

The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)
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Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Owned and published daily (except Sundays) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 West Maryland street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion county, 2 cents a copy; elsewhere, 3 cents—delivered by carrier, 12 cents a week. Mail subscription rates in Indiana, \$3 a year; outside of Indiana, 65 cents a month.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1933

GYPPING THE JOBLESS

A HEARING on the closing of two New York private employment agencies reveals human nature at about its lowest.

Witnesses told of having been required to advance fees for jobs, only to find those jobs were mythical. One elderly applicant for an elevator job said he paid \$8 in advance fees and then spent 95 cents in car fare to reach the place where no help had been requested.

An inspector testified that \$120 had been collected in initial fees, with the firm's full knowledge that the jobs advertised did not exist.

This depth of meanness, doubtless, can be plumed in any American city. Wherever such private exploitation of men's desperation exists, there can be found the well-known evils of excessive fees, fee splitting, crooked collusion with employers, and other forms of knavery.

California has a free state service, yet in 1929, 267 private fee agencies collected \$1,500,000 in fees from the jobless. Estimates of the annual tribute exacted by this country's fee agencies run as high as \$50,000,000.

Some day job placement will be a public monopoly, as it should be. The twenty-five states with public services recognize this. So does the Wagner act, that will provide a unified federal-state service through federal aid and federal standards.

But for some time to come fee agencies will persist. The supreme court does not permit states to wipe them out by statute, as Germany and some of the Canadian provinces have done. Pending the time when the public services will drive the fee agencies out of business, the states should regulate the privateers more effectively.

They should do this with the same type of aggressive efficiency that Wisconsin displays. And now that employers are hiring again, it is time to think of this sort of regulation.

We must tolerate the fee agencies a little longer; we need not tolerate their swindles.

PROBLEMS AFTER REPEAL

A COUPLE of years ago, repeal of the eighteenth amendment looked like a very remote possibility. A year ago the possibility, far less remote, still was only a possibility. Two months ago it began to change into a probability. Today it looks like a dead certainty.

The unanimity with which all sections of the country are endorsing repeal marks the culmination of one of the strangest and most surprising shifts of public sentiment in American history.

But the truly interesting and important part of it all is still to come.

A majority of Americans, evidently, have decided that federal prohibition is a mistake. No one knows, yet, what laws the several states will devise to control the liquor traffic once the amendment is repealed; and, for the moment, that question is unimportant.

Whether we are acting wisely in repealing the amendment ultimately will depend less on the new laws we pass than on the mental attitude with which, individually and collectively, we face the problem of alcohol itself.

To boil it down to a colloquial phrase, it is the question whether we are going to have sense enough to take it or leave it alone.

A complex industrial civilization like ours can not operate on a tradition of hard drinking. Probably it was a dawning recognition of the fact that made us willing to experiment with federal prohibition thirteen years ago.

And now that we have learned the failure of that method of coping with the problem, we are going to have to find some new system of social control which will keep alcohol from becoming a menace.

Our best bet, oddly enough, well may be this dawning economic system by which the ordinary working man is going to get more leisure, better living conditions, and a higher wage.

Strong drink, traditionally, has been the wage slave's method of escape from unpleasant reality. Excessive drinking was not so much the cause of abject poverty as abject poverty was the cause of excessive drinking.

And from this it is clear that the success of the repeal experiment will depend largely on the success of the industrial "new deal." Bringing the "submerged tenth" up into a freer and happier life is our best chance of making alcohol a useful servant and not a ruinous master.

OUT OF THE MINES!

COAL mine operators have agreed to employ no miners under 18. The United Mine Workers want the age limit set at 18. The national recovery administration will decide. For humane and economic reasons, it should insist that no boy under 18 be allowed to go down into the coal mines to work.

The mining of coal not only is a man's job. It is more hazardous than any other major American industry. Particularly it is hazardous to boys. The 1930 census revealed 15,904 operatives under 18 working in coal mines.

Pennsylvania recently made public a study of 1930 accident records of 5,300 boy miners. It found that one of every seven boys under 18 was injured in the course of a year. Of the injuries one in every five was severe.

Five were killed, eleven suffered permanent disability. In the bituminous mines, 188 boy workers in every 1,000 were injured, compared with 148 of all workers injured.

Accidents in mines are three times more frequent than in other industries, four and one-half times more severe. The laws of five states—New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, New York,

and Wisconsin— forbid employment of miners under 18.

