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COAL MINE CHAOS

THE strike of coal miners in western Pennsylvania for union recognition at a time when President Roosevelt is trying to unite employers and workers for a concerted assault on depression turns attention forcibly to that unhappy industry.

Differences between mine owners and workers are perennial, and so deep-rooted that their peaceful settlement apparently is impossible. The present strike is much like many others that have preceded it. There is trouble over picketing and the presence of strikebreakers; the militia has been sent into the coal fields to keep order; there have been outbreaks of violence.

And while this is going on at the mines, further evidence of the chaos in the industry is furnished by the preparation of half a dozen or more fair trade codes by different groups of operators for submission to NRA. The operators have been unable to agree on principles for general application to the industry.

Distress in the coal mining industry began before the depression became general. The number of miners employed has steadily decreased, partly because use of substitutes has reduced the demand for coal, and partly through introduction of machinery and improved methods.

The American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers recently estimated that in nine years 56,500 miners had been replaced by machines, 75,000 by improved methods, and that 149,500 had been thrown out of work by decreased demand. Miners in 1930 numbered 620,000.

Government figures showed working miners last spring were getting an average of 46 cents an hour for twenty-four hours a week, making their earnings \$11 a week. Employment was a third less than in 1929, but pay rolls were three-fourths less. Suffering was acute and widespread.

What to do with this large body of workers who can not find places in their own industry and can not be absorbed by other industries is a national problem. Congress had in mind the coal mining situation more than any other when it authorized expenditure of \$25,000,000 to provide subsistence farms for displaced workers.

Similarly the lot of operators has not been a happy one during the period in which demand for coal has been steadily shrinking. All factors combined have produced a problem that may require more federal intervention than has yet been attempted. The stabilization of an essential industry is necessary for economic reasons, and conditions among miners cry out for attention.

WHAT OF THIS MAN?

WHAT does the New Deal mean for the man who has passed the 50-year mark, or even the man of 45 years?

Despite the multiplicity of problems that confronts those seeking national recovery, the worker who is "too old" for the high speed pace of the present day should not join the ranks of the forgotten men.

In Ft. Wayne a canvass has been started to obtain 50,000 signatures favoring modification of a state law which it is claimed bars men more than 45 from industrial jobs. Leaders declare that insurance regulations keep older men out of factories.

In this connection, it is interesting to study the story of a man who walked into The Times office today. He is a man of fair education, gained in the lower grades of public school and through reading since he left the classroom.

He is 56 now, with his wife as his only dependent. "I went to work when I was 12," he says, "and I've worked with machines ever since. I know the insides and the outsides of machines like a scholar knows a book."

"I worked eighteen years for one of the city's biggest industries. Then I was employed at another large factory, in a superintendent's job for a time."

"Then came the depression and the bar because of my age. For two years I've had no job. I've tried selling candy and other things, but I'm not much of a talker. So I'm out and I stay out."

He declares that at every place he has applied they won't hire a man even over 40. "No one is wanted who has a touch of gray in his hair," says this luckless worker.

"I am in the prime of life and no one has a right to deprive me of the right to work," he concluded.

What can be done for this man? What can be done for the thousands like him? In many trades, most of them, in fact, men over 40 or even over 50 are at the peak of their ability, far more competent than workers who have nothing to recommend them but their youth. It is to these men that those guiding the New Deal should give serious thought.

"They have the right to work and to live and to be valuable members of the community."

LANDMARK ON WAY OUT

REMOVAL of a landmark from the Mile Square seems assured as the city zoning board meets this afternoon to consider a petition for razing the Denison hotel at Pennsylvania and Ohio streets.

the victim of fame and disaster. In its day some of the greatest national figures, and many others not so important, spent their days and nights there in the convivial atmosphere that is so well remembered by residents of Indianapolis.

The Denison, in its heyday, was the center of many social functions. The bar was a great haven. Not only did social functions establish the hotel's prominence, but many strategic political moves were laid in its rooms.

So much for its fame. Disaster, in the form of fire, struck it several times during its career. A parking lot may be established there. To Indianapolis this custom of downtown parking places on prominent corners seems odd. To Detroit, in the period of boom, razing of old buildings and establishment of parking places was a regular procedure.

