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POSTAL SAVINGS

THERE is much to be said for bankers' opposition to the provision in the new law guaranteeing deposits. It is true that such panaceas have not worked when attempted by the states. It is also true that this part of the new law was a hasty and rather ill-begotten compromise not particularly pleasing to anyone, least of all apparently to the administration.

Probably the next congress will improve the law before its permanent guarantee provisions become effective.

But the bankers in their opposition would be on firmer ground, and carry more conviction with the public victimized by bank failures, if they were not trying to destroy the postal savings system.

The postal savings system is the best form of government insurance we have. It should be extended. It would have been extended by the last congress—Senator Dill believed that he had administration support for his bill—except for bankers' opposition on the one hand and on the other hand the notion of certain reformers that effective guarantee of deposits in private banks is possible.

Whether the latter is improbable, as most bankers believe, or is assured of success, as Controller of the Currency O'Connor told the recent bankers' convention, will not be proved until the private system is tried.

Meanwhile, no more disturbing statement has come out of official Washington than O'Connor's declaration that "Congress would be justified in repealing the postal savings act."

If this is the administration's policy, it is going backward, not forward. If it is not administration policy—and it probably is not—Controller O'Connor should not be allowed to deal in that propaganda.

The controller of the currency, of all persons at this time, is too busy, or should be too busy, with his legitimate duties to start wrecking government institutions.

HUEY'S NEW SHINER

THE shiner that an unknown washroom hero pinned on the Honorable Huey Long's optic is not a patch on what the patronage bosses of his own party seem to be preparing for him.

The other day at Milwaukee the Kingfish was quoted as saying in his own charming, but wayward, way that "they can take their patronage and go to hell with it." Strangely, they are taking him at his word.

So far the administration has named five men to Louisiana federal posts, and not one was an outspoken Huey man. One was assayer for the New Orleans mint. If they didn't go to hell with this plum neither did they go to Louisiana, for the appointee hailed from far-off Utah.

In a week or so the administration will name two appointees which the Kingfish doubtless would love to call his own. One is federal district attorney, the other collector of internal revenue. Our scouts tell us that neither will be an ardent partisan of the gentleman from Louisiana.

Now this is serious. A political boss, if he's tough, can survive a punch in the eye and even come out of it a bit of a hero. But show us a boss that gets glory, or anything, out of being shoved from under the plum tree by his own party.

PRICE OF HAPPY MARRIAGE

THOSE unsavory court proceedings at Los Angeles, where the law tried to find out whether a former movie star did or did not swipe a young woman's husband, are just about entitled to rank as the most depressing news of the year.

That's not so much because the details were unusually salacious. They weren't; they probably were milder than is usual in a case of this kind.

It's just that the whole business displayed such a lamentable misconception of the marriage relationship, such a complete failure to comprehend the philosophy that must underlie any successful marriage.

People have been handing down advice on marriage for a good many centuries, now, and the thing has been discussed more freely and frequently in the last few years than ever before. But still the world seems to be full of people who just don't get the idea.

It happens over and over. A man and a woman fall in love, get married, and wait for life to bring them a placid happy-ever-after continuity. Then, pretty soon, he starts flitting about with some other woman, or she begins to tag around with some other man, and the fat is in the fire.

There are tears, accusations, angry scenes—and pretty soon the divorce courts have another job, not infrequently of the sort that has to be handled with pitchforks.

Most of this, probably, could be avoided if young husbands and wives only could realize that there isn't any easy recipe for the happy-ever-after business. Marriages aren't made that way.

They are built up on disillusionment, disappointment, and sorrow, as often as not, and you have to work with all your soul for the rewards that a successful marriage offers.

There are bound to be times when a wife feels her husband is a stupid, obtuse, and thoughtless brute; there are bound to be times when a husband feels that his wife is flighty and unreasonable.

But what of it? Human nature is imperfect, and it probably always will be. The price of a successful marriage is forbearance and forgiveness and a determination to make a go of it.

But so many people won't realize that.

They expect marriage to be one long idyll. It isn't; it never has been and it never will be; but when they find that out, they cry to heaven that they have been used shamefully, instead of gritting their teeth and pitching in to make a success of it anyway.

CRY OF THE SCHOOLS

STORIES told by some forty state school superintendents in Washington on Saturday leave no doubt as to the extent of the blight attacking free education in America.