For at least three good reasons, the government should adopt the rule of these states. First, with the high accident and fatality rate, the hiring of boy miners is too expensive an industrial risk. Second, with more than 200,000 adult miners permanently jobless even in good times, there is no excuse for hiring boys. Last, every boy has the right to a youth of sunshine, education, recreation, and normal living.

Men, perhaps, must risk life and limb to dig coal. But not boys.

WILL DEMOCRACY COME THROUGH?

IT has been held of late rather generally that democracy can not meet the heavy demands of the critical period in which we live. It is more or less taken for granted by a large group of writers that either Fascism or Communism must step in to save the day. In either case a more or less irresponsible dictatorship occupies the pilot house of the ship of state.

Certain it is that democracy will be put to the final test in the next few months, and that this test will be made primarily in the United States. It is quite apparent that the older form of democracy—that which represented essentially a transfer of the colonial town-meeting to a national scope—is outmoded hopelessly.

Government by a debating society can not deal with the complex and difficult issues of our dynamic age. Debate and discussion constitute valuable contributions to public life, but the place for them is primarily the press and the forum.

It should be remembered, however, that democracy is not necessarily limited to ideals and practices of the Jacksonian era. It permits extensive stiffening up of executive resolution and leadership. It can make possible the dominion of specialized experts in formulating and administering policies.

So long as the machinery ultimately rests upon majority rule, popular sovereignty, and the consent of the governed, it remains democracy, no matter if a particular administrative agent rules with as much decisiveness as a Mussolini.

There has been too much of a tendency to identify democracy with the old American system of government. The Constitution of the United States has no monopoly on democratic forms or practices. We might have an end of the conventional type of congressional government without terminating democracy.

As for the supreme court, its assertion of the right of judicial review always has been an anti-democratic usurpation. So long as we possess an elective ruler governing by popular mandate, we have the underlying essentials of democracy.

Indeed, we probably have the only form of democracy which has any chance of persistence in the twentieth century.

To date, the new democracy, under Franklin D. Roosevelt, need not be ashamed when hung up in the light against the background of Italy, Russia, or Germany. Neither the Bolsheviks, Mussolini, nor Hitler accomplished any fraction of the achievements of Roosevelt in the first three months of their rule.

It is easy enough to estimate a great transition in historical retrospect; it is much more difficult to appreciate and appraise it when we are passing through it.

President Roosevelt took over a country in which the government was the willing servant of big business, even when the latter had been discredited by three and one-half years of depression. Mr. Hoover remained putty in its hands to the end.

Our economy was planless and chaotic. The predatory pirates of speculative finance enjoyed their hegemony over American economic life, undaunted and unchallenged. The welfare and purchasing power of the masses were subordinated to the profit motive.

Organized labor was suppressed hopelessly. Wages had been slashed ruthlessly, farmers deflated and enslaved and fifteen million were unemployed. Rugged individualism and the business and financial lobby still dominated the United States.

Three months later the government of the United States is the dictator over American industry and finance. Planning of our economy has been made obligatory by the most sweeping legislation in our history. The financial pirates have been exposed and cowed, even if much more needs to be done to put them on permanent leash.

The national recovery act and the farm bill are designed to provide decent living conditions for the masses. Collective bargaining and organized labor are not only permitted, but made mandatory. Decent wages are supported by the government fiat.

It is no exaggeration to hold that the transition from the Hoover to the Roosevelt regime represents a more sweeping and fundamental change than that from the government under the articles of confederation to that under the Constitution.

The new regime after 1789 represented mainly a political transformation. The Roosevelt regime—if it actually merits that designation after the test of experience—will constitute an alteration of the very fundamentals of our economic system.

Indeed, to date, there has been nothing like it in modern history. More has been accomplished than in the twenty years of Bismarck's chancellorship or in the ten years of rule of the British labor party after 1905.

Yet, it is well to remember that up to now it is all a paper victory. The real test lies ahead. And that test will involve not only the soundness of the policies of Mr. Roosevelt and his brain trust, but the destinies of democracy.

If the latter fails in the United States of today, it never is likely to get another trial on any significant scale.

EVEN THE MAJOR

GENERALLY, when we think of Major A. V. Dalrymple, the new national prohibition director, we think of the story of the parrot which had just learned to say "Sic em," and was trying out the new vocabulary on the dog. As the last of Polly's green tail feathers were going into Rover's mouth she was heard to mutter: "Polly, you talk too much."

But the major's comment on the recent repeal elections has significance:

"Prohibition is on the skids. We can not escape it, and we might as well not kid ourselves."

