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ROY W. HOWARD . . . . . President  
BOYD GURLEY . . . . . Editor  
EARL D. BAKER . . . . . Business Manager

Phone-Riley 5551



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## THE NEW DEAL

Governor Paul McNutt left no doubt in the minds of the citizens of the state as to his definition of the New Deal.

His bold declaration that it is the business of government to so adjust conditions that men can live as normal human beings means that government must restore employment.

For it is only through jobs that the vast majority of our men and women can live normal lives.

Governor McNutt had the courage to face the facts when he boldly declared:

These are the immediate tasks: To provide food, clothing, and shelter for the destitute, the aged and the infirm; to lower the cost of government and simplify its operations; to reduce and redistribute the burden of taxes; to maintain an adequate system of public education; to promote the efficient administration of justice; to strengthen necessary social agencies; to remove special privilege from the seats of power; to offer every assistance in restoring economic equilibrium, and to regain confidence in ourselves and in our institutions.

The significance of his inaugural address is in the fact that he might easily have avoided making such direct and open declarations of war against things as they are.

He is now in office, not seeking one. In the past, Indiana has come to expect its officials to use platform pledges and campaign promises as means of obtaining office, to be forgotten when the ballots are counted.

The difference in this new day is that Governor McNutt goes beyond his own campaign utterances in his pledge of changes that will banish hunger and restore men to their normal ways of life.

The address has the ringing sound of the utterance of a sincere man who understands his job and does not shirk the responsibility.

## CONFIRMED OPTIMISTS

Once again in the forefront of crusades for just causes, the League of Women Voters will ask for a constitutional amendment to make amendments to the Constitution easier.

They ask that in future changes of that document, a majority of the votes cast on any question settle the matter, instead of a majority of the total vote cast in the election.

Even after adoption by two sessions of the legislature, the change could be brought about only under the very method they propose to abolish.

The truth is that in hoping to change the Indiana Constitution except by a constitutional convention, they are merely confirmed optimists who hope against hope.

Changes in the Constitution come only by evasion and nullification, such as was perpetuated by the supreme court in behalf of the legal fraternity.

Several attempts were made by the lawyers to change the constitutional provision which declares that every citizen may practice law before its courts. On each vote there was always lacking a majority of all votes cast, and the amendment was lost.

Then came the supreme court, and under a statute passed by the legislature fixed definite requirements of education for those who are permitted to appear in courtrooms. The argument was that any person who attempted to practice without these qualifications branded himself as lacking the good moral character, which is all that the Constitution requires.

The sincere women should take a tip from the court and discover some legal way of nullifying the admittedly obsolete and impossible shackle on progress.

## MORE DRY FOLLY

There is no excuse for the deceptive prohibition amendment approved by the senate judiciary committee. As pointed out when this measure was drafted by the subcommittee last week, it does not provide for outright repeal, but merely for a revision. Unfortunately, that revision would retain in the Constitution one of the worst root evils of prohibition, which is the federal police power over local enforcement.

The effect would be to drag the federal government into a new enforcement mess which in some ways might be even worse than the present folly. Meanwhile, of course, most of the dry states would leave it to the federal taxpayer and federal officer to enforce an unenforceable law, as the dry states do at present.

The provision of the proposed revision amendment which would write into the Constitution the Webb-Kenyon law protection of dry states against liquor shipments from wet states is unnecessary. That law still is valid, as affirmed by the supreme court, and will operate for this purpose automatically on outright repeal of the eighteenth amendment.

Perhaps the most unpardonable provision of the revision amendment is that specifying ratification by state legislatures rather than by the special state conventions advocated by both Republican and Democratic platforms.

The reason both party conventions turned down the ratification by legislature method is that a small dry minority—for instance, 134 state senators in thirteen states—can block ratification by all the others.

This is not merely a theoretic difficulty. It is a very practical invitation to dry forces to indulge in a riot of political trading in state legislatures, which not only would delay or prevent ratification, but sacrifice larger public interests—as always happens when legislative log-rolling operates.

The legislature subjected to this log-rolling could not express the voters' mandate accurately because they were not elected on this issue or for this purpose.

Indeed, those whose memories are not too short will recall that this same defect in the method of ratification of the eighteenth amendment was the first factor in undermining public support of the amendment. As stated by the Wickersham commission:

"The ratification of the (eighteenth) amendment was given by legislatures which were not in general elected with any reference to this subject, and

many instances, as a result of old systems of apportionment, these legislative bodies were not regarded as truly representative of all elements of the community."