But, perhaps with the old structure removed, and a new deal in the making, another building, as pretentious as the old in days gone by, will be erected to maintain the city's skyline.

STITCH, STITCH

"Stitch, stitch, stitch. In poverty, woe, and dirt—"

A CENTURY has passed since "The Song of the Shirt" startled England into realization of the brutal conditions under which clothing was manufactured. Americans who think of it at all, at the present time, probably have a vague idea that much has been done to better conditions in this country.

The United States department of labor has completed a study of the shirt industry in nine of the principal manufacturing states. It reports that half of the 20,000 workers studied receive less than \$7.40 for a week. In Delaware the median for workers was \$5.50 a week; in Maryland, \$5.60; in Pennsylvania, \$6.10.

Shirt making has been shifting from large cities to small towns to get cheaper labor, the survey showed, and also, apparently, to escape regulation of hours, wages and working conditions. Some of the shirtmakers—almost all of them women—were working 57½ hours a week.

In one Pennsylvania establishment, 30 per cent of the workers were under 16 years of age. In the shirt industry, as in coats and suits and men's clothing, a great number of contracting establishments are found where the work is farmed out and responsibility for labor is avoided. Wages averaged \$6.40 in contracting plants as compared with \$7.90 in manufacturing plants.

The national recovery administration can put an end to these conditions.

FREIGHT TRAIN NUISANCE

HUNDREDS of motorists in Indianapolis, principally those who must drive to their homes on the west side of the city, are wondering what has happened to the city ordinance against trains blocking crossings.

In the last few years, and especially in the last few weeks, since the freight business again has picked up, there apparently is no effort made to control the traffic-train situation.

A few drives to the western part of the city which would require crossing the tracks at Belmont and Holmes avenues, convinces most motorists that the freights have the situation well in hand.

The motorist halts his auto. Then, as the cars on the tracks are switched back and forth, he finally turns off the motor. The line of autos, by that time, has increased to more than a dozen.

Apparently the track is going to be cleared. But, about the time one expects to be able to drive on, another cut of freight cars comes rolling along.

Not many days ago one motorist had his windshield smashed when the gate dropped suddenly at one crossing, caught him approaching the tracks.

By the watch, some of these freight-auto tieups last twelve or fifteen minutes. Blowing of auto horns serves only to irritate quieter motorists who wait patiently, and arouses the ire of the switchmen.

While all this is going on, the driver of the auto, his wife and children sit in the car that, by now, is surrounded by billows of smoke. They listen to squealing cattle being side-tracked and hear the heavy thump of the steel wheels. All in all, it becomes a most unpleasant outdoor pastime on a summer evening.

But, checking back, it appears that the city ordinance on the question really is not lost. It just isn't heeded. Offhand, there is no recollection of the prosecution of any railroad company for blocking street crossings these last few years.

The city ordinance reads: "Any person in charge of any locomotive, motor car, or train of cars on any steam or electric railroad, who shall leave or permit to be left, such locomotive, motor car, car or train of cars standing so as to obstruct any street or sidewalk for any greater length of time than three minutes, or occupy the same in switching or for other purposes while such train is moving, longer than the time above specified, shall, on conviction, be fined in any sum not exceeding \$100."

There's the law. Why isn't it enforced? Probably, after fire apparatus or an ambulance is held up at a crossing and there is pressure brought to bear, the matter will be solved. Or, perhaps, some ordinary citizen may have the nerve to come to the front for his rights.

THE BLUE EAGLE HOME

THE American housewife, because she buys most of the goods sold at retail, can in a large part, make or break the administration's recovery program. If the housewife does not buy those products and from those stores displaying the Blue Eagle, the work of the national recovery administration will be meaningless.

Additional costs of farm products and industrial wages must be passed on to the same housewife who has been asked to co-operate. She deserves protection from undue price increases. The administration intends that she shall have it.

She is willing to pay more if it goes to farmers and labor, but not to profiteers. The enlightened merchants and manufacturers realize that it is to their own interests to prevent profiteering. It is only the unscrupulous minority that has to be thwarted.

Instead of waiting until abuses create scandals that would threaten the whole recovery program, the administration has set up machinery to prevent profiteering. The office

of the consumers counsel of the agricultural adjustment administration is prepared to supply weekly quotations on warranted price increases for food and textile commodities which go into the household budget.