When the nation's chief dry enforcement official turns wet, who then will wash the river Rhine.

AN AMBITION REALIZED

IT is hard not to feel a bit of sneaking sympathy for that 17-year-old boy in Milford, Conn., who stole a railway locomotive the other day and set out to go to the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago.

Of course, the lad didn't get there. Not being used to engines, he slammed his into a string of box cars before he had gone more than a mile or two, causing \$10,000 damage and winning for himself a jail sentence of thirty days and a \$50 fine.

But it's so easy to understand how he felt. A lot of us used to feel that life's greatest moment would come if only we could sit, just once, at the throttle of a locomotive.

This lad, who actually put his desire into practice, at least had some get-up-and-go about him.

Given the proper sort of guidance, he ought to get somewhere, some day—and that "somewhere" won't be in a cell in jail, either.

OUR DANGEROUS KITCHENS

THE kitchen doesn't ordinarily seem like a dangerous place—except, perhaps, when a truly inept cook starts concocting indigestible dishes for defenseless diners.

But figures released by the National Safety council show that a huge number of fatal accidents take place in American kitchens every year.

The highway, of course, is the scene of more fatal accidents than any other spot. But there were 28,000 deaths last year from accidents which took place in the home, and fully 34 per cent of these occurred in kitchens.

Falls and scalds seem to be the most prolific sources of home accidents. And while it is a bit difficult to see just how a safety code can be devised and enforced for the home, a little care and forethought in the midst of the daily round of activities ought to save a good many lives each year.

SUPPRESS CRIME LEGALLY

THE breath-taking power asked by Massachusetts' Attorney-General Warner of the state legislature reveals a hysteria of the type that often follows upon such revolting crimes as the recent kidnappings.

This law officer wants to mobilize groups of citizens into anti-crime agencies and empower them to search homes and automobiles, to arrest with or without warrants, to carry on other high-handed acts in the law's name.

Massachusetts legislators should read their own state's history to remind themselves that it was just such invasions of the rights of person and property that set off the spark of the American Revolution.

The people today will submit to such tyrannous practices in the name of law enforcement no more readily than did their forefathers in resisting King George's methods.

Congress and the legislatures should arm law officers with every reasonable weapon with which to detect, arrest, and punish racketeers, kidnapers, and other public enemies in high and low places.

But lawless law enforcement is self-defeating. It does not prevent crime; it breeds more crime.

It's already clear who will be "the Forgotten man" in 1934—none other than the federal prohibition agent.

Italian claims invention of movie projector with which movies can be shown in broad daylight, but refuses to give details. trying to keep us in the dark for a while?

Despite the popular saying "The woman pays," bill collectors often can testify differently.

M. E. Tracy Says:

NEW YORK furnishes a vivid illustration of what happens to a community in which the chief object of government is to maintain political organization. The present administration has been unable to economize and balance its budget for just one reason: Tammany Hall can't stand the sacrifice.

Tammany Hall depends on patronage. Separated from the municipal treasury, it would not last a year. Tammany Hall has been built around the idea of what a well-organized machine can do for the faithful through jobs, contracts and pull with all branches of government.

The average New York voter has been educated to believe that if he stays hitched he can depend on favors and protection. District leaders are expected to come across. Coming across includes not only getting people on the pay roll and keeping them there, but seeing that they are not dealt with too roughly when they get into trouble.

It also includes a judicious distribution of contracts and what, for want of a better word, is called honest graft. The people of New York are not blind to the dangers of such situation, but have consoled themselves with the thought that it represents less inconvenience and less cost than would a change.

THEY have argued that Tammany Hall stands for training and efficiency and that any reform administration would lose more through in competence than Tammany Hall takes for graft. The business slump gradually is changing their viewpoint, however, because it shows up the basic weakness.

Tammany Hall could not economize if it wanted to, because its political strength is a bought and paid for commodity. The very fact that it has trained its supporters to expect something means that it must go on giving them something.

Though property values in New York City have suffered a terrific decline, and though the average income has gone down by a third, if not more, the city's expenses keep right on. Such economies as have been put into effect are slight when compared to the need.

But for the leniency of bankers, New York City would be virtually broke. Even so, it has become necessary to call a special session of the state legislature to give the city power to levy new taxes.

