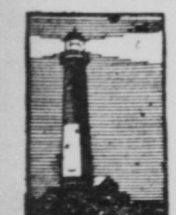


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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

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SAVED BY THE SKIN
SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1933

BUSINESS ADVANCES

MONTHLY business reports are promising. The blue eagle is putting men back to work. Pay rolls are increasing. Merchants are moving goods. The farmer is beginning to rise. Business activity, which leveled off during the last month in the normally slow seasonal period is increasing again.

But we are not out of the hole yet—not by a long way. There still are an estimated 11,000,000 men out of work. Increased cost of living last month offset higher factory wages.

Here are some of the figures:

Employment—An increase of 10.2 per cent in July over June in manufacturing plants and 19 per cent in July over February, according to the national industrial conference board survey. American Federation of Labor figures show 23.7 per cent of trade union membership unemployed in August, compared with 24.1 per cent in July and 26.6 per cent in March, upon which it is estimated that 2,033,000 men and women have gone back to work since March.

Purchasing Power—Although purchasing power of average weekly factory earnings was 13.9 per cent higher in July than in February, the conference board finds that the July gain of 3.6 per cent in earnings was offset by the 3.3 per cent rise in cost of living.

A similar A. F. of L. report, based chiefly on government statistics, uses 1929 as 100 and concludes that labor's purchasing power, which dropped as low as 40.2 in March, had risen to 46.7 in July, increasing national purchasing power \$680,000,000.

Standard statistics estimate that farm purchasing power for 1933, including government subsidies, will be about \$2,000,000,000 greater than last year.

Another hopeful sign is the United States bureau of labor statistics report that the retail prices of food, which jumped 8 per cent from June 15 to July 15, slowed down in August to an increase of less than 2 per cent.

Wholesale prices for all commodities, using 1926 as 100, were only 69.6 per cent on Aug. 26, compared with 69.2 per cent five weeks earlier.

Only as mass buying power outdistances price rises can we climb out of the depression, and that calls for full co-operation for higher wages and shorter hours under the blue eagle codes.

STORM WARNINGS IN P. R.

IF Postmaster-General James A. Farley, the patronage administrator-in-chief, is compelled to clutter up the government service with political appointees, he might at least confine himself to this country and give the outer territories a better break. Puerto Rico is a case in point.

To Puerto Rico as Governor, he sent Robert H. Gore. Governor Gore has been in hot water of one kind and another ever since. Now he is in Washington, presumably answering some of the many complaints in the island against him.

But whatever the troubles of the new Governor, the responsibility for the latest patronage battle in the island seems to rest with Mr. Farley. Two American ladies of the deserving hungry Democratic type want the jobs of commissioner of immigration and commissioner of education.

For the last twelve years the commissioner of education has been filled ably by native educators. Dr. Jose Padin, the present commissioner, has a record of achievement and distinction. The Puerto Ricans properly are proud of him and very much agitated by the Farley plan to kick him out in favor of the patronage lady.

More is involved than the educational system of the island—which in itself is important enough. Popular protest has made it a nonpartisan political issue in the island involving the good faith of the United States government.

There are large and growing movements for a free state status or independence. We have told them that they must develop and prove their capacity for self-government before they are granted greater autonomy. They consider their educational system the testing ground for this.

Thus the alleged effort to wreck their university and schools with the spoils racket is seen as undermining their political rights and future.

The Washington administration will do well to recognize this Puerto Rican spirit as something more than the customary bubbling of the old patronage pot.

ISOLATION DAY IS GONE

ECONOMIC nationalism is the by-product of an emergency. Each country is forced to put its own house in order for the same reason that individuals must do so when the village or town in which they live has been wrecked by a hurricane.

But economic nationalism is no more in harmony with the modern world than any other kind of self-centered nationalism.

Humanity has gone too far in the development of international trade and exchange to turn backward. Whether we like it or not, we have made ourselves hopelessly dependent on one another, not as members of any race or as citizens of any nation, but as inhabitants of the earth.

