

# The Indianapolis Times

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## REGARDLESS OF INFLATION

**M**ORE signs of a drift toward currency inflation appear in Washington. When such influential figures in the administration as Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and the conservative Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of the senate finance committee, begin to reflect inflation demands, there can be little question of the trend in that direction.

It would be inaccurate to say that the President is planning this. On the contrary, it is rather clear that he has no fixed monetary policy. He is letting events decide for him.

Since congress passed the omnibus inflation bill, he has had his choice of several forms of currency inflation, including direct devaluation of the gold dollar down to 50 per cent.

The fact that the President through all these months has not used his currency inflation power is sufficient proof that he is holding that method as a last resort. Repeatedly he has asserted his intention to re-establish the purchasing power of the dollar, presumably at about the 1926 level. But so far he has depended upon so-called psychological inflation and credit inflation.

He has hoped that the general recovery program—including the agricultural adjustment subsidies, the public works plan, the farm and home loan machinery, the RFC credit facilities, the federal reserve open market operations, and NRA codes—would do the trick.

But the recovery program is not moving as fast as it was a month ago. Official statistics indicate increasing disappointment with results. Chairman Jesse Jones of the RFC says the banks are withholding business credit and otherwise failing to co-operate.

Secretary Harold L. Ickes is having trouble getting the huge public works fund translated into immediate jobs for the unemployed. While General Hugh S. Johnson loses ground in his long fight for a decent coal code, and strikes threaten in a score of industries, Counsel Donald Richberg of NRA warns of the danger of a capital-labor war.

Consumers' representatives of NRA and AAA are concerned with price gouging. Secretary Wallace, pointing out the wide price gap still existing between what the farmer buys and sells, predicts inflation unless that gap is closed. Senator Harrison and other political leaders, who have been back home with ears to the ground, are returning with the inflation demand.

So far as this newspaper is concerned, it is disposed to trust the President to choose the best time and method of currency inflation. We say this precisely because he is not an inflation fanatic and because we believe he would have the maximum of scientific detachment in conducting the very difficult experiment of controlling currency inflation.

But inflation, even at best, can not be a cure-all.

Whether there is to be currency inflation or not, the recovery program will remain the chief weapon against depression. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the recovery program should be supplemented by gold dollar devaluation or some other form of currency inflation, no amount of tinkering with the money standard can in itself take the place of needed reform in our economic system.

The administration's farm production control and higher-wage-lower-hour industrial code policies represent the bare minimum of necessary reforms.

If the country is too slow in supporting that Roosevelt recovery program now, much more radical economic changes may be expected before we get through the fifth winter of depression.

## THE HELL OF GOOD INTENTIONS

**T**HE old adage that hell is paved with good intentions never more thoroughly or cogently was illustrated than by the life and deeds of Sir Edward Grey, British foreign minister in 1914, who died last week.

In private life Sir Edward was a high type of English gentleman and an unusually attractive personality. He was a sportsman, a very talented tennis player, an enthusiastic trout fisherman, and a devoted student of nature, birds, and bees. No man personally could have hated more the bloodshed, suffering, and sorrow of 1914-1918.

Few men who have lived for their country ever have had higher standards of personal integrity. There rarely has been a European statesman of high repute who excelled Grey in his love for peace in the abstract.

In public life Grey must be assigned a leading responsibility for the calamity of 1914 and the critical condition in which the western world has found itself since 1918. If Poincare, more than any other single man, is responsible for Hitler and Hitlerism, Grey must assume major responsibility for the reign of Poincare in French politics, with all the manifold disasters which have flowed therefrom.

Now that we have learned that the main urge to a European war in 1914 came from France and Russia, Grey's direct responsibility for encouraging bellicosity in these countries for years before the war stands out in bold relief.

Many bitterly have attacked Grey for his falsehoods in parliament in April and June, 1914, when he denied the bond to France which threw England into the war, and for his omission of the critical passage when he read to the house of commons the British agreements with France.

But these matters are relatively trivial. A diplomat in 1914 still remained "an honest man who lied in the interest of his country." Far more important is Grey's relation to the

system which brought Europe into the abyss in 1914.

Grey's perspective in European politics was blurred from childhood. He confesses that he was taught by his father and grandfather a sentimental devotion to France and was given a most unhistorical picture of the Franco-Prussian war.