Dr. Charles A. Lee of Missouri, new head of the National Council of State Superintendents and Commissioners of Education, says that the schools are opening with 80,000 fewer teachers at their desks; many of the million teachers who have jobs have taken cuts as high as 60 per cent; half of them receive less than \$400 a year; more than \$40,000,000 is owed them in salary warrants; some teachers in the south get \$35 a month, or less than the minimum set by NRA for day labor; whole southern counties plan to run their schools this winter three, four and five months; mid-west towns charge tuition for high schools.

Last year 250,000 children attended school only part time. In February 1,800 schools closed their doors against 106,000 pupils. Kindergartens were eliminated or curtailed in 170 cities.

With the school plants crippled as never before, 100,000 new children, released from mill, mine and factory by the NRA codes, now knock at the classroom doors. With the government for increased buying power 30,000 teachers are being sent to the breadlines.

Why? The depression, of course, chiefly is to blame. But so are the antiquated local tax systems and the senseless duplications of small governmental units that President Roosevelt says belong to the ox-cart days.

Finally there is a shallow and dangerous propaganda against "overeducation," a covert attack on the very foundation of the public school system.

The educators are organizing to demand federal aid. This means not only relief money for needy teachers, public works funds for school buildings, grants for adult and vocational education. It means a substantial grant by the next congress to carry the schools over the crisis, and probably a permanent federal subsidy on the state-aid plan.

In the meantime, the states and communities must standardize their school needs, reform their tax systems, practice economy through reorganization and kick politics and privileges from their school administrations.

NOT SO STARTLING

FROM a letter written by a man who just has passed his 80th birthday, and whose long and useful life has been distinctly on the conservative rather than on the radical side of things:

"What a change in the public mind! But no greater than I saw in my boyhood.

"My father was an abolitionist, when they were looked upon much as Bolsheviks are now.

"In that day, human slavery had the same public, church, and political approval as other property."

To those disposed to register alarm about the rights of individualism in the present time of change from laissez faire to co-operation, it may be well to consider the fact which that letter recalls.

Nothing in the whole 1933 program represents so drastic a transformation in terms of individual or property rights as did the events in this country over seventy years ago.

"THAT'S POLITICS"

IF you sometimes wonder why American city government so often is the despair of the political scientist, you might listen to this true story.

Maurice Maschke retired not long ago after serving many years as Republican party boss in Cleveland. The other night he made a little speech to a party gathering, reminiscing about the old days in politics, and he told how his machine finally had unhorsed Cleveland's famous mayor, Tom L. Johnson.

"Tom L. Johnson," said Maschke, "was one of the greatest mayors any American city ever had, but we beat him."

Then an innocent young man in the audience asked why, if Johnson had been an exceptional good mayor, Maschke had taken pride in throwing him out of office; and Maschke smiled and said, "That's politics, my boy."

And there you have it. Replace a superlatively good man with a mediocre one, if necessary; anything to get the jobs, no matter how the city government may suffer. "That's politics."

FREE BALLOONING

THE airplane pilot may have a job that brings a lot of thrills and excitement, but it sometimes looks as if the fellow who flies a free balloon is even more likely to lead an adventurous life.

The experiences of two teams in the recent James Gordon Bennett race seem to bear that out pretty thoroughly.

The Polish balloon came down far up in the Canadian wilderness, and for days it was believed that its two occupants had perished. At last they showed up, alive and well—and then all hands turned to look for the other lost balloon which, it was feared, had drifted over the open sea.

That balloon likewise turned up a few days later, and its fliers were found in an Ontario forest, bruised, half-starved, sick and exhausted.

The experiences of these two teams seem to indicate that balloon racing now is about as purposeless and dumb a sport as modern life affords.

F. H. La Guardia, fusion candidate for mayor of New York, walked in the NRA parade there as a member of the Cutters' Union. Probably with an ax on his shoulder.

Codes being so popular these days, why not one limiting the prowling hours of our neighbors' cats?

A \$100,000 diamond reported stolen in London. Can't fool us. There haven't been such values in the world for years.

Lecturer says in some parts of China taxes are paid in poultry. In this country, too, tax collections often get the bird.

BLUE EAGLE PRICES

THE Agricultural Adjustment Administration is ready to go to "considerable lengths to prevent" price gouging. This declaration should hearten consumers, who are asked from all sides to "Buy Now" as part of the recovery campaign.

If consumers know that the federal government is ready to exercise its great powers to stop profiteering, they naturally will be more ready to spend their dollars.

