home Through Trade Development Abroad.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—The administration at Washington could have done more to help business in the field of foreign trade than anywhere else. Strangely enough, that is the field in which it seems to have done least, if effort is to be measured by results.

At all events, we have lost more than our share of business in some cases, notably in that of Russia.

One might excuse the administration because of the great difficulties involved, were it not for the constant bragging about what it has not attempted. According to Secretary of State Stimson and Secretary of the Treasury, the administration hasn't so much as mentioned the subjects of debts to European governments.

This is curious, in the light of that moratorium which it proposed for their express benefit last year. What has caused the sudden and complete silence?

Unconcerned About Trade

TO let administration spokesmen tell it, one would suppose that this country had ceased to be interested in what happens abroad, even to the extent of getting an order.

There is not the slightest concern over the slump in Russian trade, though it must have meant unemployment for thousands. Neither is there the slightest concern over the recent British conference, which promises to result in the transfer of quite a bit of our Canadian trade to England.

Apparently, the administration exhausted itself in negotiating that St. Lawrence treaty. If it had been a little more deliberate, it might have used that treaty to good advantage while the conference was in progress.

Chances Passed Up

PRESIDENT HOOVER was charged with being too internationally minded four years ago, but no one is accusing him of it right now. Whatever else he may have done, or failed to do, he has given a splendid demonstration of how not to improve conditions at home through development of trade abroad.

You can't go back on the returns. There are the tables in cold black and white, showing what we have lost, and still are losing. Some of the loss could not be helped, of course, because there was no market, but what about the shift of Russian buying from this country to Germany, or the prospective shift in Canadian buying from this country to England?

What about the construction of American plants abroad for no other purpose than to beat the tariff, affording employment to people of other lands while our own folks remain idle?

What about the lack of co-operation by which the whole Hoover program is being held up? What about the big duty that virtually has ruined Cuba and lost us a splendid market?

People Won't Be Fooled

WE have heard a lot about disarmament and naval conferences, which is all right, and a lot more about desirability of joining the world court, which is true, but what the American people want to hear is something which promises to improve business.

Neither are they sortid in their souls because of this. They are merely human.

They are being told that they can look for the return of prosperity, regardless of what happens in Europe. They are being told that they ought to accept the Hoover administration as wonderful, because it is not concerning itself with what happens in Europe.

They are being told that indifference toward Russia, the debt situation, and trade alliances is a sign of soundness and safety.

Some of them are deceived by the balderdash. Some of them actually swallow it as patriotic, but not those who follow the reports and realize what we are losing; realize how many men could be put to work and how many mills could be reopened if we were getting our rightful share of the world's business.

People's Voice

Editor Times—I, too, am a reader of your paper, but I resent the article signed TIMES READER of Aug. 2 in the People's Voice column. If I was to condemn as many people as he has, I would at least be brave enough to sign my name to the letter.

I suppose Times Reader was a second issue in the S. O. S. If not, and the truth is known, he already has drawn his first half of his bonus.

I am just about fed up on this Communist and Red propaganda fed to the public every time some red-blooded American stands on his hind legs and sticks up for his constitutional rights.

I would hate to think I would offend the boys who fought and died for this country, uphold a President who has no more tact, no more humanity, no more common decency and no more intelligence than to call out the army to gas a handful of women and children.

I am a member of the American Legion, and I am for the bonus and Roosevelt, and I am proud to tell it. We have had too much autocratic tyranny in this country.

What we need now is a leader, not an engineer who is upholding, drained and damned this country in three years.

We must have a man who is human, who has a tender heart, one who can see both sides of a question, and, whoever he is, it is not Herbert Hoover.

Did the big industries wait twenty years for their money? They did not. They were paid forthwith. But because we boys who were paid \$30 a month while they were profiteering in hand-to-hand combat, we are called by the likes of you dirty, lazy, good for nothing monkeys.

He says a change of politics now

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

On request, sent with stamped addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will furnish proof of anything depicted by him.