As early as 1895, long before Germany had taken any of the steps which Grey criticizes, he had developed an invincible anti-German complex, which later was inflamed constantly by his undersecretary, Sir Eyre Crowe.

Hence, when Grey came to be foreign minister, it is not surprising that he speedily announced in 1906 that "cordial co-operation with France in all parts of the world" would be the corner stone of his foreign policy.

In 1911 he lined England up with France against Germany in the Morocco crisis. In 1912, he bound England to aid France in the event the latter was attacked—or seemed to be attacked—by Germany. When he sent Lord Haldane on a pacific mission to Germany about this time, he allowed Poincare to destroy all constructive results of Haldane's visit.

The French succeeded admirably in bettering relations between their ally, Russia, and the latter's traditional enemy, England. By 1914, Grey did not even consider restraining Russian policy in the Balkans.

When the crisis came, Grey made many gracious diplomatic gestures, but they were of no avail, because he stubbornly refused to restrain France or Russia. His policy flew in the face of the advice and opinions of his more important ambassadors in the European capitals.

Grey sought to represent the German invasion of Belgium as the reason for throwing England into the war. But the documents and Lord Morley's memorandum on cabinet meetings in 1914 prove completely that Grey formulated his bellicose policy before the invasion and without once mentioning the latter in cabinet.

He even refused to discuss German neutrality relative to Belgium with the German ambassador.

More than any other man alive in 1914, Grey might have checked the war.

Sir Edward was the classic proof that abstract benevolence is not enough to save mankind from disaster.

## STEEL RAILS AND DEPRESSION

**S**ENATORS, the interstate commerce commission and the department of justice, to say nothing of economists and railroad men, have been plagued for years by the price-pegging of steel rails.

While all other commodities have come down in price, the steelmasters steadily have maintained rail prices at prosperity levels. All those who have been concerned with this problem have been unable to do anything about it, although rails did drop \$3 a year ago, an unappreciable decrease.

But now President Roosevelt is exerting his great influence against maintenance of rail prices, proposing with the public works administrator and the federal co-ordinator of railroads a loan to the carriers for maintenance work, dependent upon a decrease in rail prices.

The steelmasters just have raised their own salaries, or at least some of them have, while giving their workers the statutory increase provided under NRA.

Having helped themselves, they now should be prepared to help the railroads, and, through them, the workers. The steel rail price-pegging issue is not far removed, concerning only steel makers and railroad executives. It is vital to consumers. Railroads must buy rails, and their purchase price is counted in the rates paid for transportation of goods and persons.

The railroads, in this new Roosevelt proposal, are willing to borrow public works money to buy rails. Joseph Eastman, railroad co-ordinator, and Harold Ickes, public works administrator, are co-operating.

If the steelmasters now will co-operate, the railroads can furnish employment to railroad workers and steel workers, and long-deferred railroad maintenance will be brought up to date.

## STILL A GREAT CHARITY NEED

**A**LTHOUGH the federal government has broken all precedent in the extent of its attempts to relieve unemployment, it still is true that private charity occupies the front trenches in the war on hunger and privation.

This is made inescapably clear by the remarks of President Roosevelt and Relief Director Harry Hopkins at the recent relief conference at Washington.

No matter what the federal government may do, as the President pointed out, in the end the whole thing comes back to the responsibility of individual citizens and organizations.

And as a supplement to this there is Director Hopkins' blunt assertion that "I don't know a place in the United States where relief is adequate."

All of this, of course, simply means that Community Chest campaigns this fall must be supported as never before.

The federal government can help provide unemployed people with shelter and with food. But that, after all, is only part of the fight.

You may keep a man from freezing to death or starving to death, but he still can be everlastingly miserable if the job doesn't go any further than that.

His children must have normal educational and recreational facilities. The health of his entire family must not be allowed to suffer. The deadly enemy hours which come to a man who has no job must be filled somehow, and if the community doesn't provide some way in which they can be filled advantageously, the man is very likely to go to pieces.

These are fields which the federal government hardly can touch. They are up to local agencies; and since most city and county treasuries are pretty empty, the burden must be carried very largely by private charity.