The rubber on which we Americans ride so smoothly over our concrete highways comes from foreign lands. So does the coffee with which we begin the day's work and the tea with which we wind it up.

The tin can which plays such an important part in distribution and preservation of foods owes its existence to British and Bolivian mines. The mica in our electric fuses and

fixtures comes largely from India and Canada.

Life, even as lived by the humblest people, no longer is circumscribed by home production. We have made it so for the sake of greater comfort and convenience. Now we must accept the responsibilities it implies: must play fair with those on whose labor we depend.

The peace movement and all that goes with it originated in commerce rather than poetry. The men who visualized it for us were not dreamers, but interpreters. They divined the greater forces which were molding public policy and shaping the course of statecraft.

Human progress as made possible by the steamship, wireless, cold storage, cultivated taste, and a thousand other things will not be balked by old-fashioned ideas of patriotism and politics.

International trade has placed the best products of every land at man's disposal. He has found them to his liking, and he will not be denied the blessing they represent.

Depression has forced the people of most countries to get along with as little as they could, but that merely is making a virtue of necessity. Under no circumstances should it be regarded as the keynote of a new order.

We are doing what we must for the immediate present, but it is not what we would like or intend to do later on.

We have adopted economic nationalism for the same reason that a man adopts economic individualism when he has little to sell and less with which to buy. We are concentrating on domestic problems for the time being because it looks like the quickest way to get back on our feet.

The basic theory of restoring business in this country rests on the assumption that people will buy the good things of life just as soon as they are able and that it is the government's first duty to do what it can to make them able.

That theory goes for the whole world, because trade, insofar as it serves to promote civilized life, has become a world-wide affair. Eventually we must apply the same principles to foreign business that we now are applying to domestic business.

ONE HUNGRY MAN ROBS ANOTHER

THERE are times when fixing the blame for human actions is a task almost too complicated for human knowledge.

Consider, for example, this little story from Cleveland.

In that city there lived an unemployed man who had a wife and five small children. He couldn't get a job and he had no money, and the food supplies furnished him by an over-taxed city welfare department didn't provide his youngsters with the sort of diet children ought to have.

So, in his back yard, he started a vegetable garden. Since he couldn't find a job, he could put in all his time on this garden, and he developed a pretty good one.

He developed a lot of fine tomato plants, which was a good thing, because his children needed tomatoes.

Then he began to notice that marauders were visiting his garden at night and looting it. His tomato plants were torn up. The green stuffs that were to make his children strong and healthy vanished.

The gardener stayed up nights to watch. One dark night he saw a prowler crawling through his fence. He raised a stick he had and clubbed the prowler on the head with all his strength.

The prowler collapsed, was taken to a hospital; a little later he died, and the man who had tried to defend his garden was put in jail. And it developed that the prowler himself was a jobless man who had been driven almost frantic by his need for food.

Now how are you going to weigh out the blame in a case like that?

Technically, the man who owned the garden committed manslaughter, at the very least. Technically, the man who lost his life was a sneak thief of the meanest variety.

But the man who wielded the club simply was trying to defend the right of his children to get the food they needed; and the man who tried to steal simply was obeying the demands of an empty stomach—which are about the most imperious demands any mortal ever hears.

Assessing the rightful portions of blame in a case like this seems to call for more wisdom and understanding than most of us ever will possess.

MR. MOLEY'S CAREER

RAYMOND MOLEY's career as a high government official was brief enough, but it certainly was about as spectacular a career as any member of official Washington ever enjoyed.

To begin with, it had that faint aura of mystery which inevitably focusses attention on a man. Mr. Moley not only was an assistant secretary of state; he was—or at least everybody said he was—head of a mysterious something known as "the brain trust."

He was aloof, unapproachable, wrapped in that odd mantle which descends on those who can whisper in the ears of the mighty.

And then, to cap it all, there came that spectacular dash to London during the conference. For a brief time the eyes of the world were on Mr. Moley.

