

# The Indianapolis Times

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## BISHOP CHARTRAND

HE could have been an archbishop. He might have been a cardinal. He chose to remain in Indianapolis among the people he loved. To him the highest honor his church could give was the privilege of aiding and comforting his fellow men. That is why members of all faiths invariably referred to Bishop Joseph Chartrand as "saintly."

At any period during the Christian Era, Bishop Chartrand's life would have been an inspiration. It was fortunate that he lived in these times when his great spirit could shine like a beacon in a city often troubled with greed and intolerance.

In his latter years he saw a perplexed and confused world about him. But he never was perplexed. He held before him the flaming example of the early Christians—humility, self-abnegation, belief in the fundamental goodness of people.

He was the type of man who would have been acutely embarrassed at such an editorial as this. He never paraded his good works. No hungry man of any creed ever was turned empty from his door. No one ever will know the number of boys and girls he sent through college. He never talked about such matters because he considered this side of his life as merely his Christian duty, unworthy of special note.

Bishop Chartrand was known throughout Christendom for his devotion to the Eucharist. Only two or three churches in the world have as many daily communions as the cathedral of St. Peter and Paul in Indianapolis. For this he earned the highest recognition from Rome.

His pastoral work is his greatest monument. Though his reputation grew greater with the passing of the years he never lost the human touch. The people of this city will always hold him close in their hearts. He baptized their babies. He married their young people. He closed the eyes of their dead.

The knights of the Middle Ages gave their lives to journeying the world seeking the Holy Grail, symbol of the Christian ideal. Bishop Chartrand found it here in his own diocese.

## SUCCESS OF REPEAL

THE eighteenth amendment is history; the obituary has been read; the mourners have done about all the reminiscing that the situation permits.

Now we are facing ahead, and most of us, probably, are wondering just what the wet era is likely to bring us.

Like practically all human devices, it will bring us just about what we make it bring. Prohibition, which was to have cleared up century-old problems of crime, crookedness, and misery, failed because we thought we could take out of it more than we put in.

Its failure was tragic and expensive; looking back at it, we might as well resolve right now not to make the same failure with the post-prohibition regime.

A lot of factors went into decision to do away with prohibition. None, however, was quite as important as the nation's desire to get out from under the speakeasy and beer-runner. They were a load too heavy to be carried any farther. We have dropped them.

But when we dropped them, they didn't break into little pieces. They still are lying there, waiting to be picked up again. And if we do pick them up again, we shall find that the expected gains of prohibition repeal are illusory.

That is to say that, just as we couldn't create perfect temperance by passing a law, we likewise shall be unable to abolish speakeasy and beer baron by statute.

The job requires widespread co-operation. The man in the street—the ordinary citizen, who likes his drink now and then and is willing to pay for it—must help.

If he buys what he desires from legal sources, and from legal sources only, he will be giving the illegal booze traffic a blow from which it never will recover.

That trade, like any other, can't exist without customers. Its customers now have the chance to get what they want in a legal manner. If they do so, the speakeasy dies and the beer baron goes and hunts for a job.

And right there is where the big test of the new regime will come. Will the people who protested against prohibition support the new laws with their pocketbooks? Or, to put it more exactly, will they stop supporting the speakeasy?

If they do, the new regime will work. If they don't, it will fall very miserably.

## DYING GANG RULE

IT is heartening to read the report of the Illinois state's attorney, Thomas J. Courtney, that organized gangs have been wiped out of Chicago, and that gang killings this year have been kept down to two.

Chicago, for so many years, has been the center of racketeering and other gangster activities that it has acquired an unenviable reputation among American cities. Thanks to its aroused citizenry, and to the help of the federal government, Chicago has succeeded finally in clearing itself of this stigma.

There are gangsters, yet, in Chicago; there may be gang murders, too. But, with Chicago's law-abiding people in active control of the city, these gangsters soon should find their activities as unhealthy here as elsewhere.

We won't believe repeal is here until we hear of some one starting a campaign for prohibition.

France can't understand why America is buying gold at high prices. As soon as we do, we'll tell her.

## GAINING MOMENTUM

THE public works program, which got under way slowly, is picking up speed; as it does, its ultimate object seems to grow mightily in size.