And that, in turn, can be translated into very simple words: We must dig down in our own pockets against this fall and winter, and we must dig down pretty deeply.

It won't be easy, of course. None of us will enjoy it much. But unless we do it in a most whole-hearted way, the depression will leave scars which will be a generation in healing.

Chicago man smoked his first cigaret the other day at the age of 80. Be interesting to see if it stunts his growth.

## SO GOES THE NATION

**R**EPPEAL was not the issue in Maine. Clearly that state, like all the others that had voted, was wet. But the dries, by fixing the election so the rural districts would have an unfair balance of power, and by obtaining blind ballots which gave no indication of the repeal views of the candidate, hoped to win.

The issue was whether, even with all those handicaps, the wet majority would be sufficiently large to defeat that trickery.

The answer was 2 to 1.

And Tuesday Maryland, Colorado and Minnesota voted. All apparently have joined the repeal parade. The count by states thus, almost certainly, is 29 to 0.

Idaho and New Mexico probably will follow next week. The necessary thirty-six states for ratification are expected to vote by Nov. 7. And formal ratification of repeal is in sight before Christmas.

Meanwhile, the states have the job of working out effective liquor control systems in preparation for the end of national prohibition.

## A "NEW WORLD" IS WELCOME

**P**ROFESSOR PHILIP CABOT of Harvard told the state convention of the Pennsylvania Electric Association that the powers bestowed on the United States government under the NRA program must be terminated at the earliest possible moment if the American people wish to continue the governmental forms to which they have been accustomed.

As temporary measures, Professor Cabot says, the various emergency acts have much to commend them. But, he continues, "if we allow ourselves to be lulled to sleep by radio addresses of the President about the new deal and appeals for co-operation by the national administrator, we may wake up some morning in a new world."

All this may be as true as gospel. But some one ought to remind the professor that a great many citizens of this country are not really frightened about the prospect of waking up in a new world.

The old world, with its recurring periods of man-killing depression, doesn't look as fresh and rosy as it used to. If we find, some bright day, that we have been left behind, it isn't likely that any great torrent of tears will be shed.

## NOSTALGIA

**I**N Chicago, where the men of general science lately held forth and announced new atomic mysteries to the world, the psychologists now are assembled, exposing man more and more to himself—taking him to pieces and showing how he works.

Dr. Beards Ruml of the University of Chicago, in an address declared that feelings of nationality and patriotism arise out of nostalgia. Men go away to foreign lands to grapple in death contests because they like so well to be on their own soil.

Nostalgia operates in population distribution through the allegiance to and dependency of people upon the soil where they were born or underwent binding experiences.

This nostalgia, according to Psychologist Ruml, is the cohesive influence which keeps families together, more even than the sex instinct. It increases vocational and class stability and promotes conservatism in all its forms.

Is a man good, is a man bad, is he loyal or indifferent—more and more his actions, impulses, qualities, and sentiments are being traced to the physiological equipment he was born with or acquired in the process of living.

This analysis of causes and effects promises to lead toward human improvement. There seems to be need for increasing co-operation between psychologist and medical men, and for the union of psychologist and medical research expert in one and the same person.

Scientists steamed up again over whether they can create life. Most of us continue to be interested only in whether we can support it.

## M. E. Tracy Says:

**R**EPRESENTATIVE JAMES M. BECK regards the Constitution as doomed, especially since the new deal was authorized by congress. He can see nothing ahead but a speeding up of the destructive processes which have been in evidence for fifty years, and for which he holds a changed public attitude more definitely responsible than the present crisis.

Quite possibly Mr. Beck is right, though one prefers Bainbridge Colby's opinion that the people are seeking recovery rather than revolution.

Meanwhile, it is not rather silly to suppose that the Constitution is beyond change, or that its adaptation to altered conditions means destruction of the republic?

Great as our forefathers were, they were not omniscient, and no one realized it more frankly than themselves. Knowing the temporary character of all human achievements, they made provisions for changing the Constitution whenever the people of this country so desired.

THOMAS JEFFERSON went so far as to assert that the Constitution well might be revised every twenty years or so, because no living generation should be bound by the rules of a dead generation.

Constitutions like governments, are designed to safeguard human rights, not against theoretical invasions, but against such real infringements as the drift of events implies. They must give way to the demands of progress and yield to the laws of evolution.

