

The Indianapolis Times

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

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EAST DOMINATES WEST

THE rise of eastern power great and daring and determined enough to defy the European powers and America probably marks the twilight of western mastery (in eastern Asia). It is the conclusion of Edgar Snow, who has spent five years in China as a reporter and who witnessed the recent Japanese-Chinese conflict from the front lines.

Manchuria, explains Mr. Snow in his book, "Far Eastern Front," has been the birthplace of Asiatic conquerors and this tradition still is alive in the Japanese today.

The Japanese had made several sorties into China, but the shape of events had been against her and she retired sullenly to the land of the rising sun to wait for a more propitious moment.

This moment arrived in the fall of 1931. Taking advantage of an unparalleled world economic crisis and unsettled conditions in the domestic affairs of the larger powers, Japan struck silently, efficiently and deadly. For years her spies, her trained army of spies, had observed every movement in China and in the west. Her military had planned so efficiently that little was left to chance. Manchuria was overwhelmed in a short time. Using the ensuing Chinese boycott as a pretext, Japan forced China to capitulate in spite of the heroic defense of the ill-equipped Chinese troops at Chapel and Woosung.

The league and the United States protested in vain. Said War Minister Araki, in a speech at Tokyo, April 22, 1932: "Japan may never withdraw her troops from Manchuria. . . . Japan will resolutely resist any attempt to apply the nine-power treaty to the situation here. . . . We need not pay any attention to what the League of Nations may say, what the Soviet Union may attempt, or what China may plot. . . ."

So Japan carved out a huge empire, exterminating thousands of noncombatant men, women and children and making thousands more destitute and homeless. Mr. Snow records deeds of horror and cruelty by the Japanese troops.

China, abandoned by the powers, settled back to its usual lethargy. She relies on her age-old weapon, the ultimate absorption of her conquerors. Only Russia remains to challenge the Japanese in the Far East.

A BETTER COMMISSION

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is strengthening one of the weakest but most important parts of the government when he builds up the federal trade commission. For twelve years Republican administrations undermined the commission's power, because of conservative opposition to its regulatory function. A small group of devoted experts on the staff could make little headway against the inertia of a mediocre commission, appointed and influenced by hostile presidents.

The new deal not only revived the importance of the commission, but extended its functions. Now the commission is the enforcement agency of the securities law and, in part, of the NIRA. There is good reason to believe that additional duties will be given the commission.

Hence the interest which attaches to the two new Roosevelt appointees. By naming Dr. James M. Landis of the Harvard law school and George C. Matthews, the President has injected life and efficiency into the weak commission. Mr. Matthews has an able record as a former member of the Wisconsin public utilities commission. Professor Landis, a former secretary to Justice Brandeis of the supreme court and an expert in financial legislation, is a brilliant public servant.

Unfortunately the price of the Matthews appointment was the enforced dismissal of Commissioner Humphrey. We say unfortunately, not because Mr. Humphrey's departure is a public loss, but because he and his old guard backers threaten to raise the legal issue of the President's right to remove him—which would tend to obscure the central issue of the commission's efficiency.

A DICTATOR'S SECURITY

THE new order of the Hitler government controlling the newspapers gives you a pretty good idea of the way a dictatorship works to cut off all possible public criticism of its acts.

Under this order, all publications unreservedly must uphold the rightness of the Hitler regime. All pretense that they are organs of free opinion is dropped. They become, quite avowedly, propaganda mechanisms. Writers or editors who publish articles in defiance of this law can be sentenced to death.

To get a notion of the way such a law works, imagine it in operation in this country today. No newspaper would dare criticize any aspect of the NRA program. No article intimating that there was the slightest defect in the program ever could be printed. If Mr. Roosevelt intervened in Cuba, no publication could do anything but applaud; if Mr. Farley over-reached himself in putting deserving Democrats in office, nobody could so much as peep about it.

Those who say we have a dictatorship in America might ponder about the things that go with a genuine European style dictatorship. As long as we have a free press, we are safe.

LET US KNOW ALL

IT needs to be emphasized again that the disclosures of the senate banking committee's investigation are important, not so much because they occasionally reveal unethical actions by men in high positions, but because they give us an insight into the way in which fortunes are piled up by men who give society

very little in return for the money which society gives them.