Now he is a private citizen again. But while it lasted Mr. Moley certainly got a man-sized share of the limelight.

CHICAGO FIGHTS BACK

ONE bit of news which has gone almost unnoticed in the last few weeks is the fact that Chicago seems at last to be making a determined effort to get her notorious underworld under control.

During a three-week period ended Aug. 26, more criminals were sentenced to prison in Chicago than in any similar period in Chicago's history. It took the courts just one day to convict the murderer of a policeman and sentence him to death. All in all, 207 thugs were sent off to prison.

It would be easy to get too enthusiastic about this, of course. Neither Chicago nor any other American city permanently will solve its underworld problem until it tackles such problems as poverty, poor housing and political corruption, which created the underworld in the first place.

But it at least is encouraging to note that Chicago is at last handling her criminals without gloves.

Free hint to Professor Moley in conducting his new magazine: Why not cash in on the long series of "Ex" books, with a serial to be called "Ex-Brain Trustee"?

THE BABE'S LEGS QUIT

BABE RUTH says the old legs won't stand the strain any more, and that he's through as a ball player.

This is news as sad to millions of fans, especially to the youngsters, as it must be to the Babe himself.

But it does not mean that Babe is through with baseball. Even though he can't take his regular turn in the outfield and in the batter's box, Babe is too valuable a man to be chased off the field entirely.

Some major league team unquestionably will want him as manager. The publicity value of such a connection would be enormous. It would mean lots of money at the gate.

Different talents are required for permanent success as manager than the talents required for socking homers. Whether Babe Ruth has those talents remains to be demonstrated, but there is little doubt that he will have a chance to put on the demonstration.

LOYALTY IN MELTING POT

THERE came to this desk the other day a copy of a Slovak newspaper, printed in McKeesport, Pa., for circulation among Slovaks in American industrial cities.

To the eyes of a native American it had a strange, foreign appearance. It bore the name of "Samostatnost." It was printed in an incomprehensible tongue, and it seemed to be just the sort of publication that sometimes makes a 100-per cent wonder if the national melting pot ever is going to Americanize our foreign-born citizens.

But the editorial page proudly bore a large NRA eagle; and under it, in English, there was a double-column editorial which summed up the aims and policies of the NRA program as well as the most devout patriot could wish.

In it the editor undertakes to tell American Slovaks what they can do to make the program a success. His remarks are worth quoting.

"First," he says, "Franklin D. Roosevelt is set to re-establish a truly fair balance between American employer and American employee, but it stands to reason that such tremendous readjustment can not be done overnight.

Therefore, let us give him our faith and confidence, that in due process he will do so, and our understanding that it must be done gradually.

"Second, the least we can give to a daring fighter, like our President, is our confidence and trust that he will win, and what he helps us to earn, let us throw it back into circulation, that more and more of the little fellows, like we are, shall have a chance to earn and spend again and in so doing this nation might go full speed ahead, in full production and in full consumption.

"So we print today in our masthead the sacred insignia of the NRA."

If our foreign-language newspapers are printing advice of that kind, the 100-per cent center can stop worrying right now.

You might be able to smooth out the wording of that editorial a little, but you couldn't improve on the general spirit of it if you tried all week.

New York state has outlawed the sub-machine gun. Just the latest manifestation of revolt against a machine age.

Secrets that you tell your wife go right in one ear and then into another.

American surgeons perform 1,000,000 operations a year, it is estimated. Well, America may or may not be the land of the free, but it certainly is the home of the brave.

M. E. Tracy Says:

SATISFIED with results on the wheat and cotton sectors, the agricultural adjustment administration now proposes to move on the pork sector. A million sows and four million little pigs are going to market, with your Uncle Samuel acting as buyer and a process tax to foot the bill.

As tentatively outlined, the program appears simple and effective. An extra half-cent on each pound of pork consumed by the public will provide the \$55,000,000 necessary to pay for the pigs and sows.