BY RIPLEY



Following is the explanation of Ripley's "Believe It or Not" which appeared in The Times Friday:

A 120-Mile Bridge—The bridge extending over 120 miles in Flanders became a necessity as a result of one of the most thrilling episodes in the first battle of Ypres, fought between Oct. 18 and Nov. 10, 1914. The allied armies were retreating toward Dixmude, with the victorious Germans relentlessly pursuing them. To frustrate the invaders, the allies took what is probably the most heroic step in martial history. They cut the dikes and unleashed the floods of the North sea against the German armies. As the field of battle became flooded, the Germans presently became mired in the bog. Their artillery was swept away, a large number of men were drowned, and the survivors scrambled to the few small pieces of high ground. The most elementary force known to man thus repelled the invader, but the allies had to restore contact with the enemy over a pontoon bridge 120 miles long, covering the flooded area.

Edison's Clock—The faceless clock, which once belonged to Edison and which now is kept in the recreated group of Edisonia in Dearborn, Mich., expressed the great inventor's conviction that a scientist's work is measured not by chronology, but by results. It also was his humorous rebuke to "clock watchers."

Two Championships in One Year—Edward Lee of the New York Athletic Club has been playing billiards only six years, but has been in tournament play for two years. In 1931 and 1932 he has been the national amateur three-cushion billiard titleholder, and was the first American to compete in the world's amateur tournament, when he played at Vichy.

Not only is he proficient with the cue, but also has become famous in aquatic sports. For the years 1928 and 1931 he was the National A. A. U. long distance swimming champion, holding both billiards and swimming titles the latter year.

Lee is the only athlete in the annals of the New York Athletic Club to hold two national titles simultaneously.

Monday—The greatest Democrat was a Republican.

DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Cause of Nasal Polyps Is Unknown

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

THE nose, like many other organs of the body, is lined with tissue called mucous membrane that secretes mucus.

Sometimes these cells overgrow and when they do, little tumors are formed which hang down into the nose and interfere with breathing; also by the obstruction they cause they may aid in setting up infection. Hence, it is desirable that they be removed.

Sometimes even after they are removed they come back, and since the exact cause of such tumors is not known, there is nothing to do but keep on removing them.

In general, the causes of tumors are not known definitely, although certain contributory factors are recognized.

Several observers believe that polyps never occur except in the presence of infection, although others are convinced that the infection follows the polyps.

It generally is well established that the use of radium following the removal of tumor cells may prevent formation of additional tumors.

Hence, it has been suggested that the removal of nasal polyps be followed by mild treatment with radium element in order to prevent their return.

The radium usually is applied in the form of a screen container several days after the polyps have been removed, when the inflammation due to the surgical procedure has subsided.

Sometimes the removal of polyps or similar tumors is followed by disappearance of chronic infection in the nose and sometimes also by

removal of asthmatic symptoms. It is not possible for the average person to diagnose the presence of nasal polyps for himself.

The condition can, however, be diagnosed by a physician following an examination of the nose, in which he looks directly into the nasal cavity, stretching the nostrils and using the headlight, to obtain an illuminated view of the appearances.

Sometimes the polyps form in the sinuses rather than in the nasal cavity itself.

Under such circumstances a physician can detect their presence by injecting into the sinus a substance which is opaque to the X-ray, such as lipiodol.

Then an X-ray picture is taken and this reveals the presence of the tumor or growth inside the sinuses, preventing their filling completely.

IT SEEMS TO ME BY HEYWOOD BROWN

WHEN Labor day rolls around each year, the city chap who has ventured into the wilds calls it quits and goes back to his apartment in Brooklyn or the Bronx. And that is his folly.

For this week and a couple more to come the trees and leaves and all attendant accessories will put on the bravest show which they can command for 1932. August was just a dress rehearsal. The show begins this morning or tomorrow.

It is none of my business, but I think it foolish for the pavement-bound to come back home before the performance really quite has begun, with all its painted scenery.

Up till now we have seen no more than a bare stage. The russets and the scarlets and the crimsons are still to come. Quite thoroughly I understand the point of view of those who want to do no more than nod to nature and hustle back to civilization.

But before this decision has been made, it would be no more than fair to let the old girl put her best foot forward, as she does in autumn.

Changing Schedule About

IF I had my way, I would live the life of a commuter, but with the schedule reversed. I should like to have all the daylight hours in the country and the nights in town. It is only natural that man should huddle, once darkness has fallen.

It would be disastrous. Well, soon prepare for the disaster, because when the smoke of a real battle clears away Nov. 9 listed among the unemployed will be the names of Hoover, Watson, Springer, the Morgan brothers and a thousand other Republican political corn criers.

