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TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1933

COURAGE

The nation is drifting for a few days like a ship riding out a storm. There are repairs to be made. The new captain must calculate his position. The crew is tired and the passengers are anxious, but the vessel herself still is staunch. She has ridden gales before and come to safe harbor.

These mighty winds have been three years in coming. They were but a stiff breeze after the stock market collapse in 1929. International defaults and shocking revelations at home fanned them up. The Insull, Kreuger, and, recently, the National City bank exposures all added their bit, until finally the Michigan banks closed and whistled up the hurricane.

This tempest was brought about by a very simple cause. People stopped trusting each other. Our modern economic system is rooted in mutual confidence. When that confidence was shaken by faltering leadership and men to whom the people had looked as examples were revealed as snide and greedy, the system temporarily ceased to operate.

So Americans undertook in the last two weeks to turn forty-two billions of dollars in bank deposits into hard money. It was an arithmetical impossibility. There was only seven billions of dollars in currency in circulation.

Yet this was as much money in free use as there was in the boom days. Thus the shortage was a spiritual one, lack of faith, rather than the physical lack of coinage. Under such circumstances the banks had no choice but to close.

Confidence already is being rebuilt. Roger Babson, outstanding economist, remarked only yesterday that the country's banks were in a stronger position, from the material standpoint, than at any time since 1929. He is right. They are ready to go ahead as soon as the people are.

America has common sense. It has fortitude and it understands discipline. There is a strong hand at the wheel in Washington. President Roosevelt has not only spoken, but he has acted with swift forcefulness.

Here in Indiana the citizens have fast, hard-hitting leadership in Governor McNutt. This newspaper has not always agreed with him in the past. It may differ with him in the future, but the present is not the time for partisanship. While the storm crashes about us, let us only say to those we have elected to lead us—"Lead on!"

There may be hardship, suffering and weariness before the gaudion is gained, but since when have the citizens of this republic flinched from these? Back of our people lies a rich tradition of courage and idealism.

It was born on a thousand bloody fields when the odds were all against us. It poured through the Cumberland Gap and over the Alleghenies in the slogging trek of the covered wagons. It flowed, in bitter hardship, around Cape Horn with the Yankee clippers. It will not fail us now.

America has had to learn the old lesson that the permanent virtues in the end always outweigh the momentary impulse. We know now that you can not get something for nothing, that you can not expect to be trusted unless you yourself have faith in others, that there is no substitute for the simple virtues which made this country a great nation.

For the last ten years our leaders have been mere pilots, men who lost courage when the vessel was out of sight of the shore and who mistook mirages for headlands, reefs for channel markers.

Today there is every indication that our commander is a navigator, bold, wise, experienced, who will set a true course by the eternal stars. And, though we can not see them yet, the harbor lights are just over the horizon.

BANKING PROGRESS

Day by day, even hour by hour, President Roosevelt moves forward in his fight against national banking chaos.

In a series of treasury department regulations Monday night, he tightened the lines against a flight of gold, but at the same time humanized the moratorium to cause a minimum of hardship.

A few hours earlier, he addressed the Governors of the states, indicating that his permanent program for unemployment relief, mortgage relief, and banking reform will go far beyond the temporary bank moratorium.

He is not going to stop with tinkering. He intends to rebuild. The Governors cheered him and pledged their support. The public responds hopefully and loyally.

Several of the new moratorium regulations are important. Two of them should do much, especially to restore confidence. One permits banks which had accepted new demand payment accounts after local moratoria, but prior to the national moratorium, to make their pledged payments on these segregated deposits.

Another regulation permits banks to reopen safe deposit vaults for unrestricted withdrawals. It is essential that banks take advantage of this regulation, not only to revive the lost faith of their safety box renters, but also to facilitate the outflow of hoarded gold and currency.

A humane regulation permits wide exemptions from the moratorium in favor of food distribution. Banks are empowered to pay out currency for handling business connected with transportation and delivery of food.

One vital question remains undecided: How to meet pay rolls? The administration understands the seriousness of this problem and the necessity of helping corporations pay wages immediately, without waiting for resumption of normal banking.

It is desirable that labor receive at least part of its wage in currency, and the government is trying to find a way of adding this exception—along with food distribution—to the general moratorium.