Neither the Republican nor Democratic party can permit this judiciary committee amendment to pass without deliberately breaking faith with the voters to whom they pledged the convention method of ratification.

## THE COOLIDGE PARADOX

Perhaps this is the explanation of the paradox of Calvin Coolidge, the careful, temperate, frugal man in whose administration grew the greatest Wall Street boom of all times, a boom that was encouraged by the administration despite the personal thrift of the man who headed it.

Calvin Coolidge, out of his New England environment, and through those very personal traits of care and caution, had learned to view finance in the terms of his own pocketbook. He understood personal thrift. He knew how to save and to economize as an individual.

But when he viewed Wall Street, with all its maze, with all its "wheels within wheels," with all its national and international aspects, and with all its apparently great success, it was something so foreign to Mr. Coolidge's individual financial experiences that he failed to recognize and appreciate the dangers of what was taking place.

The Coolidge technique, running back through the years to New England, to boyhood and to early career, was a technique of shortened perspective. He whittled his problems to fit the limits of his own experiences. He used no large canvas, but instead worked in miniature.

That technique was effective in many things. But when applied to the maze of finance in Wall Street, things that were outside of Mr. Coolidge's personal experiences, that technique did not apply. And like many men who never have made money in large sums, he had a tremendous respect for the judgment of men who were able to do that, and who seemed to have a broad and comprehensive understanding of the "larger economies."

As the nation's chief executive, he was, generally speaking, content to accept the judgment of such men, to whom finance in a big way seemed a commonplace.

Thus it was that as an executive, Mr. Coolidge stood as an exponent of the New Era, while, as an individual, he practiced the good old virtue of thrift.

## INVESTIGATE

Senator Robert E. Wagner will appear soon before a senate committee to tell why his resolution for an investigation of labor conditions along the Mississippi river flood control project should be passed.

That committee, and the senate itself, should get the inquiry under way immediately. Grave charges of the existence of "virtual slavery" in some contractors' camps along the project have been made.

These should be inquired into fully, and they will be, if Senator Wagner's resolution is approved speedily.

The chairman of the house committee on the disposition of useless executive papers says his committee could be abolished without doing much harm. Judging from the fate of the Wickersham report, there must be some other way of getting rid of them.

Lambasting the United States again, George Bernard Shaw, the playwright, says he has defined the 100 per cent American as 99 per cent idiot, and still "they just adore me." How flattering to Bernard, if he's right in both respects.

They used to kid the lightning rod salesman pretty hard, but after all they gave the farmer more relief in a buckboard load of iron and two shiny balls than all our congressmen have managed for him since.

Al Smith boasts he still wears some shoes that are ten years old. Well, there's nothing that will detract attention from a fellow's feet like a snappy brown derby.

Whatever the flaws in technocracy, there's no question that the steam shovel has been the cause of a vast amount of unemployment—around the excavations.

There's nothing that will take the conceit out of a man quicker than driving through the wholesale section and bumping fenders with the truck drivers.

## Just Plain Sense

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

If you think life is treating you shabbily, consider that unlucky wight, John Pettis of White Plains, N. Y., who, for nonpayment of back alimony probably will languish in jail the rest of his life.

Mr. Pettis doubtless does not see humor in the situation, but his viewpoint is, warped, for it contains plenty. The scream is furnished by the supreme court judge who is studying the case. He announces:

"I have been convinced for several weeks that Mrs. Pettis' purpose is to keep her husband in jail. It appears that the imprisonment of Pettis will be ended only with his death, unless the court can find some way to give him relief."

Before such situations, courts are singularly helpless. This case is as good as a three-ring circus, provided, of course, you are not in Pettis' shoes. After scraping up a bit of money now and then to apply on the amount, the prisoner is released and steps forth timidly into the sunshine.

But each time, as he goes sneaking down the first alley, he is confronted by another paper, charging contempt, and back into jail he is popped.

THE injured wife, it seems, feels that ex-husbands have no business to roam at large, and before her determination the victim, the judge, the courts, society in general, stand powerless.

One can't help but sympathize with the judge, too. His heart so evidently is in the right place, but he is befuddled completely—as who of us is not?—by the intricacies of his own precious law.