Mayors in more than 5,000 cities have been asked to organize nonpartisan consumers' committees to prevent price abuses.

If the consumers' counsel can supply these committees with adequate information, the American housewife intelligently can challenge unfair price increases.

FOR INDUSTRIAL PEACE

A SUPREME court for business is needed during the war against depression. That, in effect, is what the President has in his new super-board of mediation.

Its job is twofold. It will settle strikes in the period before individual codes are completed. It will arbitrate differences under the codes. In the sense that an interpretation of a law or code often becomes a virtual law-making process, this new board will have much more power than the usual arbitration board in a labor dispute.

General Hugh Johnson, recovery administrator, predicts that the arbitration board will be kept very busy. It will be.

But that does not mean the country is threatened by general industrial warfare. The coal and steel industries, where workers have been terrorized recently, are exceptions. Those particular Mellon and Morgan companies have long anti-labor records. It is neither fair nor accurate to judge industry as a whole by its worst elements.

Industry as a whole has been remarkably alert, intelligent and patriotic in co-operating with the national recovery administration. So has labor.

The fact that the employers' advisory board of NRA and the labor advisory board agreed unanimously on the personnel for the new board of mediation is typical of the spirit of teamwork between capital and labor.

The motive is not so much a sentimental hands-across-class-barriers emotion as it is hard, cold reasoning that the alternative of recovery is disaster for all.

If this co-operative spirit continues on the part of industry and labor, the work of the mediation board in settling strikes and lock-outs should not be heavy. But there probably will be a vast field for this board in preventing friction by clarifying codes and recommending modifications where injustices exist.

More existence of such a tribunal to hear their case is one of the greatest boons which could be bestowed upon workers in anti-union plants where the boss is a kind of combined Mussolini-Hitler, from whom hitherto there has been no appeal.

Judged by its personnel, the new board merits public confidence, just as it has been received enthusiastically by President Roosevelt. Senator Robert Wagner of New York, as neutral chairman, is a happy selection.

Government is perplexed over the ownership of a million reindeer in Alaska. That makes it official that there isn't any Santa Claus.

They're going to tear down all the fences on public lands, Secretary Ickes announces. Probably use unemployed congressmen to rebuild 'em.

An optimist is a guy who dares to eat huckleberry pie while wearing an ice-cream suit.

The favors you get at a party aren't the only ones you get that have strings tied to 'em.

M. E. Tracy Says:

MOST of our social and political ills can be traced to an extravagant faith in money. We have trained ourselves to believe in buying power, not only as it affects the physical necessities of life, but as a means to insure cultural advantages. We have come to a point where we imagine that most everything can be bought and that the only requisite to a fulfillment of ambition is to have the price.

It goes without saying that a reasonable amount of money is indispensable, that we have developed an industrial system which calls for a certain amount of cash, that the family which does not have an income of \$1,500 or \$2,000 a year is actually denied the ordinary comforts and conveniences of civilization. That, however, does not fathom the pernicious philosophy which has grown up around money.

The predominating thought, especially in these United States, is that the possession of money represents the most important thing in life and that it is perfectly proper to rate men by the amount of cash they command. As a general proposition, the man with a million is regarded as far better off than the man with half a million, while the man with a hundred million is rated A-1.

THE dollar has come to be a well nigh universal standard of value. From a medium of exchange, it has grown into a social and moral yardstick. The man who can produce dollars in sufficient number usually is excused from disclosing how he got them or from answering such breaches of the moral code as his methods may have involved.

It has become a very difficult thing to convict millionaires, to subject them to a system of justice which we find it easy to apply to others. It has become even more difficult to regulate their practices, habits and attitudes.

Fines represent little hardship for the man with money. He can afford to drive by a red light if it costs only \$10 or \$15, or even to commit more serious offenses under a smart attorney is almost a guarantee of immunity.

YOUNG people do not need to be taught the power of money. They see it exemplified every day in the week. See their rich companions get away with things that would make trouble for their poor companions. They need no tutor to tell them the important part money has come to play in determining the consequences of good or bad activities.

Even against their better instincts, they come to believe that it doesn't make much difference how they get money, as long as they get it. In spite of the finer ideals which conscientious parents and instructors seem to impart, boys and girls are almost forced to the conclusion that the pay a job brings is more important than the job itself and that success is a matter of reward rather than achievement.