Elimination of these pigs and sows then will raise the price of pork 25 per cent. Maybe consumers who pay the extra half cent a pound, as well as the promised 25 per cent rise in price, eventually will get their money back through improved business.

Meanwhile, the agricultural adjustment administration will sell edible products of its pigs and sows to the relief administration, but in such way as will not interfere with private business. It will dispose of the inedible products as best it can, but also in such way as will not interfere with private business.

JUST how two or three hundred thousand tons of pork can be dumped on the market by a government agency and not interfere with private business is one of those mysteries about which the lowly consumer is not expected to bother his head, even though his chops, ham and bacon may cost a little more.

He is expected to eat and rejoice in the general good made possible by the higher price. Maybe he will, but there is a chance of his turning to veal or corn beef hash.

On paper it is easy enough to prove that the immediate slaughter and distribution of 1,000,000 sows in farrow and 4,000,000 little pigs would advance the price of pork, make all pork raisers prosperous, increase buying power, and repay the public through improved trade, but only because the average housewife's marketing ability is left out.

The housewife's marketing ability is something which no expert has yet been able to put on paper. If you don't believe it, just ask some butcher, or grocer who has tried to sell her something she didn't want. When the price of pork goes up 25 per cent, there will be a rush for brisquets or hamburger steak.

It is amazing what trifles can do to the retail trade or how powerfully such a small item as 1 cent can popularize products.

The American people have become large and consistent eaters of pork, mainly because of its modernistic price. Jump that price and heaven only knows what their appetites will take.

Gentlemen at Washington are betting on everything except the average reactions of human nature. Their plans, especially in connection with farm relief, provide for every contingency except the consumer's God-given right to buy or not to buy.

That right always has, and always will, determine the success of every commercial enterprise, whether operated privately or by the government. Increased consumption, as made possible by courage, confidence and a happy outlook, is the basis of prosperity.

It never has been, and never will be, brought about by compulsion. We must not forget that the American revolution was precipitated by a comparatively small tax on tea.

Those Pajama Poses Look Hopeful



:: The Message Center ::

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

No Waste Here

The gentleman who labeled himself Fair Play in your issue of August 31 either is woefully ignorant of the facts or is trying to be misleading. Firemen do not receive \$10 a day; less than half of that, to be exact. The actual time that they put in would amount to the equivalent of twelve hours a day if they had to be on duty every day.

Their kitchens, including gas, and furnished by the men themselves and do not cost the city a cent. The beds were placed in the dietician houses long before the gentleman ever thought of raising a protest about them, so the taxpayers would be no better off if they were moved.

Perhaps the brother would receive great satisfaction if the firemen were forced to sit up all night and throw paper wads at each other. The suggestion that the vacation without pay be put into effect would not benefit the taxpayers one whit.

The insurance companies demand a certain number of men to comprise the department, to secure the low rates which Indianapolis enjoys at the present and the vacations are arranged so that they do not add any to the tax burden in any way, being spread out in such manner that no more men have to be employed.

For this man's special benefit, it would be well to inform him that the police and firemen have been cut 15 per cent. So, to sum it all up, the brother is enjoying the lowest fire rates that could be procured, due to efficiency of the fire department; there is no organized crime or racketeering, due to the alertness and modern methods of a well trained police force. So it would be much more advisable for him to find something else to howl about, rather than an investment which is yielding him a hundred cents on the dollar.

Questions and Answers

Q—What is the most efficient means of controlling bedbugs?

A—Possibly the most efficient remedy is to fumigate the house or rooms with hydrocyanic-acid gas. This gas will penetrate into every crevice in the house or rooms where bedbugs conceal themselves and is immediately effective and is recommended when the infestation is considerable or of long standing. This method of fumigation should be employed intelligently, as the gas is deadly poisonous. A mimeographed booklet giving directions for such fumigation may be obtained from the Washington bureau, 1322 New York avenue, Washington, D. C., upon request, accompanied by a 3-cent stamp for return postage.

meals for 25 cents I am sure that every employee in the industry would be satisfied, but if he says we eat free, I say every employee eat free. Another thing we are not feeling so brotherly about is the attempt of Mr. Wheeler to take the tips away from the waiters. He should don an apron himself and earn his tips, as we do.