He harbors a faint suspicion that justice suffers, but, lacking a precedent to follow, what can a poor judge do?

Edward III of Old England started the unhappy custom of basing court decisions upon previous cases, and most of our lawyers go that far back into history for their inspiration.

Unluckily, however, there was no such thing as alimony in doughty Edward's day, which leaves the courts impotent and proves once again how widely separated are law and justice.

To the hapless forty-seven New York husbands who have rounded out another year, in jail, and to their kind all over the United States, we only can say, "Proud peons of a martyred sex, hail and farewell."

## When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain!



## It Seems to Me . . . by Heywood Broun

I MUST get a Hiram Johnson schedule and find out when he comes on again. I mean the act in which he thumps his chest and shakes his fist at foreigners.

It is my plan to stow away in the senate press gallery and wait for the moment when he says, "To the last nickel." At that point I purpose to leap to my feet and shout, "How about my \$5, senator?"

For more than twenty years the gentleman from California has owed me \$5. It will be precisely twenty-one years come next October. It is true that this was not a loan, but a bet. I said the Red Sox would win the world series, and Senator Johnson said they wouldn't.

Hiram Johnson was running for Vice-President on the Bull Moose ticket at the time, and I was a humble reporter assigned to take down his speech each evening. It was an excellent piece of type casting on both sides. Senator Johnson always made the same speech, and I always wrote the same story.

## In Days of Matty

THAT gave us time to argue of an evening as to what Joe Wood and Bedient would do to the New York slugs. Hiram Johnson was a servant of the people, engaged in fighting the Wall Street octopus, and I was a cub reporter, just two years out of college. Five dollars looked pretty big to both of us. It looked almost as big back in that autumn

of 1912 as it does now in the winter of 1933.

The series went on into eight games in 1912, one tie being played, and before Snodgrass made his final and fatal error the exigencies of politics and newspaper work sent Hiram and myself upon our separate ways. He swung over into Pennsylvania to do his octopus speech, and I came back to New York to take over the late rewrite trick.

Well do I remember our last evening together. It was a rear platform speech at Canandaigua. And we couldn't have had a prettier night for it. The rest of the reporters were playing poker, and they seemed surprised when I inquired, "Aren't you coming out to hear Hiram and see the sunset?"

One of the largest losers looked up reflectively and answered, "You go out and cover the story for us, and if that sunset says anything to Hiram I wouldn't be surprised to have my paper order fifty words."

## Covering Entire Press

SINCE I was the sole reporter present at the oration, I felt my responsibilities keenly and paid close attention. As it happened, the sunset said nothing to Hiram, and he did make the octopus speech as usual. But I wondered if maybe my paper wouldn't like a picture story of this gallant progressive's little talk to the countryside.

A few railroad workers had

gathered, a handful of farmers and a little girl who was taking her brother Albert home from his first violin lesson.

Albert did not seem to be quite himself. But Hiram was Hiram all over. He's extremely indignant on my platform. There he stood, with his shoulders thrown back and the light of the dying sun casting a ruddy glow on his countenance. He was absolutely unflinching. Seldom has Wall Street taken such a lacing.

After the first five minutes Albert began to cry and had to be led away. The man with the big voice was talking about mergers, and every time he said "octopus" he pointed right at Albert. It was a little too much, after an unsuccessful violin lesson.

And pretty soon Hiram had me worried, too, although I didn't burst into tears. He began to tell how he had fought predatory wealth all his life. Seemingly he ate the Southern Pacific railroad for breakfast every morning.

Other politicians in other parties were out for what they could get to line their pockets. Hiram wanted only the votes of the plain people. He said he was a plain person himself. He said that Lincoln was a plain person and that he, Hiram Johnson, would rather be Lincoln than a malefactor of great wealth.

Hiram Johnson, it developed, loved the American home. He said that it was the foundation of our republic and that he, Hiram, would give his heart's blood to preserve it and never even think of any reward.

## Echo Makes Answer

AND I, Heywood Broun, standing there on the platform behind him, began to worry. "If he loses that \$5 bet," I thought, "will he be good for it?"

And that was more than twenty years ago. Hiram still is protectively the American home, and I am still waiting for my \$5. But, unlike the senator, I am a revisionist. I am willing to take capacity to pay into account.