Profiteering is a two-edged sword. Prices that are unreasonably high drive away purchasers; less buying means lower industrial and farm prices. Enlightened selfishness dictates that the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, whose task is to raise farm prices, sees that consumption is not decreased by profiteering.

This price question is a controlling one in the present effort to raise mass purchasing power.

NRA officials have appealed to manufacturers to hold off price increases as long as possible. Triple A officials say they will countenance only fair increases. In this situation it is the housewife, naturally, who holds the big stick.

She is the biggest buyer; she knows when prices are rising. She will be advised by Consumers' Council of NRA and Triple A, when price increases are unreasonable.

Her complaints, if any, will get a hearing in Washington. Guarding herself, she helps guard her fellow consumers and the producers of the things she buys.

And in protecting her, the government is helping the farmers, the industrialists, and their workers, and fair competitors who are living up to the spirit of the blue eagle.

CHINESE PRE-EMINENCE

A LITTLE cable dispatch from China the other day emphasizes, as few news items ever do, the incredible age of the civilization of that mysterious land.

It recorded the fact that a lady in Peiping can trace her ancestry directly back to old Confucius himself—and that she is his seventy-seventh lineal descendant.

Since Confucius was born in 551 B. C., the family is now a little bit less than 2,500 years old. In the face of a record like that—it isn't altogether uncommon, either, in China—the most pretentious of western genealogies must look utterly insignificant.

To a person who can trace his family tree that far back, an American's pride in a Mayflower ancestor must look rather odd. And even the proudest members of European nobility, who claim direct descent from crusaders and what-not, must be, in the eyes of a cultured Chinese, mere upstarts.

UNCLE TOM'S RETURN

TWO Uncle Tom shows will take the road this fall. It sounds as if the show business were coming back. De Wolf Hopper and Otis Skinner will be the Uncle Toms, and Harry Pollard, the great master in the role, couldn't have been much better at rolling forth, "My body may be yours, Marlowe, Simon, but my soul—"

It was a great show once, "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly." Then came the depression. For seventy-three years it had run somewhere or other, all the time, with hundreds of companies playing.

Two full generations of actors made their debut in Tom, lived full careers as Tommers and finally shuffled off stage without ever having played any other production. By 1930 not a single company of them all was to be found. The Players Club beautifully filled the void last spring, even to the point of having Little Eva stung in midair occasionally en route to heaven. The country realized what had been wrong.

With that company and another going out this fall, it looks as if the corner really had been turned.

M.E. Tracy Says:

WITH the repeal of the eighteenth amendment assured, federal, state, and local authorities are taking up the question of revenue that can be derived from the sale of liquor. Economic pressure forces them to do so in a hasty, one-sided way.

Liquor has come to be regarded as a source of tax relief. The thought of levying on it in every possible way to provide public funds has played no small part in developing a favorable sentiment toward repeal.

Senator King of Utah thinks the federal government should look for six or seven hundred million dollars annually from taxes and tariffs on hard liquor. Those formulating the policy of states and municipalities are equally optimistic. The prevailing attitude is to squeeze the last dollar out of the liquor trade.

It goes without saying that liquor should pay its full share, but if we overdo the thing, we shall be right where we have been during the last thirteen years.

NEITHER taxes nor tariffs should be carried to a point that will make bootlegging profitable.

Bootlegging, whether as applied to domestic products or imports, is well organized. It has proved its ability to defy the law. Any margin that promises a profit will perpetuate it.

We can continue the liquor racket through taxation just as successfully as we brought it into being through prohibition. Bootleggers would be just as willing to evade revenue collectors as dry agents if they saw money in it.

The most important aspect of the problem is practical, effective control. An inordinate rush for revenue would lead to the same result as did the unreasoned stampede for reform.

THE worst phase of prohibition is the racketeering and gang rule. If we fail to eliminate that pernicious influence, we shall have gained nothing by repeal. We can not eliminate it, if we impose taxes and tariffs that make illegal traffic profitable.

The one hope of suppressing those malicious practices which have grown up as a result of Volsteadism consists in putting the liquor trade on such basis as will prevent bootleggers, smugglers, rum runners, and beer gangs from competing successfully with legitimate dealers.

Cost of legalized liquor must not be more than that of the illegal kind. If it is, bootlegging will go right on.

We might just as well abandon the idea that we can drink ourselves out of depression, or that harsh revenue laws will work any better than harsh reform laws.