Such a conception makes it easy for the gang to get recruits, for the crooked politician to obtain henchmen, for the grafter to soothe his conscience, for the business man to justify unfair practices.

We need to resurrect the self-evident truth that some things can not be bought, that honesty, ambition, courage and even the ability to do things only are obtainable through self-effort, and that while they pay in the long run, they frequently do not promise such quick returns as crookedness, fraud and deceit.

Honesty Still Best Policy



:: 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 in these columns. Make your letters short, so all can have a chance.)

An Interested Citizen. This is in behalf of our laboring brethren, who we know are beginning to see that there is a silver lining in the dark cloud which has hung over us for the last four years.

This great change in spirit and mind has been made by the great program President Roosevelt has laid before us. I am sure every one will unite in earnest co-operation, which is the only way to bring back prosperity. Employment is the largest of all factors.

This last week, when men and women citizens waited anxiously at the gate of an Indianapolis cotton mill, there was transported another number of men and women from another state to fill in vacancies which were made by stating they were complying with the code which the textiles signed.

Now this may not be unpatriotic, but it doesn't seem the proper action to take when there is such stress here in our home town and state. It looks as though that if such firms feel this is the place to make their business residence, the people of this city or state should be preferred. These very tactics have been practiced by any number of concerns. These activities should be made known publicly for the welfare of our home owners and taxpayers.

I sincerely hope every one, employee and employer, will unite and march hand in hand for this great cause which confronts our nation.

By H. F. Hatchinson. President Roosevelt, in his inaugural address, said: "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

That statement particularly is appropriate at this time, for there is plenty of need for vision—broad and comprehensive.

For three years industry and business have been floundering around in the mire of depression, trying to find a way out. No progress has been made. Franklin D. Roosevelt is showing vision. It's up to them to furnish the vital force behind his leadership.

To what avail will be the mere raising of wages and the shortening of working hours for those who are unemployed? Very good for them, but where is the benefit to the jobless man and woman? Who will pay the inflated prices on the living necessities required for their maintenance next winter? It's a sure thing the unemployed will not be able to do it.

The fundamental idea in NRA is to reinstate 12,000,000 idle men and women in gainful employment. If there was no unemployment in the country, there would be no depression or need for a recovery act. And yet these business and industrial leaders are prone to find loopholes wherein they may refrain from absorbing these unemployed back into economic life. If the substance of NRA is not to get these unemployed back into immediate employment, then these unfortunate ones as well might be lined mercifully up before a wall and face a firing squad.

Sober reasoning should bring to mind that the lowliest laborer who takes wages for his daily toil and spends it, to the last penny, among the merchants in his community, is proportionately, as much a vital factor to economical stability as the wealthy manufacturer whose yearly pay roll runs to thousands of dollars. Therefore, he should be given a right to work.

If time and thought and patriotic sacrifice is given in honest support to NRA and no effort spent

extremely red it may be desirable to keep the head raised. A person who has fainted should have plenty of fresh, cool air, cold water applied to the face or chest as a stimulant to recuperative action. Sometimes the inhalation of smelling salts serves to stimulate the breathing of the patient and in that way to aid his recovery.

The usual first-aid remedy, found in most family medicine chests, for attacks of fainting is half a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia given in water. A person who has fainted should be kept quiet and recumbent until fully recovered. If permitted to get up and walk too soon serious results may follow.

:: A Woman's Viewpoint ::

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

THE only thing I don't like about the industrial recovery movement is the military insignia with which it is being decorated.

A good many people, I feel sure, are skittish about getting trapped again into a sort of emotionalism they once suffered and that can, as they know, proceed so quickly from fever to delirium.

I hope, therefore, that those of us who are completely and honestly in accord with the President's plan can think up some other words and phrases to describe and gain interest for it.

Militaristic terms will frighten off a lot of good Americans. They know we actually did not have co-operation during the war epidemic. What we called co-operation was coercion. And out of that coercion

It Seems to Me

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—This year seems to be a season for stuffed shirts in politics. When Herbert Hoover went down to defeat I had the hope that perhaps the debacle marked the end of this curious sort of type casting.