In other words, I'll settle now for 25 cents and an autographed picture postcard.

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## Daily Thought

O my God, incline thine ear, and hear; open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name; for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies.—Daniel 9:18.

If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

Q—What is a blind alley job? A—One in which the worker has no opportunity to advance to a better position, or that leads to nowhere in particular.

## DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

## Child's Heart Periled by Infection

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygiene, the Health Magazine.

pressure and strain—never complete rest.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that this vital organ be protected if possible against every infection.

THE worst type of heart disease for a child is that associated with rheumatic infection. Such infection, presumably beginning in most cases in the tonsils, throat, or adenoids, but sometimes apparently being most active in the joints, breaks down the tissues of the heart.

If it does not kill the child, it damages the heart so greatly that the child thereafter is permanently an invalid.

It is believed that this type of heart disease tends to run in families and that it is more common

where there is poverty, malnutrition and overcrowding. Few cases, comparatively, are seen in hot countries.

While rheumatic fever is the most serious form attacking children, the heart also may be crippled in childhood by results of various infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, or measles, when convalescence is too rapid and the child is forced too soon into physical activity.

Dr. White says that the family of the child may do much to aid it in overcoming its defect when it has heart disease.

"The home in which a sick child, or for that matter a healthy child, lives," says Dr. White, "must strive unselfishly for the welfare of that child. . . . With physical care, proper discipline, and cheerful recreation of some sort and good example, the child with heart disease can grow up to be a happy, useful member of the community."

## M. E. Tracy Says:

ROME OFFERS AMAZING LESSON



FOR many years, it has been my custom to pick out some subject—generally historical—and study it at considerable length, not exactly from the student's viewpoint, but as a matter of recreation.

I have had a whirl with witchcraft, Captain Kidd, the Texas revolution, crime and several other more or less interesting phases of human experience.

During the last year or so, I have been reading Roman history, particularly on the economic and social side, with such savants as Duruy, Mommsen, Rostovtzeff, Friedlander, Schaff and Eusebius for guides.

I suppose the idea originated in a sort of hunch that certain parallels existed between the Roman civilization, when at its height, and our own. Whether that is so, I soon left it behind. The life and times of Rome in her glory were simply too interesting for one to obscure the picture with analogies.

The strength and complicated character of the Roman empire is almost inconceivable. How people who knew so little, according to our standards, could accomplish so much seems entirely out of line with present-day conceptions of what is necessary to civilized life.

## Developed Great System of Laws

WITHOUT the advantages of mechanical power, the Romans were able to develop a very good system of laws. Without public education, they were able to obtain order and co-operation over a tremendous area and among vast multitudes.

You sometimes wonder just how much we really know about ancient Rome, and whether a major portion of the record has not been destroyed.

Two thoughts stand out with sharp distinctness in connection with the Roman adventure. First, its power of endurance was amazing; and, second, no one seems to have guessed the part Christianity was destined to play, even after three centuries of experience with it.

Rome, as represented by the cottage and workshop, went steadily on for years after the palace and high society had succumbed to dry rot.

Not a philosopher, statesman, or poet seems to have suspected that the Christians amounted to more than a disturbing element, until they actually took possession of the empire.

Here you have a vivid illustration of the power of custom and habit on the one hand, and of the blindness which affects people who are wedded to them on the other.

## Good in Both Was Reconciled

IT was a battle royal between a new and an old order, swirling largely around religious and moral conceptions. The most outstanding part of it is that, once the battle was over, humanity found means to reconcile the good in Rome with the good in Christianity.

We owe about as much to the sages who developed Roman law as to those who developed Hebrew or English law. We owe a great deal to Roman architects and Roman engineers.

Unhappily, that is not the phase of Roman history we like best to read. We prefer the feasts in Caesar's palace, the gladiatorial games in the amphitheater, or the great revolutions in which men gambled for control of the known world.

But that is not the part of Rome that lives. Neither is it the part of any age or civilization that lives. Save for books, pictures, poetry, and sculpture, we would know little about the brutalities and excesses which characterized ancient times.

They survive only because a morbid appetite has perpetuated them. The part that endures, however, that still goes on, helping men to be a little better and a little wiser, we seldom think about or study.