The Restaurant Men's Association also tried to deny us the right to organize, but if he thinks we can't, tell him to come up to Room 208, Holiday building.

Q—What is the greatest velocity attained by a man falling from a high altitude?

A—Numerous experiments conducted by the experimental department of Wright field of the army air corps disclose that a man falling from any altitude never attains a velocity greater than 118 miles an hour.

Q—What is the check off system in industry?

A—A system whereby, through agreement, the dues to a labor union are withheld from the weekly pay of the members of the union by the employer, and paid direct into the union treasury.

Q—What is the origin of cravat?

A—The word is from the French "cravate," a corruption of "Cravate." The name was applied by the French of Louis XIV's time to the scarfs worn by the Croatian soldiers in the royal regiment, usually of linen or muslin, with broad edges of lace. They became fashionable throughout France and England where they were known as "cravates." When various forms of neckwear for men were introduced, the name for the scarf was continued, and it has survived in the word cravat.

Diets Far More Varied Than in Old Days

BY DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

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

THERE are some forms of butterflies which can eat only one specific kind of leaf and which eat nothing else. It is simple, as Dr. J. M. Hammill points out, to decide what is the right diet for an insect of this character.

The human being, however, gradually has accustomed himself to a diet as varied as his circumstances permit.

By such a varied diet the body may obtain all necessary substances essential for nutrition. Even milk, perhaps the most perfect of any single food, is deficient in one or two particulars.

People who believe in eating only raw foods, who believe in getting back to nature as much as possible, argue that primitive men were more healthful than civilized men because

Obviously, price is a factor with some families, so that these subsist largely on carbohydrate foods, such as cereals and bread, and are unable to obtain the more expensive, but much more beneficial, foods, such as milk and green vegetables.

An adequate diet must contain protein, carbohydrate, fat, various mineral salts and vitamins, and all these substances can be obtained only by a rather widely varied diet.

And regardless of whatever substances are contained in the diet, green vegetables and milk are always essential.

If the person who desires a wisely balanced diet will eat any foods that he likes and then take a sufficient amount of milk and green vegetables with it he probably will come out satisfactorily.

:: A Woman's Viewpoint ::

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

DEAR, dear! Hollywood keeps us in a perpetual stew. Now comes the news that another of its desperate searches is on—this time for a "poisonous golden blond," so hypnotic that when she winks one blue eye all the men in her vicinity will be willing to leave their happy homes for her.

Probably right now, all the tow-headers from Miami to Maine are afire with hope. Thousands of young girls with white skins and honey-colored locks will dream nightly of fame and fortune and of lovers come a-wooing.

This deft reference to neighborhood husbands deserting at the wink of an eye is typical movie stuff, but hardly rational, and I only hope

glossy surface, but for such qualities as will wear well."

The recent depression threw a monkey wrench into romance as it is dish up from Hollywood. And the ladies who live by their charms are finding it increasingly arduous to cash in on their possessions.

The Marthas are staging a comeback and household talents, rather than drawing room arts, now engage the major, masculine attentions.

Platinum, ash, or golden blonds are to be found in profusion on the screen, but don't forget this, girl. It's the ordinary medium blond who seems to find a permanent place in the home and the heart of a man.

It Seems to Me

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—A black eye is not necessarily a disgrace. Better men than Huey Long have worn these badges for virtue's sake. In my own case I remember four. And I think there were a couple of others.

And yet I think the political career of the gentleman from Louisiana has ended. He was able to talk himself out of those green silk pajamas in which he greeted the visiting admiral, but receiving a shiner is something else again. Senator Long has been shown up as a fake. For several years he has been storming about with challenges to fisticuffs. And now it turns out that he is "One Round Huey."