By calling upon the public to open new segregated accounts payable by the banks on demand in currency, and by offering all banks, including non-members of the federal reserve, protective facilities for these special funds which can not be used in any way except in payment to the depositor, the President is initiating a form of unified national banking under federal regulation for the complete protection of the public.

Such a safety device might permit a modified

form of government guarantee of segregated deposits.

This regulation appears especially significant when interpreted by the following statement of policy made by the President to the Governors' conference:

"The only way in which that money (in segregated accounts) can be kept absolutely safe beyond peradventure of doubt is by using methods to keep it safe—first, keeping the money in cash the way it is put in; second, depositing it in the federal reserve bank; and, third, purchasing government bonds with it. . . . We want, if possible, to have a general banking situation, that is to say, covering national banks and state banks, as uniform as possible throughout the country, and at the same time we want to co-operate with the states in bringing about that uniformity."

So the President is fighting for more than emergency banking relief. He is striving to create a permanent protective banking system that will work.

If the moratorium contributes to that basic and lasting bank reform, it will be a great boon for the country, infinitely more important than the momentary inconvenience it causes.

AL SMITH PARADES

The Governors rode in limousines. Al Smith walked. He walked with the New York Tammany crowd, one Democrat among 20,000 marching.

He might not have gone to the inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt at all. He might have done anything but walk along as one person in a great procession which, had his own dreams come true, would have been reviewed by himself.

Several motives possibly took Al Smith afoot into that parade. The first was that he was citizen and Democrat first and a strong-willed leader second. The country was in the midst of a grave crisis, out of which all must march together. At the inaugural ball, Al Smith did not even set the pace. He marched. He marched with the rest.

The effect of what he did was dramatic. Next to the President shone Al, the plebeian Democrat walking in the same spirit in which Thomas Jefferson drove his gig in Washington, tied the horse to a post, and went in and was inaugurated.

The crowd cheered Smith every step of his march, and when he doffed his top before the new President then was the climactic point of the demonstration.

This was the spirit of democracy, this trek of Al Smith along with the 20,000. It is the spirit which, practiced by all the people of all sorts and descriptions, will save this country as the elected leader leads.

As Al Smith marched, so must march the 120,000,000.

MAYOR CERMAK

The death of Chicago's Mayor Cermak, wrought by an assassin's bullet intended for President Roosevelt, leaves his city, state, and nation with a sense of loss.

His dying was like his living, a struggle. For nineteen days he fought death, just as for most of his sixty years he had fought poverty and hardship. From the time he started earning his living as an 11-year-old trap-boy in an Illinois coal mine, he never knew the luxury of an easy life.

Even when he achieved his ambition to become mayor of his great city by the lake, he was to face problems of civic insolvency, taxation, crime, and disorder such as few mayors have been called upon to meet.

Since in politics, and especially in Chicago politics, virtue is relative, Mayor Cermak's administration must be judged in relation to that of his Republican predecessors. Thus assayed, he must be adjudged an efficient and courageous public official.

Politically, he was a liberal. Always he was cheerful and confident of better days.

If, as Browning said, the good life is the hard life, Mayor "Tony" Cermak lived well.

Along with other obstacles, the anti-repealers in the states are going to have to conquer the superstition that 13 is an unlucky number.

Most income taxpayers are shelling over without saying a word, it's reported. It's just as well, considering what the word would be if they said it.

Imitation may be the sincerest of flattery, but a \$10,000 extortion note would have its points for most of us.

Most every cloud has its silver lining. There's usually a good story or two in the dentist's magazines.

Vice-President Garner says he's going to cut out press conferences, for fear he might be interpreted as speaking for the President. Evidently Garner, who's reputed to be quite a poker player, doesn't intend to bet 'em unless he has 'em.

Just Plain Sense

—BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

"DEAR MADAM," says a postcard message, "if you want to be a good American, you should read—" and several publications are listed.

My first idea, naturally, is to find these recommended views. But on second thought I decide that after all I have no desire to be a "good American."

You see, a good many of them turned out to be rather bad Americans, at least as far as service to their country is concerned. Like numbers of other people, I have grown a little suspicious of the person who calls himself "a good American."

Since certain ardent patriots successfully have combined flag waving with high finance, I imagine this class eventually will come to be held in the same repute as the 100 per cent variety.