Not the least essential feature of repeal is to destroy a form of lawlessness which has infected our entire political and social system. That can be done without destroying its source of profit.

As long as illegal liquor pays, it will be manufactured and sold, and as long as that condition prevails, we shall have financial backing for our most vicious elements.

All God's Chillun Got Wings!



The Message Center

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

Indianapolis

By "Brant," Indianapolis, sculptors' paradise! Where the monuments are bigger; And the Democrats are wise. Where beer bungs are in blossom; And taxes touch the skies.

City of chambered commerce gent! Where water rates are steepest; And there is no budget sense! Steeped crossroads of the nation; (They do say traffic's dense).

Capital city of the state! Where government is issued; And the Bigger Boys orate. And there are no traffic towers. O'er the corner copper's pate.

L'ENVOI Indianapolis, city of sights; Problem in sewage, And other plights.

By a Times Reader. In your paper of Sept. 11, I read an article which I wish to call to your attention: "Traffic cop, struck, chases down driver. Patrolman Higgins nabbed drunk after mishap."

As a citizen of our No Mean City, I realize our police chief is making a great effort to organize the best force in the United States.

The traffic policeman in this case stated some untruths. He had to chase the fellow only part of a block. This car was not weaving over the street. The policeman stopped the car, jerked the offender out of his car with such force that he fell to the pavement, striking his back on the running board of a waiting car. Suppose he had broken his back.

This mad policeman jerked him up and pushed him in his car, and took the wheel himself, leaving a rush of traffic without a guide. This poor fellow did not have a chance to resist arrest (as this cop boasted) even if he had wanted to. He sat humbly in his car, crying.

This happened directly in front of our car, and we followed the car to see if the policeman did "knock him in the head," as he said.

Perhaps this fellow was drunk and should be punished severely, but is it the job of a common traffic policeman to deal with a human being in this brutal way?

I do not know the drunk fellow, but I surely think this traffic policeman should be made to be truthful and control his high-powered temper or be kicked off our police force.

By Charles Hooper. NRA levels out us horses, or jackasses, to water, but it can not make us drink. It ignores economic laws that are stronger than man-made expedients. It is a makeshift, designed to give immediate relief, like a salve that soothes the smarting of a cancer, but can not cure the cancer at the root.

NRA can be made to work only through force, but you can not use force righteously upon a man who does no wrong. Prohibition proves that. Why should we halt production or work when every stone in the field cries out to the worker, "Remove me?"

NRA will work for a time. Then our last state will be worse than our first. A long-standing disease with complications can not be cured in a moment by a cure-all patent medicine.

Q—How many chain drug stores are there in the United States and how many retail stores do they operate? A—In 1932 there were 279 drug chains in the United States operating 3,513 retail stores.

Q—Is it true that no water ever gets in the stomach and lungs of a drowned person? A—No. The lungs and stomach of a drowned person both are full of water.

Q—How does the butterfat content of milk from Guernsey cows compare with that from Jersey cattle? A—Guernsey milk has an average butterfat content of 4.95 per cent, whereas milk from Jersey cattle has a butterfat content of 5.36 per cent.

Bee Stings Fatal in Rare Cases

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

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

THE sting of a bee long has attracted the attention of medical investigators. The bee produces its poison in two acid glands, which pour the poison into a sac for storage.

The mechanism by which the bee stings is a sharp, fine, horny needle. The bee sets the needle with the barbs into the skin, it anchors itself, and in its effort to get away it presses on the poison sac. This pressure empties the poison into the skin.

The majority of people when stung by a bee respond with pain immediately at the spot where stung. This is followed by the appearance of a small white spot surrounded by a red area.

There is swelling and, as the swelling subsides, some irritation of the skin. Usually all signs of the sting disappear in twenty-four hours.

THE sting of a bee has been a belief that the sting of the bee or its poison is of value in the treatment of rheumatism. This includes the various inflammations of muscles and joints.

Dr. F. Thompson believes there is something to this, and claims that he himself was relieved by

placed upon the manufacture of clothing and household goods, just as we have official regulation to prevent sale of impure foods, we might avoid the evils of overproduction in the future.

Our whole plan, designed to throw away this year what we bought with such effort last year, creates a racial characteristic that is ominous for the future. We have become a nation of moving, shifting, dissatisfied people, partly because we have substituted the veneer for the substantial in our homes.