Currently, for instance, we read of a banking house which organized an investment trust in 1924, obtaining for \$100,000 stock that later was valued on the Stock Exchange at \$36,000,000. We read of a banking house getting a \$2,000,000 commission for selling \$50,000,000 worth of stock of a firm buying investment trust stock for 20 cents a share and selling them, later on, for \$55.

These things, of course, happened in the easy money days. It is important that we find out about them. Not otherwise can we understand the true weakness of those much talked-of boom times.

REPEAL'S SURPRISES

NO one of a speculative turn of temperament can read the returns from the different states on the repeal question without thinking what an excellent series of bets a courageous wet could have made for himself a year ago.

It might have seemed safe, last year at this time, to bet that the prohibition law would be modified somehow within a few years. To have gone any farther than that would have seemed, to most people, very foolish.

Any man, for instance, who had cared to bet that such states as Maine, Virginia, Arkansas, Texas, and Indiana would have voted for repeal of the eighteenth amendment before the end of 1933 could have obtained almost fantastic odds.

The whole trend of sentiment, as revealed by the progress of the voting, is a surprise. A year ago the prohibition amendment looked like a bastion that would be years in the conquering. Today it is crumbling like a sand house in a rain storm.

ROCKEFELLER LIQUOR REPORT

NATIONAL and state lawmakers may well study the liquor-control report prepared by Raymond B. Fosdick and Albert L. Scott at the instance of John D. Rockefeller Jr.

Failure of the "noble experiment" has made Mr. Rockefeller a wiser and more temperate man. He now sees the error and the intemperance of trying to enforce upon the whole people his own personal habits of total abstinence.

There are two primary objectives that should guide liquor-control legislation, says Mr. Rockefeller in his introduction to the Fosdick-Scott report. They are abolition of lawlessness and promotion of temperance.

Liquor taxation, says Mr. Rockefeller, "should be regarded primarily as a helpful factor in forwarding these objectives, and only incidentally as a means of producing income."

Exorbitant liquor taxes will destroy legal traffic in beverages and perpetuate illegal traffic in tax-free liquor. The one certain way to stamp out bootlegging is to eliminate the profits of the bootlegger.

"Another principle which the report develops," says Mr. Rockefeller, "is that only as the profit motive is eliminated is there any hope of controlling the liquor traffic in the interest of a decent society. To approach the problem from any other angle is only to tinker with it and to insure failure. This point can not be too heavily stressed."

He has not revealed as yet whether he means by this that we should have a government-owned liquor monopoly, or limited-dividend private corporations, strictly regulated.

Of repeated is the admonition to wet states as to their responsibility in preventing their liquor from overflowing into neighboring dry states. The Fosdick-Scott report contains a pointed observation that this is not a mere one-way responsibility.

"Unless past experience is reversed," says the report, "such surviving dry areas (more than half of the forty-eight states still will have statutory or constitutional prohibition when national prohibition is repealed in December) will become a paradise for bootleggers. Operating from there as a base, the illicit traffic should not be allowed to run cheap, inferior liquor into the neighboring wet states for sale in competition with the legal, but perhaps higher priced, article."

THE OLD OR THE NEW?

"GUNS and death," says a newspaper headline, "talk tube mill strikers in Pittsburgh region."

Words like that are an old story in the tragic history of American industrial relations. A bunch of workers, a strike, a row of deputies, a blaze of gunfire—and there you have an item in the production of wealth which no cost-accounting scheme yet devised can tabulate properly.

But it is an item which is singularly out of date now. Furthermore, this particular disturbance—the one which blankets the rich Pittsburgh coal and iron district—is just a little bit different from the ones we're used to.

For the main point at issue is not so much a matter of wages. It is not so much a matter of hours. It has to do chiefly with union recognition. Employers and employees, in other words, have come to grips over a principle.

And back of this fight over a principle can be seen a head-on collision between the old and the new conception of proper industrial practice.

Now this isn't something that can be settled with soft words or with frenzied gestures in the direction of that benign bird, the blue eagle. It cuts too deeply into the fabric of American life. There is in this fight a portent that we can not ignore safely.

Men do not go on strike just for the fun of it after four years of hard times—especially when wages and working hours are not their principal objectives. Nor do employers, after four years of vanishing profits, undergo the expense of a fight like this just to save their vanity. Something fundamental is at stake here, something that can not easily be compromised. Sooner or later, one side or the other must back down.

And since this is a fight which affects the whole country, we must make up our minds which side is to be upheld.