Because, it seems—if we are to judge by past performances—it is very easy, indeed, for a good American to be a poor citizen. And the individual who declares his worth as a nationalist may be expected sooner or later to turn out an international rascal.

THE great men of our past, to whom we turn for inspiration, did not spend much time telling about what fine Americans they were. They proved it.

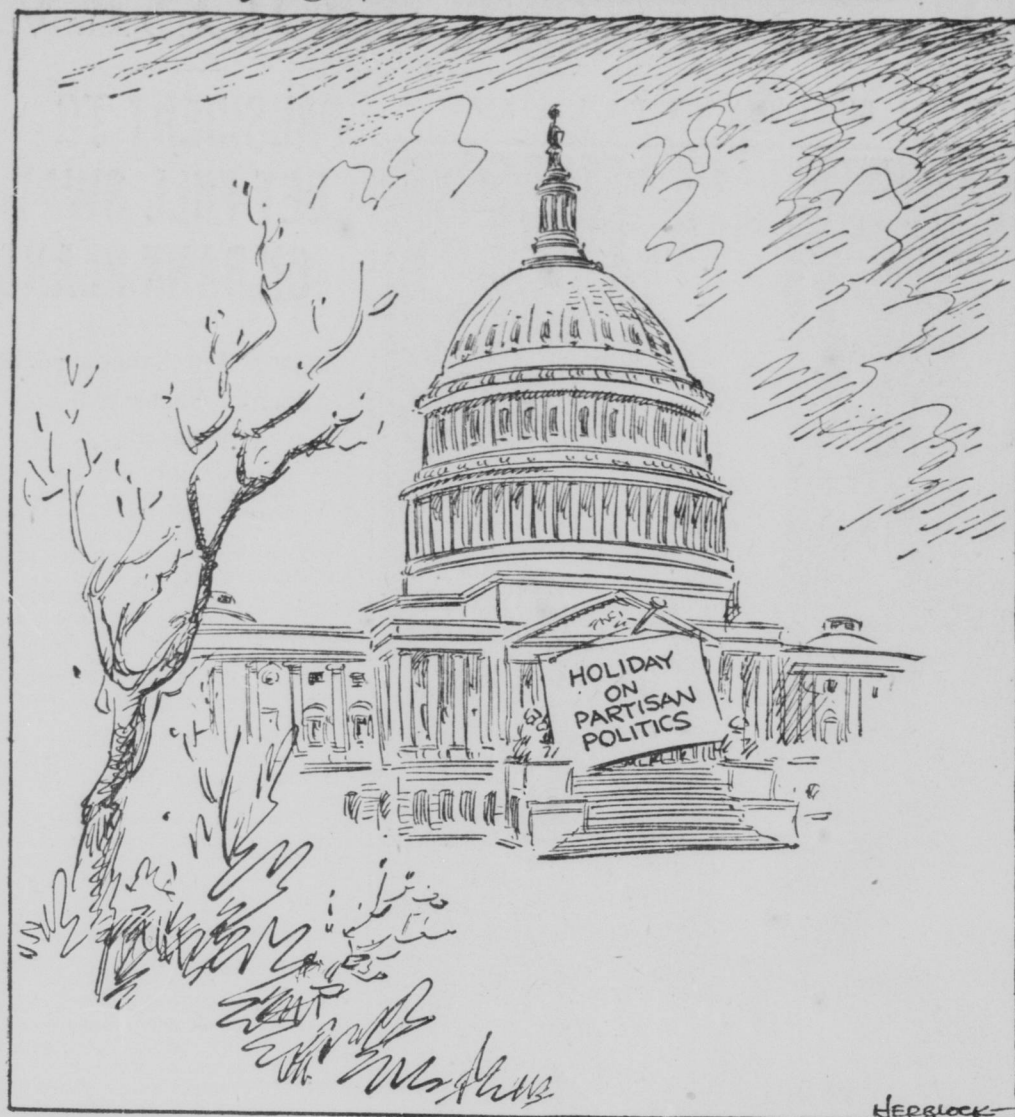
And they didn't prove it trying to grab everything in America for themselves. They were willing to divide America up with the other fellow.

It does not seem to me that a man reasonably can call himself a good American unless he feel some concern for the world of which his America is a part. In the twentieth century, at least, our destiny is linked with the destinies of other lands.

No man in these days can live entirely to himself. Economically, he is dependent upon his fellows. And nations, like men, must now survive together or sink alone.