If I have said anything to be sorry for I am glad of it. I offer no apologies for my attitude on this matter. Thank God, we have one newspaper here in Indianapolis which is not owned by body and soul by Wall Street lords. And I take my hat off to The Times.

C. J. CURTIS.

English Hotel.

After the sun goes, one finds himself caught up in a sort of little theater movement.

It then is a tiny stage upon which he moves. The walls come close. The sky is scarcely a foot above his head, and from it fall lamps, so that he must dodge as best he can in the darkness.

But night does more than hem you in. I find it disturbing to see only such things as lie within ten feet and at the same time hear noises from far down the ridge and across the valley.

I never did like noises that popped out of ambush. I think the crickets ought to stand up like men and be counted, and not sink in closer and closer, crawling on their bellies and making menacing noises.

A dog which barks at noon may be an annoyance, but when he happens to be a mile off he is, no threat. But let that dog bark from the same distance after nightfall and he brings unescapable suggestion that everything is going wrong, that it always has and it always will.

That Old Devil Breeze

WHEN the wind stirs of a summer night in the city everybody speaks well of it and calls it a breeze. It seems of good intent. But out on the ridge in Connecticut the same breeze snarls and torments trees until they howl with anguish.

And, after a time it turns its spite against the house. I don't mind very much when the farmhouse pitches in the wind during the day, but I can't stand the nights when it rolls.

Even on calm nights the apple tree pelt the roof. Its small green fruit might be so many watermelons, as apple after apple explodes on the shingles and hops off. And it never misses a chance to bounce on the way down.

Hopeless, the cat, is supposed to live up the road in Murdoch's house, but at night he is little brother to all the world. I don't know why he thinks it's funny to crawl in through the window and leap upon my

stomach as I sleep. He's never made me laugh yet.

Closing the door at the bottom of the stairs is of no use. Hopeless solves that problem by climbing the apple tree and lengthening his hop a little.

During the day he rolls around on newly tarred roads so as not to slip when he makes my abdomen a landing pit for his running broad jump. I have taken a fearful aversion to that cat, but, no matter how tactless I am in talking to him, he can't seem to grasp the fact of my hostility.

Chorus of the Frogs

JUST a bit beyond Linger Lane lies Hale Lake, where the frogs live. I used to think it was the moon which set them to bickering, but now I know they are indifferent to weather. They croak on white nights and black. Nor is there ever a postponement on account of wet grounds.

Some day next winter I plan to go to the lake and after cutting a hole in the ice shout down to them. "Is it cold enough for you?" But I want some more immediate revenge.

The adjustments of nature I find most inadequate. If this were an orderly universe, the frogs would eat the crickets. The engaged couple who ride about all night in the reconstructed Ford car would run over and kill the barking dog.

As a matter of fact, I don't actually know that they are engaged, but it seems to me that it is up to the young man to do something to make an honest runabout of that automobile.

Suppose there came a night upon which the apple tree ceased to pester, and Hopeless slept at home, and there was no wind, and frogs and crickets became dumb—would I then be satisfied?

The answer is—"No." On that night I would turn and toss and stew in the soupy silence until I broke it with an agonized cry to barkers, chirpers, croakers, "Go ahead and get started."

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SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

There Is Nothing Mysterious About the Operation of the Dial Telephone.

THE remarkable advances of electrical engineering have paved the way for a true Machine Age, not an age in which man is enslaved by the machine, but an age in which the machine does its own work by itself.

Electrical engineering has opened the way for such an age by supplying man with electric eyes, electric ears, electric noses, electric mouths, and electric fingers.

The dial automatic telephone represents a prophecy of what the new Machine Age will be like. The old manual telephone switchboard was a sample of the Machine Age through which we are now passing.

The old switchboard demanded attendants constantly on the alert. A light flashed upon the board. The operator had to note the position of the light. It was a signal to throw a certain switch and say, "Number please."

Having repeated the number, she then had to make the proper connection by inserting a plug attached to a cord into a certain socket.

The dial automatic has done away with all that. It is an illuminating experience for one who has visited the old type of telephone exchange, to pay a visit to the new type.

The switchboards with their "hello girls" are a thing of the past. The room is strangely quiet. Nothing is to be heard but a constant series of little "clicks."

Efficient Fingers