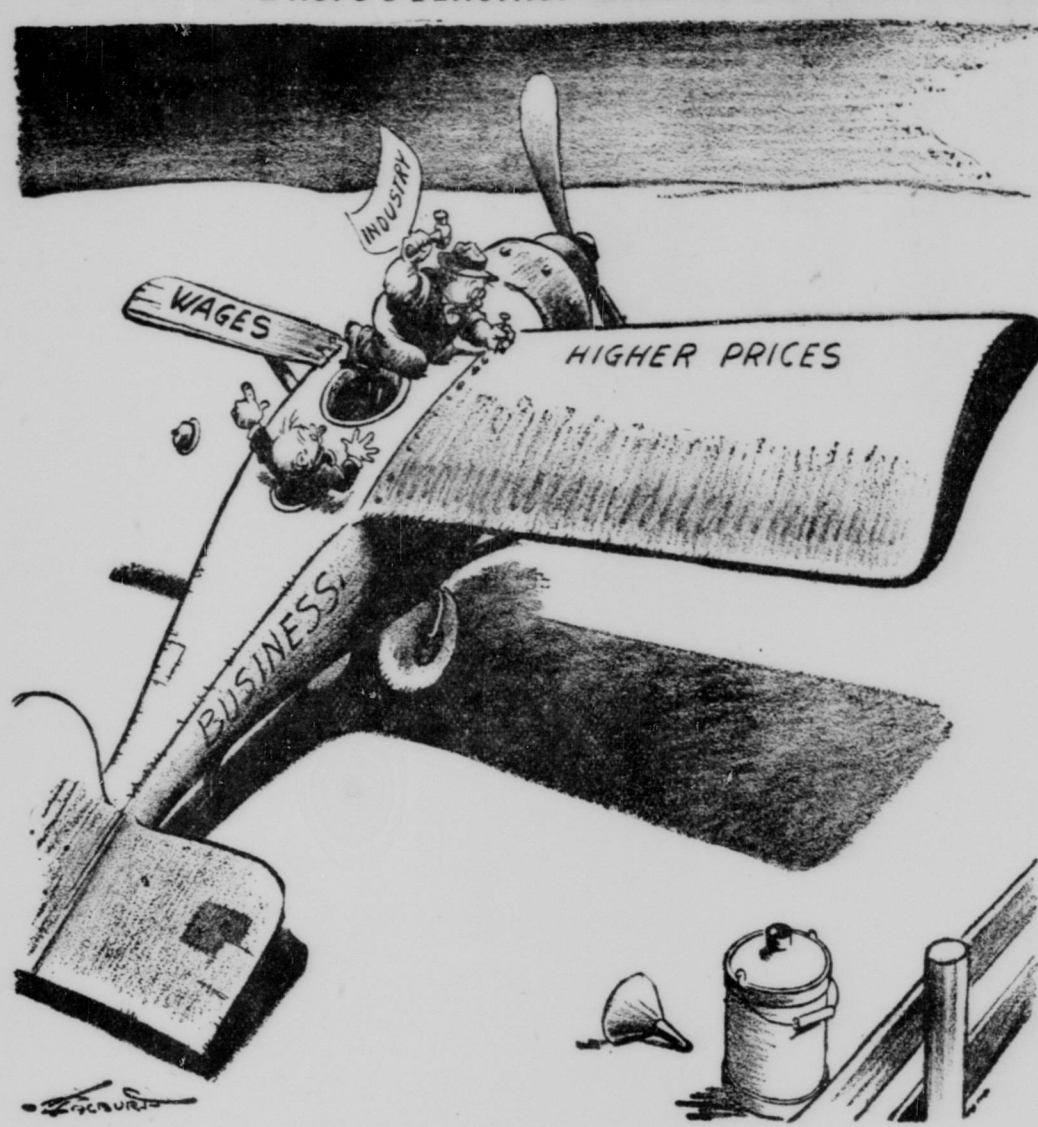
WHAT Tammany leaders hope is that the Roosevelt administration can increase business to such an extent as will enable New York to stand these new taxes. They are well aware that they are playing with fire, but they have no choice in the matter. It is a case of taking chances with municipal bankruptcy or breaking their own organization.

They prefer to make Tammany Hall safe and to get that President Roosevelt's recovery program will do the rest. The chances are that it will, but neither New York nor any other city can stand the kind of tribute, or the kind of philosophy, imposed by Tammany Hall indefinitely.

If anything, the financial loss is of less consequence than the moral loss. A frame of mind which values government for what can be taken out of it through political power and pull eventually will wreck any municipality, state or nation.

There simply is no substitute for common honesty and civic consciousness.