Isolation, I fear, would be splendid long, even for all our "good Americans."

Carrying Out the Moratorium Idea



It Seems to Me . . . by Heywood Broun

ONE of the minor problems of the new administration will be what to do until repeal comes. I hope the government will make the wise decision to do nothing or next to it.

The last lame-duck congress reduced the appropriation for enforcement, but I trust that the new one will go even farther. When talk of economy is in the air, I see no spot where cuts can be made more painlessly than in the moneys usually paid out to prohibition agents. I am referring, of course, to the official salaries tendered to these gentlemen.

A friend of mine in the West Fifties was raided the other night and the operation took on all the rigor and rancor of the Carrie Nation or pre-repeal vote days. There was a police patrol on hand to take the waiters and the kitchen men to the police station. All the chairs and tables and ranges were removed. Not even so much as one illegal ash tray was overlooked.

Visitors From Capital

AND it was announced by the authorities, with a certain air of pride, that four agents especially detailed from Washington had been spending the night in dining and buying drinks to have their fill of evidence.

SCIENCE

Star Riddles Solved

—BY DAVID DIETZ

WHERE are we and where are we going? Those two questions are of fundamental importance, whether we approach them from the standpoint of economics, politics, international relations or astronomy.

The Astronomical Society of the Pacific just has awarded the Catherine Bruce gold medal, one of the coveted awards of the world of science, to the man who helped make possible the present astronomical answers to those questions.

He is Dr. C. V. Charlier of Sweden, who for thirty years was the director of the observatory at Lund and the professor of astronomy in the University of Lund.

Professor Charlier's great contribution was development of a method of statistical analysis, a method, incidentally, which has proved equally useful in the study of population problems, various medical problems and the like.

Our two questions, restated in their astronomical form, are: What is the distribution of stars in our galaxy and what are their motions?

Other astronomers also undertook to apply Professor Charlier's methods to the problem, and so our answers to the questions are partly his and partly the property of other men who have extended and amplified his work.

Cosmic Merry-Go-Round

THE answer to the first question seems to be that our sun is in the midst of a local cluster or cloud of stars, about 3,000 light-years across.

This cloud, in its turn, is off to one side in a great formation of some 40,000,000 stars, shaped more or less like a pinwheel. This pinwheel, whose diameter is between 150,000 and 300,000 light-years, constitutes the galaxy.

The answer to the second question seems to be that the galaxy

is in rotation around a thick star cloud or perhaps nebulous mass in the constellation of Sagittarius. We are riding on a cosmic merry-go-round.

Published Ten Volumes
PROFESSOR CHARLIER was born in Osterund, Sweden, on April 1, 1862. He was educated at the University of Upsala and began his astronomical career as an assistant at the Stockholm observatory.

He became the director of the Lund Observatory in 1898. During his thirty years there, he and his assistants and pupils published ten volumes of researches.

It is his authority upon celestial mechanics as well as astronomical statistics, and conducted many researches upon such subjects as the motions of the planets, the orbits of comets, and the like.

Q—Who was Hannibal Hamlin?

A—Vice-President from 1861 to 1865 in the administration of President Lincoln.

Q—Where are the headquarters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy?

A—738 Quapaw avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

I hope that each time the agents ordered a round they raised their glasses high and said, "Here's to the taxpayer, the poor sap! This is on him!"

As a man who lives a methodical life, I hate to have any of my favorite resorts pinched. It means in many cases that I must walk all of fifteen or twenty yards to find another place. But my objection to vigorous enforcement at the present time rests upon something more than a personal prejudice.

Many have advocated all kinds of cuts in the jobs or salaries of the hard-working clerical forces in our national capital. I hate to see a single clerk thrown out of work while prohibition agents still clutter up the earth.

If there must be a show of enforcement until the very last state convention has spoken its piece, then let it be directed toward those few states in which there seems to be a majority for aridity, or at least a very sizable minority.

I can't quite understand just whose interest is being served when activity is concentrated in New York City, which is at least ten to one on the wet side. And this is peculiarly so since our city is the chief source of federal revenue.

I hate to think that the income tax payments which I manage to

scrape together with great difficulty will go forthwith into the financing of drinks for gentlemen who purpose to demolish some place where I was accustomed to sit enthralled and listen to great minds discuss the banking problem and the budget and the essential goal of a liberal education.