The only way we can hope to keep a constitution is by modifying it in response to changed conditions, and it makes little difference whether the change is brought about by some emergency, or by a new viewpoint.

Nothing rigid or inflexible can survive. The thought that it could be blamable for the breakdown of most systems which failed.

Men have no right to assume that they can invent or perfect anything beyond improvement. Principles may be immutable, but their application is not.

THE government has become powerless to do what it ought for people with the simple machinery with which it originally was provided.

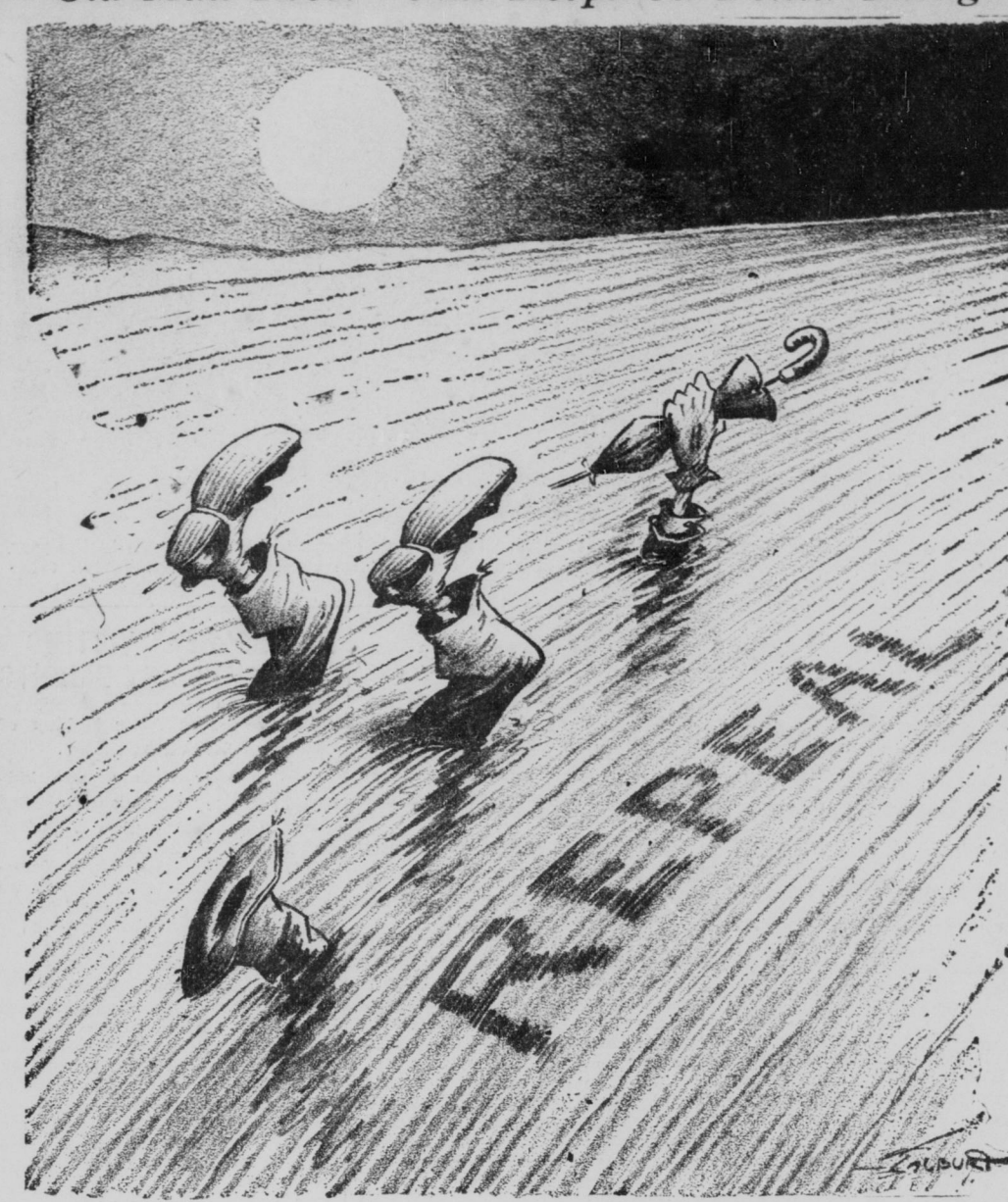
Statecraft must develop with the problems it was intended to solve, must take advantage of accumulated knowledge the same way that private business and voluntary organizations do.