There's Another Side to It!



:: The Message Center ::

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire

(Times readers are invited to express their views on these columns. Make your letters short, so all can have a chance. Limit them to 250 words or less.)

By Mrs. B. W. C.

I think it is fine the way the state farm was exposed through your paper. I don't understand why it hasn't been done long before this.

I feel sure those boys are speaking absolute truth in their sworn statements. Why should they have reason to do otherwise?

The things coming to light now have gone on out there for seven years that I know of. It doesn't become generally known, because fear is instilled into the inmates of what might happen if they wrote home folks or friends of the life they lead there. Every letter is inspected and things the officers don't want known outside are crossed out.

Our Governor is sending Mr. Howard back out there because the place has fallen into such a state during his absence, and yet the very same things went on under his supervision. Every time investigators were sent out the worst was covered up, just as it was recently.

But why expose the state farm alone? Let the good work go a little farther. What about the reformatory at Pendleton? The same conditions prevail out there in general, if not in particular. The inmates are clubbed and starved by guards and officers, whose moral characters are often far below those of the young men they are over.

Just because a man is guilty of a crime is no reason why he should be treated worse than a dog. Cruelty won't improve him any.

You will find a few officers in these places who are human, really sorry for the inmates, so far as to be kind to them and try to set good examples before them, but this doesn't happen often, with the result that more than half of these boys and young men completely lose their faith in God and man before their sentences are terminated.

What kind of a start is that toward making good, honest citizens out of a wayward man? The man with hate in his heart is the man who goes wrong at first through a mistaken desire to "get even."

The food at the reformatory is vile. The hospital care is below par, the men are thrown into "the hole" for petty offenses where they are given half a gallon of water a day

Auto Vs. Charity

By Justice.

DO you own an automobile?

Yes! Well, it will be necessary for you to surrender your license to receive a dole from this institution—township trustee—the taxpayers' money. How preposterous! In many cases the poor individual enjoyed a position earning a meager living and, under the license, was able to get license plates for the old car (1925 model) that the family might go to the berry patches, cherry orchard and out in the great wide open spaces, along some of God's made streams provided for mankind.

But, no! The good trustee who does out the people's tax money, to the one-time glad, free-born, taxpaying citizens, through no fault of their own, says "You must surrender your license plates" for which you paid \$5 and up. I do not recall any law in our land of plenty requiring a citizen to relinquish anything of value to any governmental agency without first receiving value for it.

I happen to know of certain cases, if the automobile license plates had not been surrendered when the unfortunate citizens could have picked up a day's work here and there to add to their ever-growing appetites. I myself furnished car, gasoline and oil so a family could go to the creek for cherries.

I especially appeal to the Governor, mayors, county commissioners and the heads of the various charity organizations to see to it that the license plates for 1933 be returned to their lawful owners, that they may enjoy some of the bountiful goodness that our God—the All-wise Creator—intended for the people.

and eight ounces of cornbread at the end of 24 hours, or else they are put "on the spot," where they must stand in one spot for hours with nothing to eat at all.

This place, too, has its poultry farm, dairy, and vegetable gardens. The inmates benefit from these is small. What becomes of these commodities? The officers and guards aren't stinted, that I know.

You did something big in these articles about the penal farm. A great many people are praising you for it.

Governor McNutt is a fine man,

doing his best to put things right, but how can he do anything if he doesn't know the half of it? How can investigating committees find out anything if the institution is forewarned in some inexplicable way?

Why not hunt up some of these ex-inmates? Their sworn statements might prove interesting. I have several in mind who would be glad to tell what they know.

By W. E. L., a Democrat.

Mayor Dale of Muncie only is voicing the sentiments of hundreds of people in denouncing the reappearance of Ralph Howard as superintendent of the Indiana penal farm.

Is the Democratic party so weak in its personnel that the Governor is unable to find a Democrat to fill this position? Or does he want this system instituted by Superintendent Howard to continue?

The people elected him for a change and a new deal, not a continuation of the old system. Today, shirts, glassware, beads and trinkets, chairs and porch swings, furniture, baskets, brick and crushed stone are produced at the farm by free slave labor and placed on the market in competition with goods made by paid labor.

The Times, as usual, is fighting for the little fellow, but the best fight will be to abolish the Putnam county hell hole and let each county take care of its own petty offenders by doing the county and city road and street work, which would reduce county and city taxes. A neighborly act.