Culture Behind Doors

I KNOW there is much popular misapprehension west of the Hudson as to the cultural side of Volstead violation. Even in plays which reach Broadway there is a tendency to present cocktail parties as celebrations founded upon the rapidities of jaded and sophisticated parasites.

It is not often so. Only the other night I sat for several hours over limbed beverages and had the entire history of democracy and revolution in South America outlined to me in graphic detail. Where could one expect to meet an exiled dictator of a great republic save in a speakeasy?

Nor are the higher reaches of mysticism or the arts neglected in such places. Indeed, when I hear that the ax men have fallen upon some friendly resort I feel that a blow has been struck at post-graduate research.

It is almost as if I read that the federalists had taken over Seaver Hall, in Cambridge, Mass., and carried all the professors away in the Black Maria. I would not even be comforted to learn that A. Lawrence Lowell was not on the premises when the pinch occurred.

All my friends in the business are bearing up bravely under the threat of naked repeal. They feel that life and the study of life still may go even when doors do swing instead of snap upon spring locks. And I have found other heroes prepared to sacrifice themselves for the good of the people and accept legal liquor without repining.

But, of course, here and there we must expect to find those who view the dawn of the new day with regrets which are selfish and yet wholly understandable.

The Wail of a Wet

CONSIDER the sad fate of C. James L. D., magazine contributor and gag man, who writes:

"My income from jokes about prohibition alone ran far into the thousands of dollars during the last five years. What subject will I find to replace it? And what subject will you find to replace it? All the time that I was writing those barbed paragraphs against prohibition I thought that I was sincerely bitter against the eighteenth amendment and that in my own small way I was helping to bring about repeal.

The truth of the matter, which I now realize, is that I was tickled pink about the whole business and having a good and profitable time writing about it. I've got at least two million prohibition jokes left in my system, and I'm damned if I want to be cheated out of them!"

All I can suggest to Mr. D. is that he and I Bishop Cannon line up along a rail and say to the duly licensed man in the white coat, "Three beers, please. And when the steins are set before us, there will be nothing for the gag man and the bishop and the columnist to do but weep into them."

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DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

Bite of Tick Causes Spotted Fever

—BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

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

MANY diseases of man are transmitted by the bite of a tick, as was shown years ago in investigations made by Dr. Theobald Smith.

Among the most serious of these is the condition called Rocky Mountain spotted fever, an infectious disease seen frequently in eastern Idaho and the Bitter Root valley of Montana, but also occurring in most western states and occasionally in eastern portions of the United States.

The tick is found on the rodents in the areas mentioned, and from these rodents the tick picks up the organisms which it then transfers to man when it bites. From four to seven days after he is bitten, the man comes down with the disease. At first there is loss of appetite, general aches

and pains and slight fever. Then suddenly there is a chill, followed by a high fever. This may reach 104 or 105 degrees.

Eventually, the nervous system may be involved, with restlessness and lack of sleep and even disturbance of the action of the bowels.

ABOUT the third or seventh day the infected person breaks out with tiny, pinkish spots which generally appear first on the wrists and ankles, and which give the disease its name—spotted fever.

The fever remains high for a week to ten days and, if recovery

occurs, it gradually falls. In the fatal cases, death occurs, from the seventh to the tenth day, with high fever.

The physician is able to make his diagnosis certain by examining the blood, in which he finds not only changes in the blood cells, but also specific reactions which are certain evidence of the presence of the disease.

The obvious method of preventing this disease is to avoid the bite of the tick which causes it. This has been attempted in some places through eliminating rodents and through dipping cattle.

Investigators of the United States public health service have developed a vaccine made of the ground up bodies of the ticks. This is found to be a protection against infection with this disorder.

M. E. Tracy Says:

U. S. PLAYS HYPOCRITE ROLE



NINETY-SEVEN years ago, in March, 1836, Texas declared independence. This action was brought about by American immigrants, all of whom had come to the province by permission of the Mexican government, and none of whom had been there more than a few years.

It was a case of straightforward rebellion, which, though not sponsored by the government of the United States, had the moral support of the people of the United States.

After a war lasting fifty days, made memorable by such incidents as the siege of the Alamo, the massacre at Goliad, and the victory at San Jacinto, Texas made good her independence and became a republic.