There was no need of a traffic system in the horse and buggy era. Our grandfathers would have laughed at red lights and rebelled at parking regulations. But that is no reason why we should refuse to adopt practical methods for making the roads safe in an age of speed.

The only alternative to altering laws and the Constitution is to forbid all undertakings and activities which threaten to change the habits of life.

If we could make life stand still, we could keep our government as it is, or as it was.

## 'Old Man River—Just Keeps On Rollin' Along!'



## :: 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. Limit them to 250 words or less.)

### By A Working Wife

If any one will tell me how to support my mother, a baby, myself, and my husband on his job, which averages \$10 a week, when and if he works, without accepting charity, I will be glad to quit working during the day, washing and ironing at night and competing with the fashionable young ladies who have to worry only about dates, finger waves, and new clothes, and get down to an eight-hour working day at home.

There are plenty who don't have to work, but there are plenty of us who put in a sixteen-hour day existing, and wouldn't it be a poor wife who can't help out rather than sit down and await and submit? I am sick of working away from home, but I'm sticking by the ship. When my husband makes a living wage I'll quit gladly, but in the meantime who needs it most? There are two sides. We make \$20 there are two sides, with good luck.

### By O. L. Webb

As a taxpayer of Marion county, and having given many years of my time to remodeling old buildings, making them modern, I wish to express myself through your columns regarding the movement for the \$460,000 outlay in remodeling old, run-down properties. Such a movement should have the support of every person in Marion county.

I have a list of property submitted to me at this time, quoting prices at one-third their actual value in various parts of Indianapolis. If the properties were taken over from the various building and loan associations, which practically would clean up the slums, think what that alone would mean to the community.

It would put the loan companies in a condition that those who own only one or two houses could take 60 and 65 per cent of their paid-up stock. Our building and loan groups made these loans when everything was going good. At the time the loans were not excessive, but at present the buildings are in a run-down condition and wholly unfit for tenants.

The loan companies are loaded up on such properties. Parties who held title to them quit claimed them to the said building and loan companies.

### Man Can Live to Certain Altitude

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

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

Two investigators, Mallory and Irvine, after reaching 28,000 feet on Mt. Everest, lost their lives in attempting to climb the last 1,000 feet without the oxygen-breathing apparatus.

Because of the shortage of breath at these immense heights, the observers find it practically impossible to live, and it is only with the help of proper apparatus that they are enabled to do so.

One British investigator found that degeneration of the organs through deficiency of oxygen begins at a height of about 20,000 feet and gets steadily worse as one goes higher.

The question has arisen as to how high an aviator can fly when breathing oxygen. Leonard Hill determined to find out by making some tests on animals.

Judging from a test made on a monkey, the safe altitude for an aviator who has to control his machine is equivalent to a tension of 130 mm. of mercury. It has been calculated that 95 mm. of mercury corresponds to a height of more than 55,000 feet.

Picard, who ascended to the stratosphere, says that the barometer at the top of his ascent to nearly 54,000 feet indicated only 75 mm. of mercury.

Therefore, it is judged that an aviator breathing oxygen safely could climb to 45,000 feet.

### : : A Woman's Viewpoint : :

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

And it would be rather childish to expect the wives of such men to accept with joy a return to the domestic methods of grandma, unless we are consistent and ask their husbands to till the soil with a forked stick.

The state of industry now requires that many more individuals raise their own food, and the movement countryward already has taken on the aspects of a migration. But we may be sure that the soil will not hold them permanently unless something is done to beautify the home as well as enrich the earth.

A part of the money formerly invested in huge barns for horses and cows must be put into pretty houses for women and children. When this is done, it will be time enough to criticize us for our lack of enthusiasm for country living.

### It Seems to Me

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

**N**EW YORK, Sept. 13.—When I was in Boston at the baseball game going through the pretense of being a sports writer I was subjected to withering humiliation.