Are we going to go back to the old conception of industrial practice and countenance a finish fight to "break the union," in the old Frick-Carnegie manner? Or are we going to swing into step with the new deal, accept unionism without reservations, and go on to tackle the real problems of life in the machine age?

GREATEST ADVENTURE

A VERY old map was found in the archives of the former sultans of Turkey not long ago. It proved, to the delight of scholars, to be a copy of a map used by Christopher Columbus. On the border, in Arabic, was the story of Columbus' voyages, written for the ruler of Turkey by some court scribe way back at the dawn of the sixteenth century.

A paragraph of this story is worth re-reading today, as a reminder that the whole Columbus epic is one of the finest bits of courage and high adventure ever told.

The unknown Turkish author, after telling how Columbus begged the men of Genoa for ships with which he could explore the western ocean, quotes their reply:

"They say: 'Oh, you simpleton, in the west is to be found the end and extremity of the world and its boundary; it is full of the vapor of darkness.'"

There is somehow a creepy quality to those words which helps us to understand just what an uncertain and scary job it was that Columbus tackled.

The earth today offers no voyage even remotely equal to it. For there were no charts of the western sea then. A resolute and foolhardy man heading west might fetch up anywhere from the Isles of the Blest to the very jumping-off place itself.

He didn't know, and no one else knew. There was an abundance of weird tales about the dreadful things that could happen to him, and however much he might doubt them he had no way of proving that they weren't true, but to go himself and find out.

All he could be sure of was that he would sail into an empty sea, a sea that never had seen a sail before. Columbus believed, as the old Arabic writer says, that "the western seas has an end, that on the side of the sunset there are coasts and islands, and many different kinds of mines, and also a mountain of precious stones."

But he couldn't quite be sure, and there must have been moments, late at night, when he had only stars and waves for company, when he must have wondered if he were not sailing right out of the ordinary-world into unimaginable and inescapable perils.

Those eerie words about "the vapor of darkness" are more than an expressive phrase; they tell what most men actually expected Columbus to find.

The earth's history holds few stories more romantic than this one of Columbus. Once a year is not too often to reread it.

WHO'LL BUILD THE HOMES

UNLESS private builders prepare housing programs and submit them to Washington with applications for federal loans, the government itself will enter the home building field on its own hook.

This warning was circulated recently to real estate men throughout the country by a builder who has been active in midwest housing development. This builder asserted that such a program by the government would destroy many million dollars in equities of present home owners, increase taxes, and result in enormous waste and corruption.

That, it would seem, puts things squarely up to the real estate men. The slums must be replaced and the money must be spent. If the government is not to do the job, private initiative must show that it is capable of handling it—and it must show it pretty quickly.

Blind man in Oklahoma City is running for congress. He should be defeated. Too many blind ones there already.

If Postmaster Farley has any love for a good Republican he might hand the man the job of postmaster at Little America.

We've been hearing so much from President Roosevelt—wasn't a Vice-President elected, too?

M. E. Tracy Says:

ONCE more President Roosevelt inspires confidence by doing the square, courageous thing.

He might have ducked the legion convention, might have said he was too busy, might have drafted some subordinate to risk a razzing. Instead, he cut short his vacation, if such it can be called, hopped a train and talked it out with the boys, face to face.

Since it turned out all right, cynics can interpret it as a shrewd bit of politics. In one respect it was. You can't beat the decent, manly course when it comes to influencing people.

President Roosevelt left the bonus seekers no leg to stand on. He did it by simply telling them the truth. His frankness and geniality showed up their attitude as nothing else could have done.

It was another call to the colors, another appeal for unity, another summons for soldiers to do their duty in the face of a national emergency, and the President's example proved that he was asking no man to do more than he himself was willing to do.

LEADERSHIP rests on that kind of stuff. Men are glad to follow anybody who dares to stay out in front and who has the poise to tell them they are wrong without losing his temper. They forget their selfishness when led by such a man into a business on hand in a broader light and snap into a spirit of real co-operation.

I am not a hero worshipper, but I honestly believe that Mr. Roosevelt's moral courage is doing more to sustain public confidence in his administration than any other single factor. He has an uncanny knack of doing the right thing at the right time and of doing it in such a way as challenges a maximum of respect with a minimum of offense.

He is one of those rare individuals who can be confronted with a dozen problems without getting flustered, take command without strutting and bend men to his will without arousing their passions.