I have a personal interest in the matter, because it was reported to me at the Democratic convention in Chicago that the Kingfish was going to knock my block off if we ever met. That summer I was slightly out of condition. But even so Huey couldn't have done it. And the new Belligerent Brown would tear him in two.

Opponents Limited

I DO not intend to fall into the error of announcing a willingness to meet all comers. There are a number of people who could shade me. Some of them I know by theory and a little by personal experience. But Huey isn't barred, and some day I am going to catch up with any one of the numerous letter writers who threaten to buff and maul me, and then I hope to spike the ugly rumor that on my shoulders has fallen the mantle of Ed Dunkhurst, the Human Freight Car.

In the early spring of 1915, at Marlin, Tex., I wrestled a good five-minute draw with Jim Thorpe of the Gladiators. That was quite a while ago, but it all seems so recent in those days I was not leading the clean life which I recently have adopted.

I do not like Huey Long. I think he lacks intellectual integrity. I even think that there have been state Governors who could have been a bit more of a politician. Nevertheless, it is a sad and a bad thing to see the Kingfish diminish in the political scheme merely because he fought to duck.

The true story of the cause of the altercation is not likely to be printed. Rumor has it that the gentleman from Louisiana entered so jovially into the carnival spirit that he was unable to distinguish between a roving traffic officer and a fixed post. Still, other men have been punched by constables and marshals. I can not pretend to believe that it is all a capitalist plot. It must be admitted that a black eye for Huey Long is not only valid, but also engaging, news. It is almost a reporter's wish-fulfillment dream. I can think of few better stories with the exception of success in communicating with Mars or two black eyes for Huey Long.

I Am Almost Sorry

YET there is a distinct split in my emotional reactions. Even though there may be something in the suspicion that Senator Long represents something less than the full flower of the chivalry of the old Southland, he is far from being a mere red clay clown. He is, for one thing, an excellent lawyer. In addition, his economic notions are by no means as fantastic as his critics would have us believe.

He was not, he is not, and he never will be the ideal personality to urge the Democratic party to turn to the left. But since no more than a handful of the senators are of that persuasion, Huey Long has served a useful purpose.

I trust that the fact that Huey Long is objectionable after the third or fourth round of celery tonic will not become all mixed up with the merits of the capital levy. The voting public is likely to jump in just that way. The curious notions which William Jennings Bryan held in regard to evolution did not compromise the integrity and resolute rightness of his attitude against war.

More Bitter Jokes

OF course, it may be that Senator Long was too preposterous a person to be effective, even in the promulgation of certain extreme ideas. And yet he has never been quite so preposterous in public office as Mr. Mellon. I do not mean to suggest that "the greatest secretary since Alexander Hamilton" was in the habit of becoming involved in public brawls. The joke of his participation in the government was rather more subtle and far more tragic.

Indeed, I hope that I am mistaken in assuming that Senator Long's political career ended abruptly down the stairs and second door to the left. It is a pity, of course, that he did not take more literally the word generally printed in gold letters upon the portals of retiring rooms for men.

Still, even if there is any suspicion that possibly the legislator from Louisiana is not in the strictest sense a gasp-did man, he has fought some good fights on the floor of the senate.

Personally, I'd blow him to one black eye. Or even a couple.

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Golden Glow

BY MARY B. MOYNAHAN

While Summer lingered—seeming loath to go.

With backward glance, she started in dismay;

For, she then caught a glimpse of autumn near.

And murmured, "I must hasten on my way."

An answering echo sounded from the trees.

As listening leaves responded with a sigh.

"No longer we may dance at your caress—

We feel the sting of frost—good-bye . . . good-bye."

Still, Summer paused . . . and smiled, 'Til leave these flowers

For autumn's gown—her colors I well know."

And there, beside a crimson rose, she tossed

With hurried hand—a patch of golden glow!