Although armed with proper credentials, I felt self-conscious as I moved slowly toward the gate marked "Press." The feeling was not wholly psychic. After all, I had to fight my way through some ten or fifteen thousand fans who could not get into the park.

I think that when you find it necessary to put your elbow into the back of an innocent bystander you owe him some explanation. Accordingly, as I knocked down women and children and small adult Boston males, I kept shouting at the top of my voice, "Member of the working press!"

I thought that my goal and my salvation were in sight in the presence of a large policeman by the gate. He would, I felt, be sympathetic to my version of "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade." Indeed, at a distance I almost fancied that I caught a gleam of admiration in his eye as I swept a little old lady out of the path with my right hand and simultaneously slugged a chubby toddler with my left.

This blow was so swift and neatly placed that it all but drove the little fellows lollipop through his windpipe.

### 'Member of the Press'

**A**FTER each fresh triumph I uttered my jubilation war cry, "Member of the working press!" But as I reached the policeman and bawled my slogan in his ear he shoved me to one side and said, "Just a minute, young fellow; give the newspaper men a chance to get in."

Almost instinctively the cop seemed to know that I was not authentically a reporter, but only one of those blamed columnists. I didn't belong. And on several occasions since the fact has been borne in upon me that even in the craft itself the members of the "I" cult are regarded as curious amphibians. The columnist has not the legs of a district staff, or the all-seeing and powerful eye of the trained observer.

Such progress as he seems to make from time to time is done in sudden frolics, and, worst of all, he is a frog living at the bottom of a well. He jumps ten feet the first day and falls back eight.

How long will it take him to get out of the well? Anybody but the columnist himself could give you the answer. He isn't going to get out of the well.

### A Deep Hole in Ground

**I**AM not alone in the well. The place is filled with newspaper men. A few agile ones crawl out occasionally by fashioning a rope of short stories, or they may use a novel, as a ladder, or tunnel underground and become "counsel of public relations."

But the great majority of us are permanent boarders. As such I think we ought to grow more companionable and learn one another's names and favorite hobbies. As far as I can ascertain, America is the only land of journalistic lone wolves. In other countries there are guilds, institutes, associations, and what-not. There is a sense of cohesion and pride in the craft.

It might be a good idea to change newspaper work into a profession. Then, like lawyers and physicians, we could have academies, learned societies, through which distinguished service might be rewarded with laurel sprigs. And we could also be pretty stuffy with realtors who do those things which no newspaper man ever should do.

But even if we are not professionals, at least we might have as much pride of craft as plumbers and masons. I do think that in a hit-or-miss manner we (I must insist on being inclusive) have arrived at a surprisingly high standard of working conduct.

### A Little Better

**A**ND yet it isn't good enough. Certainly the public doesn't trust the newspaper man. Ask any householder whether the greatest affliction is to have a doctor, a lawyer, a plumber, or a reporter in the house, and I am pretty sure the newspaper man would win the prize hands down.

Of course, some of this feeling may be blamed on the plays, the motion pictures, and the short stories which profess to deal with newspaper life. There are exceptions, but when a play includes "Jim Swift—Reporter of the Times Telegram" you can be pretty sure that presently there will appear a character compounded out of Iago and the protagonist in "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

I remember that within a few seasons a dramatist was hailed as a realist because the reporter in the play was shown with a copy of the American Mercury in one pocket and a quart of whisky in the other.

Life might be simpler and sweeter if this were true. I never have met a reporter who had a quart of whisky with him. And I could count the half-pint flasks on the fingers of one hand.

We are, if the truth must be known, a pretty fine lot of fellows. It is too bad the public doesn't know it. It might be an even better idea if we realized it ourselves. (Copyright, 1933, by The Times)

### Sun Shadows

**M**OST glorious sun-god that races across the summits of the sky. That flirts with dawn and warns the breeze among the trees. You tenderly kiss the flowers where ardent colors lie. I watch your rapturous light re-creating the noonday. You give birth to calm and wistful afternoon. I see the blue of morning, ghost-like and silent, creep away. Beam forth in all your glorious splendor, for death is soon. Where peace and beauty lie, Forgive me with the fall of night. My embittered heart, does almost cry. When the moon sends forth entrancing light, when darkness, come? Alas, most powerful one, the day is done.