Nine years later, Texas was annexed to the United States by treaty, and a little while afterward, war with Mexico began. As a result of that war, the United States not only confirmed her right of title to Texas, but acquired a vast amount of additional territory.

The whole business forms a rather striking parallel to what now is going on in Asia, except that we Americans occupy the position of spectators and can exercise the privilege of criticizing from a safe distance.

We're Not Honest in Our Professions

WE explain the inconsistency of our criticism with our past performances by intimating that we might do differently if we had it all to do over again, which simply is not so.

How many Americans would repeal the annexation of Texas if they could, or give back the territory taken from Mexico in 1848? How many would repeal much of this country's history, if by so doing, they had to pay in full for the alleged wrong?

We are not genuinely honest in our attitude toward much of the idealism which we profess, and that is the great trouble with it. We are banking schemes and endorsing policies which we would not lift a finger to carry out. The recent note which our state department sent to the League of Nations patently meaningless.

There is not the slightest intention on the part of our government, of the slightest desire on the part of our people to become involved in a war over Manchuria, Chinese integrity, or any other issue that thus far has arisen.

If we keep meddling, however, we may become involved and that, too, without so much as having the sense to realize what we are doing until it is too late.

American Doesn't Want Catspaw Role

THE most peacefully inclined windbag can get into a row if he talks long and loud enough, and much as one hates to admit it, that seems to be the role our government has chosen to play, not only with regard to the far eastern situation, but with regard to several others.

Such a role is not popular with the average American. He is not afraid of talking things with Japan, if and when an occasion arises to warrant it, but he dislikes the idea of being maneuvered into a position where he may be forced to play more of Europe's chestnuts out of the fire.

Above all else, he dislikes the idea of being drawn into a quarrel until he is sure that the issue warrants it and that he can do some good. Though ready to sympathize with China and willing to admit that Japanese imperialism, as revealed by the existing situation, may become a menace some day, the average American is far from being sold on the proposition that the time is right to do anything about it, or that other countries will.

That being so, he feels that, though the subject may be entirely proper for street corner debates, or newspaper discussion, the government better would let it alone.

Every Day Religion

—BY DR. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

A GREAT Frenchman said recently that the future of civilization will be a dialogue between Gandhi and Ford. That is, between mysticism and mechanism.

In the west the world is on wheels, going at high speed, but we get nowhere if we lose our souls on the way.

The problem before us is plain: How can we cultivate the life of the spirit in a machine age? How can we keep our souls alive in the midst of whirling wheels?

Gandhi errs in turning away from the machine—he can not stop the car and set the clock back. But we err, too, if we lose the precious thing which Gandhi is trying to keep, and imagine that everything can be done by machinery.

Human souls can not be standardized like Ford cars. Without a creative spiritual life our machines will master us, crush us, enslave us.

In the home, in the school, in the church, we are trying to do by organization what can be done only by inspiration. The highest things of life must be attended to personally; they can not be done by proxy. The people of the Bible were not allowed to carry the Ark of the Covenant on a wagon, which was the only kind of a machine they had.

NO, they were required to carry that symbol of faith on their shoulders, and with their hands. Moral values are not machine-made; they are created like

Times Readers Voice Views . . .

Editor Times—Recently the local banks advertised in your columns that deposits made subsequent to their withdrawal restriction ruling would be subject to check. Many depositors accepted that advertisement in good faith and made deposits accordingly.

This writer went straight to his bank on Feb. 28-day pay and deposited his monthly pay check, although many of his colleagues were not going to make any deposit in any bank. This writer walked up to the receiving teller and laying his monthly pay check down, said: "There's my bet on the home community."

It is up to the banks to make their word good in this instance, or else no future advertisement of theirs will be good or reliable. Much is said about confidence, or the lack of it. The foregoing is a sample of confidence, but if the banks don't make their word good now, it will be a long time before confidence is restored.

Editor Times—I admire people who have the courage to live the way they please. I even admire those who have the courage to live within their incomes. All of us, of course, are subject to public opinion and it is well that we are.

But I object to the cowardice that lets people in for the expenditure of time and money on fruitless customs just because others do it. Few of us have more than a dozen friends who take enough interest in us to comment on our fortune or lack of fortune or on a change in our habits.

It is the imagined thoughts of these dozen friends that cause us to lose sleep and to incur expense which