## SCIENCE

## Heath Hen Still Alive

BY DAVID DIETZ

AS 1933 was getting under way, the world's last heath hen was reported to be still alive. He was seen in a swamp on Martha's Vineyard, the little island off the Massachusetts coast, on Jan. 3 by Jules B. Davis, an observer who had seen the bird in past years.

The heath hen's last previous appearance had been on Feb. 9, 1932. The bird is the last survivor of a once-numerous species. When it dies, the heath hen will join the passenger pigeon as an extinct species. Once upon a time passenger pigeons were also numerous, but the last survivor of that species died in the Cincinnati Zoo at 1 p. m. on Sept. 1, 1914.

Its status, however, was graced a shelf in one of the exhibition rooms of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington. The stories of the passenger pigeon and the heath hen are the stories of birds which could not survive the coming of the white man to the new world.

Even when the white man tried to befriend these birds, they could not survive. Perhaps help was offered too late.

When the first settlers landed in America, the heath hen was common throughout the northeast region.

In fact, it was such a common article of food that servants in colonial Massachusetts often stipulated that they were not to be served it often than a "few times a week."

## Fate Took Hand

IN colonial days, the heath hen was found in most of the sandy scrub oak plains of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Long Island, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

But by 1840 it had disappeared from most of this area. By 1870 the bird was found only on Martha's Vineyard.

In 1908 a state reservation was established on the island. A survey showed that only fifty heath hens still were in existence. Under proper care, the birds seemed to thrive, and by 1914 their number had increased to about 2,000. Then, fate took a hand in the game. In May, 1916, a fire swept over the interior of Martha's Vineyard, destroying the brooding birds with their nests and eggs.

The summer of the fire was followed by an unusually hard winter, which brought an extremely large flight of goshawks, the natural enemies of the heath hen.

The next spring there were only 150 heath hens on the island, most of them males.

Next, turkeys were introduced on to Martha's Vineyard. They brought in an epidemic to which the heath hens proved susceptible.

The mortality was so great among them that the colony was reduced to thirteen birds, of which only two were females. During the fall of 1928 only two heath hens were seen. One of these disappeared during the winter. Since 1929 there has been only one on the island.

## Incredible Numbers

THE passenger pigeon once was present upon the American continent in incredible numbers. An account of them written in Pennsylvania in 1740 said:

"The big as well as the little trees in the wood, sometimes covering a distance of seven English miles, became so filled with them that hardly a twig or branch could be seen that they did not cover."

"When they alighted on the trees their weight was so heavy that not only big limbs and branches the size of a man's

thigh were broken straight off, but less firmly rooted trees broke down completely under the load."

The American naturalist, Alexander Wilson, calculated that there were 2,000,000,000 birds in a flock that flew over Frankfort, Ky. in 1832.

The flock took four hours to pass by and Wilson estimated that it was 240 miles long and a mile wide. He says that the sky was darkened by their great numbers.

Occasionally, some amateur observer reports that he has seen a passenger pigeon. Professional ornithologists, however, are certain that these reports are wrong.

They point out that it is difficult to judge the size of a bird in flight and so mourning doves sometimes are mistaken for passenger pigeons.

Many stories are in circulation to account for the extinction of the passenger pigeon. These include tales of forest fires, tornadoes, disease epidemics, and drowning.

One story is that they became exhausted while flying over the Gulf of Mexico and that immense numbers fell in and were drowned. None of these stories can be substantiated and it seems most likely that the passenger pigeons were killed off for the most part by hunters and trappers.

The few survivors, accustomed to life in great flocks, were not able to carry on.

## So They Say

A rigid belief in right and wrong is a form of insanity since it takes no account of changes in standards from one generation to another.—David Seabury, New York psychologist-adviser.

The best friend the cotton farmer ever had was the boll weevil. Representative Miles C. Allgood (Dem., Ala.).

If you have a job, the best country in the world to live in is the United States of America, but if you haven't a job you are better off most anywhere else.—Karl de Schweinitz, executive secretary of the Philadelphia Community Council.

Simplicity and originality look melodramatic because they look larger than life, but it is the smaller people who see the melodrama in them.—Carl Van Doren, literary critic.

Technocracy has stopped Roger Babson, our Billy Sunday among economists, from talking about the spiritual value of hunger.—Merle D. Vincent, Denver (Colo.), fuel executive and authority on social problems.

## Questions and Answers . . . .

Q—What volume of retail sales in the United States are made on the installment plan?