SOME of the President's associates have a most unhappy talent for causing commotion. They appear incapable of getting ready to do anything without an irritating amount of preliminary chatter. That accounts for the idea that this is a talkative administration. When you consult the record, however, you find that men like Farley, Johnson, Howe and some members of the brain trust have been doing most of the talking. You also find that when they get in a jam, it is the President who straightens them out, and that, too, with surprisingly few words.

The President has not made many speeches, issued many statements, or written many notes. These he has made, issued, or written have been brief, clear and to the point. That is why he invariably gets the public ear and makes a favorable impression. His greatest handicap lies in the fact that some of his associates won't or can't pay him the tribute of emulation. The efforts of Farley to become a Warwick, of Howe to become a radio star and of certain professors to pose as powers behind the throne are not particularly helpful.

'Dese Federal Guys Mean Business'



:: 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 William Andrews.

Now that we have the farmers' pigs all killed off and satiated down, why not give a little attention to the horde of cornfield mechanics who swarm into our city from every crossroad in the state to take the few jobs there are, at wages that no one but a scarecrow could exist on.

They rattle in here in an old flivver with a sandwich under the seat, are patted on the back by one of our trusty old captains of industry who very likely is an enthusiastic worker for the Community Fund, and with a pay envelope in his pocket that by every human right should be in the pocket of an Indianapolis worker, who has no opportunity to work. He rattles out again and back to the sticks, contributing nothing to the welfare of the community.

There are hundreds of honorable, worthy workmen experienced in every trade walking the streets of our city today unable to find employment, who are loyal citizens of our city, who pay their taxes here, who contribute, when possible to do so, to every worthy cause, and who spend their money here for the necessities of life for themselves and their families. These men should be given preference here when jobs are given out by those who, by reason of the industry of these same unemployed workers, have found success and then they wouldn't have to scratch around in the parks two or three days a week in order to obtain a basket of crystallized groceries.

By Fred Boyce.

As a constant reader of The Indianapolis Times, I read every letter that is printed in your Message Center. Some are real letters, but as a rule the majority of the letters mean nothing. Some time ago there were several letters panning the Center township trustee's office. Some were grumbling about the fat jowl meat and beans and some about having to walk a few blocks to order their coal and groceries.

Now I am going to try and show these panners and grumblers that they have not cut things to grumble about and should be glad to be able to walk a few blocks to order their coal.

I am taking myself as an example. My son has a job where he makes a very small salary, but on account of this small salary, we are denied aid of any kind. Last winter was one of the most miserable winters of my forty-four years in the city. We had to buy what

little coal we had by the basket and that was only two baskets a week. We live huddled over a little laundry stove because we did not have fuel for our heating stove, and we would go to bed at night in a room with ice on the walls. My wife would have to tie the bed clothes together.

We have neighbors on either side of us whose homes were always nice and warm and they always had plenty of food when we had to go to bed hungry and cold. They also had nice warm clothing given to them. Some of them really dressed better than they ever dressed before in their lives. I had no overcoat and no hat and none for my wife, and my wife has worn a coat that was given her by a kind neighbor, that has no lining, but she is thankful for that.

I have tried every conceivable way to get employment. But every where I go it is the same old story, and if I don't get employment so I can buy what we need for the winter, I do not intend to live as we lived last winter. I may be a restful stealing coal and I may not. But as long as I am free and able, we are going to have fuel to burn and a warm house to live in. I am going to apply to the trustee for fuel and if same is denied again, then the railroads must suffer, for

and certainly before any game in which the player may be subject to injury.

The best type of bandage for weak ankles is one of gauze or canvas wrapped like the figure eight over the ankle and reinforced with adhesive plaster. The best type of bandage to hold a knee which tends to slip is one with an X strapping above and below the kneecap.

The committee warns, however, against too much strapping and too heavy pads, because these tend to interfere with function.

For football all sorts of special pads and braces have been developed. Any athlete subject to injury should have the full protection of these devices when possible.

about the only one that never consults the taste of its customers. With it, the customer always is wrong. She takes what she can get and she takes it often.

The cost in money for fashion whims is staggering, but since it is a part of business, we admire rather than resent it. But what about the cost in nervous energy? That, you will have to admit, is incalculable.

Perhaps the secret of woman's inferior business ability lies here. A person who has to expend so much thought, ingenuity and actual physical effort in keeping up with the styles hardly will be able to put enough of these qualities into her job.

We'll Try

By Harry Andrews.