Mr. Hoover was, of course, a thirty-second degree stuffed-shirt, but since his rise and fall we have seen the emergence of several hundred-percents. Mayor O'Brien is a rare specimen. He meets every requirement.

This must account for the strange quality of some of the men mentioned as his opponent. General O'Ryan can meet the mayor in his own field and almost match him. A stuffed-shirt is a person who doesn't know what it is all about, but still insists on going through the motions.

The fraternity is extremely democratic in that it includes members of widely varying political and economic belief. Stuffed-shirts can be either radical or reactionary, or anywhere in between.

Red but Also Stuffed

IN order to prove this the Communist party in New York has dug up as its candidate Bob Minor. I am not going to contend that Minor is quite up to the high standard set by his Tammany rival or even by Mrs. Whitman's entry, but whenever a show is held for stuffed-shirts, Bob has an excellent chance of receiving honorable mention, even if he fails to get the blue ribbon. He is, in fact, a sort of red O'Ryan.

Mr. Minor qualified with high honors when last I heard him. There was a meeting at the Rand school to protest against the expulsion of students from City College who had been disciplined for taking part in a pacifist demonstration and impeding the umbrella shots of Dr. Robinson.

Since the Rand school is considered enemy territory by the Communists, Bob Minor entered the hall gingerly and sat apart from all his fellow speakers. Most of those on the program were stuffed-shirts, they spoke intelligently and firmly about the fight they had to face under the harsh rule of a juncalist faculty. And while the session was on, Bob Minor sat taking notes—reams and reams of them.

To my horror when he was called up to speak he carried his thesis with him and read it from beginning to end. It was, admit, an original. He made no reference to anything which had gone before. Well, let's be fair—in his opening sentence he mentioned the City College of the City of New York just once. From there he leaped to the American marines in Haiti.

He expounded Karl Marx's theory of interest and at the end of the first hour raised both hands dramatically and shouted: "What we need is not words, but action!" There were several other C. C. N. Y. meetings in the next few days, but Mr. Minor, the clarion cry for action, absented himself.

Keeping the Franchise

IT took me quite a little while to get any understanding of what the speech was all about. Then I realized that to Mr. Minor a call to the platform is something like a notice summoning a student to a quiz. It is Mr. Minor's notion that he is being asked to pass a regents' test in the quality of his Marxism.

He is deathly afraid that some one will accuse him of being orthodox, and so he spends several agonizing hours before each address cramming up on the catchwords.

New York City will be very lucky if Mr. Minor condescends to mention it as much as once during his campaign. Unless all signs and portents fail, his appeal will be purely theological. Like another Billy Sunday, he will dish out the Communist brand of raspberry pie in the sky for the delectation of very hungry men and women.

I think this is a pity, for the Communist party has fought effectively in many good causes. It deserves all the credit in the world for what it has done in the Scottsboro case. It has been a very effective agent in sharpening the fight for adequate local relief.

Proving the Point

BUT according to Communist philosophy, the cause is everything and the leader does not matter. I suppose it is in order to emphasize this point that Bob Minor was nominated.

Once upon a time Minor was a close pal of a man who ran a Greenwich Village cabaret. A year elapsed, and they met one day on the street. Minor, out of his friend and when chided explained: "Never attempt to speak to me again. We belong to different social orders. There is a wall between us."

And with that Mr. Minor turned on his exclusive heel and went his patrician way. If Minor isn't a stuffed-shirt he'll do until O'Brien comes along.

Ole Swimmin' Ole

BY MALO TOPMILLER

There's a time in ever' life When a feller gets a passion, Jus' be doin' somethin' different. Tho' he knows it means a lashin' For the thrashin'.

What's a spankin' When yer bankin' On a lotta fun at splashin' In th' ole swimmin' hole!

Ma tells pa; an' ma's pa's law! Then she knows a-choosin' Th' facts of livin' out 'a; pa; An' th' things that she's confusin'—!

Pa's a-winkin', Ma's a-blinkin', And I'm a-thinkin' 'Bout th' fun that I'm a-losin' At th' ole swimmin' hole.

Pa admits that it's too bad. I never seen my pa so mad; 'I'll take a walk with this here lad, An' teach him what's th' good fr'm bad."

Pa tells ma, But it was pa Am'e th' way Th' fun together that we had In th' ole swimmin' hole.