The state realizes very little out of its prison-made goods, but the jobber and middleman are making fortunes, and our Governor has a chance to clean up or to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, which will mean defeat in our future election, and the old slogan as usual, "A Democrat Governor Every Sixteen Years."

Daily Thought

The love of money is the root of all evil.—Timothy, 6:10.

THERE is no vice which carries mankind to such wild extremes as that of avarice.—Swift.

Specialization Stirs Medical Problem

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

This is the fourth article in a series on choosing the family doctor.

EMPLOYMENT of the special devices used in medical practice requires hours of study and repeated practice for the development of proper technique.

As a result of the tremendous expansion of medical knowledge, specialization entered the field, so that today medicine is practiced not only by general practitioners, who, it has been determined, easily can take care of 85 per cent of the conditions for which patients consult physicians, but medicine is practiced also in some eighteen to twenty specialties.

These are of various types, such as those which concern themselves wholly with internal medicine and diagnosis; surgery, which is divided into orthopedic surgery, genitourinary surgery, brain surgery, abdominal surgery, and similar branches. There also are specialists in dis-

worthy men into various specialties.

Some of the specialist societies will not admit any man until he has had at least five years of experience in a specialty and until he has done sufficient research and published enough scientific papers to prove his competence.

Moreover, the medical profession itself has established in recent years examining and certifying boards, which now undertake, after a young man has been at least five years in practice, to give him both a written and a practical examination and, provided he is qualified, to issue to him a certificate of competence.

This movement in medicine is so recent that it is not fair to say that men who do not have the certificate they have submitted themselves to an examination and have passed it successfully.

Next—Consult your family doctor when you need a specialist.

:: A Woman's Viewpoint ::

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

JUST about once every three months I resolve to be firm with the children. Having heard that this is an important characteristic of the good mother, and, like most women, having a desire to qualify for such title, I make resolute determination to do my duty if it kills me, and the youngsters likewise.

So I begin the day by arming myself with adamant resolutions and for four or five hours all goes well. The kids and I happily agree about everything. The home atmosphere is peaceful. Tranquility reigns.

And while this serene interim is experienced, I find myself in entire agreement with the authorities who advocate relentless parental firmness.

Inevitably, however, the contest begins. And my grim determination

seldom is able—save in the most important crises—to stand the strain. Somehow the children always out-talk me (which, according to the man in the family, makes them pretty good).

They can offer the most excellent arguments in favor of pet projects, and their reasons after a time sound very sensible, while those I had put forth by and by seem wholly illogical, even to my ears.

THEN my firmness fails. I begin to waver, and around noon my backbone slowly collapses, and by nightfall I am totally disabled—a poor, spineless female whose children know how to work her to a frazzle.

In short, I do not possess sales resistance. And the woman who is not blessed with this gift in

It Seems to Me

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, July 26.—Al Jolson has shocked me profoundly. For years I have admired him as a performer and marveled at his instinct for showmanship. Suddenly, and without warning, he has climbed down into the class of the clumsy amateur.

I am referring to the latest telegrams from Hollywood, which announce that the comedian felled Walter Winchell twice in a chance brawl back of the press section at a fight club.

Jolson should know better than that. Any promoter would be glad to underwrite such an encounter. It should be possible to pack the Yankee stadium with a hundred thousand people who eagerly would pay \$10 apiece to see Walter Winchell knocked down once.

Literature and Jolson

THE episode has implications which can not be neglected by writers and by the critics of writing. It touches upon the moot point as to whether a creative artist should have liberty or license, or both.

The war correspondents at the front say that Jolson hit Winchell because that interpreter of the American scene has prepared a motion picture script based upon real or supposed incidents in the life of Jolson.

Even if there is justice in this assertion, Mr. Winchell has a right to say he has sinned in company with the masters. Dickens and Dostoevsky drew their characters out of real life, and only recently Somerset Maugham composed a novel, using as his material certain scandalous rumors concerning a dead lion.

If the reputation of Thomas Hardy is not to be protected, why should the life of Al Jolson be sacrosanct? Of course, the test lies in the manner in which the material is used. I would allow the writing man to distill his fiction out of the most sacred confidences of his friends, if only he makes a good job of it.

If Shakespeare had come to me with a notebook and an anxious look and said, "Tell me something about yourself," very gladly would I have revealed all. I'm not so sure that I would not have done so.

It is not unjust that the heart-break of even the most diffident should be blasted to make a superb Roman holiday. But we shy folk have a right to complain if our secret sorrow is dragged out into the