I am just wondering if the Indianapolis Democratic administration is going to sit idly by and watch ex-President Hoover's remark about grass-growing in city streets come true. It seems to me that there are enough idle men in this town to at least keep the streets in a passable condition.

On South Randolph street, off Raymond, the weeds are so high one can't see. They overhang the walk so much that one is brushed from both sides of the walk. On a rainy day, you can imagine how wet one can become just from coming in contact with the weeds. The limbs of the trees overhang so that it is impossible to carry an umbrella with any success, and one has to fairly crawl along when the weight of the rain is on the limbs. Don't know what it will be like when snow weighs the limbs down.

I think it's a shame and thought a wide-awake paper like The Times could do something about this.

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It Seems to Me

—BY HEYWOOD BROWN—

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—For a good many weeks now I have been wondering why radicals of the extreme left fought NRA so bitterly. I am even more puzzled after reading an editorial in the Daily Worker a day or so ago. The official organ of the Communist party states:

"The cunning NRA, which was to have done away with strikes through the treacherous promise of 'collective bargaining,' is itself being engulfed in a wave of strikes. And this already is bringing a cry of anguish from the capitalist employers and their agents, who see their crafty NRA trap beginning to be trampled on by the millions of workers for whom it was intended."

Who's Making Complaint?

BUT if these facts are accurate, what could be sweeter from a Communist point of view? If the "capitalist employers" are crying out in anguish I am puzzled as to why the left wing radicals should be anything but pleased by the entire situation. I had assumed in my naive way that whatever Henry Ford didn't like, the Communists would just naturally adore.

It hasn't worked out that way. The agonized howl of big business in regard to NRA and the shouts of, "Nobody is going to tell me how to run my business," are not a bit more lusty than the fierce, full-throated protests of the Communists. It seems to me that Henry Ford and Bob Minor should get together and decide which side of the street each one is going to occupy.

Upon very numerous occasions the more advanced revolutionaries have taken the attitude that they constituted practically the only realistic action in a world moved by insane action by romantic and trivial thinking. Their interest, so I have heard at many meetings, did not lie merely in surface manifestations, but went to the kernel of each economic situation.

May I then inquire just why they should be so passionately interested in what they conceive to have been the "intent" of NRA? The afternoon of intention was passed many weeks ago. In order to simplify the argument, let us assume that the Communists' contention that the National Recovery Act was a trap designed to ensnare the worker is correct beyond a peradventure.

So what? If it has failed to work out in this manner, why not consider its present effects rather than anything which may have been written upon the original blueprint?

A Mental Reservation

I DO not agree that its intent was a reduction of labor into serfdom. And yet I regard that as an academic point, since it is now palpable that nothing in the recent history of the United States has done one-fifth as much to encourage workers of all sorts to unite and fight collectively for their rights.

It is quite true that in many codes labor has been granted only crumbs of comfort. Some of the wage scales established are just about as preposterous as those which went before. Into a wage code open-shop workers have been slipped. I also will grant that the individual employee may suffer discrimination and discharge for his organizing activity and find the guarantees promised under the act remote and slow moving.

And even so, NRA has been the match to touch off the latent will and power of workers to get together for their own protection. I think that large employers have reason to fear its far-reaching effects. I think that the Communist party would do an extremely ill service to labor if it had the power to test down the present mechanism and send big business back to where it came from in the days of unimpeded rugged individualism.

Letting the Facts Speak

NOT much of this is a matter of opinion. The figures speak for themselves. Old unions are increasing by leaps and bounds in membership. New ones are being formed. The Communist may argue that this growth is almost entirely in the ranks of the American Federation of Labor and that from their point of view the A. F. of L. has nothing to offer.

But if the older body is now outstripping the newer, the extreme radicals have only themselves to blame. While the reder unions wasted their time in trying to devise some elaborate end run the A. F. of L. leaders saw a hole in the line right ahead of them as big as a house and proceeded to drive through.

The familiar charge used to go that the chiefs of the Federation were ineffective, sluggish and blind to the changes in the economic status of America. But, standing now at the head of a vast new army of organized workers who have won recognition, the A. F. of L. boys can afford to smile at the dwindling forces of Communism and ask: "Slow, are we?"

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Autumnal

BY ALICE E. DYSON

Spring's roses blush in autumn

While summer's scented breath
Flames to gold autumnal sheaves
Disclaiming death.

Full is the cycle at the season's turning
Of memories winter can not sever,
And faith cries from the heart-fires
That life endures forever.

Daily Thought

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John, 1:9.