Yet we know well that individuals are influenced by their surroundings. Cheap, shoddy men will be the inevitable result of a system that permits too long the manufacture and sale of cheap, shoddy goods.

And so I am inclined to agree that if some official regulation were

It Seems to Me

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—I'm a sucker for parades.

This is a weakness, because marching men may seduce the spectator out of all reasonableness into an enthusiasm for wretched things and tragic consequences. I admit all that. I am seduced.

When bands go by and blare a weep copiously. It happens even when the procession is promoting something which I oppose on some net result concerning which I am positively neutral. Once in watching Elks on parade I found myself all choked up. There was no good excuse.

If there is anything concerning which I am wholly dispassionate, it is the Elks. I feel the same way about Shriner and Odd Fellows. I wouldn't mind if my sister married one, it would leave me equally cold if she didn't.

I Had a Grand Time

THIS long preamble is a necessary preface to the statement that, in my opinion, New York's NRA parade was the most exciting thing which has happened in the big city since the morning of the premature armistice. In between comes Lindbergh's return.

A band played "Sail Navy Down the Field" and a sign announced that somebody's installment furniture house was doing its part, and I found myself suddenly at Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, crying my heart out.

Naturally, I asked myself just what sort of fool I might be. And after thinking it over, I decided that what I felt was wholly justified.

I am not emotional about anybody's furniture, no matter how protracted the weekly payments.

I am aware of the fact that the big show must have represented a great deal of mean coercion in many shops. And yet I think the net result was swell. After the last brigade had swung by shortly before midnight, nine of us had an argument.

I found myself surrounded by intellectuals who said: "Don't be a little more screwy than usual. This was the bosses' show. You don't think all those people got out on their own, do you? Don't be naive, Heywood."

A Swig to the Swatted

IT is true that the whole impetus came from the top, then the sitting-pretty classes are greater fools than I took them for, which is a fairly large order. When 250,000 people begin to march, they are going to get somewhere. And when a million watches, notions vague but very ready begin to operate.

Pressing economic problems are not solved the instant fires and drums set dancing that dust which was John Philip Sousa. But when a line forms and your shoulder touches that of a fellow and a comrade, solidarity is about to be born.

When ten, or twenty, or 200,000 fall into step and come strong down the avenue, that old devil rugged individualism scampers back into his crack into the woodwork. Nobody could look at them as they came by the first row, bakers and candlestick makers—without feeling "Here is power."

I think that no very conscious objective was in the minds of the marchers, but for all that they could have trampled down walled cities and smashed a way through jungle tangles.

"Sail navy down the field, sails set to the sky; we'll never change our course, so army you steer by." Needle workers, cigars, cigarettes and nuts! All the people who take things into their hands and fashion them. Those who build towers. Those who made them run. Swinging down Fifth avenue like water over a dam.

Water seeks its own level, and so must those who make the things by which we live. Somebody will have to love the common people, because there are so many of them.

I think the most exciting part of it all came after midnight. These men and women must have waited for hours to fall into line. "We don't know where we are going, but we're on our way."

Some dead snipe fellow in a speak-easy or an ivory tower might say and say, "It won't work. It isn't logical. The whole thing will be a ghastly failure."

It Has Succeeded

ANY bets? It has succeeded. This is not a matter of figures and graphs and charts. Very possible NRA is no more than the first feeble flutter. It isn't Utopia. Not by a long shot. But from the northwest corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue it looked to me very much like Manhattan Transfer.

Ahead are the banners and the bugles. And we are all marching, marching away. The swing of the rhythm has caught us up. Two hundred fifty thousand marchers can't be wrong.

Lay on! Installment furniture! Cigars, cigarettes and nuts! Lay on! And damned be anybody who first cries, "Hold, enough!"

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Goodbye, Daddy

BY R. COX

There is a call I love to hear, As I bring in my morning milk; I see a tiny tot so dear, With golden hair like spinning silk. Calling gleefully "Goodbye-e-e, Daddy."

Her daddy has gone back to work, And as he hastens to the car; Amid her childish baby talk, She stops to call to him as far As she can see "Goodbye-e-e, Daddy."

It has been ages, so it seems, Since such a call has blest my ear; To see a daddy's face that beams; There's work again. The little dear Waves frantically "Goodbye-e-e, Daddy."

Blessed thought that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.—Jeremiah, 17:7.

THE soul seeks God by faith, not by the reasonings of the mind and labored efforts, but by the drawings of love.—Mme. Guyon.