Washington correspondents are reporting that NRA economists are working on a plan under which the federal government might spend more than \$13,000,000,000 in the next couple of years on slum clearance, rehousing, grade crossing elimination, and similar devices.

The major part of this work, it is claimed, ultimately would pay for itself. Meanwhile, enormous sums would be poured into the channels of trade, and then approximately 4,000,000 men would get steady jobs.

The magnitude of this proposal would have dazed us a year ago. Now it doesn't. We are in a deep hole and we must make stupendous efforts to get out of it.

## K. K. K. AGAIN!

SAMUEL UNTERMEYER, New York attorney, charges that the old Ku-Klux Klan has been revived to aid in the spread of Nazi propaganda in this nation.

Whether it be true or false, this charge at least is not surprising. Fascism and Ku-Kluxery are spirited brothers, whether or not they have an actual material connection.

Each walks abroad with intolerance as one crutch and ignorance as another. Their ideals and their methods are similar.

And, by the same token, that gives us a chance to appraise the extent of Germany's present misfortunes. Imagine this country turned over lock, stock and barrel to an outfit like the klan, and you get a notion of what the people of Germany are up against.

## INTERRUPTED RECOVERY

CREDIT picture description to Mark Sullivan, star writer for the Republican Herald-Tribune, which generally views with alarm the methods of the Roosevelt administration.

Writing from a trip into the west, and reporting a yes answer as universal to the question "Are things any better?" Mr. Sullivan says: "From time to time, recuperative activity on the part of business is interrupted by economists and the otherwise erudite and owl to poke thermometers in the patient's mouth."

That says a volume as to the Spragues, the Smiths and the Warburs, the Republican national committee, and the like.

## A SIMPLE IDEA WORKS

A CONVICT in California's Folsom prison, according to press dispatches, has invented a method of making hydrogen at a cost about one forty-fifth of the present one.

The man did his job in a small room off the warden's office, it is said, using a makeshift apparatus composed chiefly of four salad dressing jars, a single dry cell and some odds and ends of tubing and so on. Engineers who have examined his method believe it may revolutionize the hydrogen industry.

We have no notion whether this will be the case, and the price of hydrogen doesn't affect us much, anyhow—but somehow we hope it all works out as these optimistic reports say. It's the kind of story that ought to be true, even if it isn't.

## A RARE TRIBUTE

AN interesting footnote to the operation of the NRA is supplied in the report filed the other day by the National Coal Association, which finds—after two months of code operation in the soft coal fields—that things are a whole lot better than they were, and which pledges its members to co-operate fully in the code program.

"This coding business is no longer a theory," says C. B. Huntress, executive secretary of the association. "The name-calling stage is past. We face a condition, and it is up to the coal operators to co-operate or close up."

And he adds: "It's easy to have hot fits and cold chills about this whole code business, but while having the latter, one should not forget the chills that traveled up and down the spine last spring."

This testimonial, from an industry which did not find it easy to accept all the administration's suggestions about codification, is a pretty good tribute to the effectiveness of the blue eagle.

## A LESSON IN JUSTICE

AN Englishman recently wrote a letter to the London Times to commend the London police and courts for their promptness in disposing of a case of burglary. His letter—revealing, as it does, a kind of law enforcement which is regrettably strange on this side of the water—is worth quoting here:

"The goods were stolen on Saturday morning," he writes. "The burglar was caught and the goods recovered on Saturday afternoon. On Monday the burglar was committed by a magistrate to stand his trial at the Old Bailey. On Tuesday he was duly tried, convicted, and sentenced."

Probably speed of this kind is somewhat exceptional, even in England, where quick justice is proverbial. Nevertheless, the object lesson is too plain to be missed.

With police and courts that work so fast, is it any wonder that England has less trouble with "crime waves" than we have?

Mayor of Atlantic City rules no women shall stand either in front of or behind a bar. There's no rule against her sitting on it or lying under it.

Bridge expert suggests a "widow" be introduced in contract. Absurd, say others. She'd break up the game too often.

Southwest winds across Texas, chief source of sandstorms, have been blowing that way for 50,000 years, says a scientist. And yet those winds haven't blown the state any good.

With so many of its cabinets collapsing, what France needs is a good carpenter.

Why should the people of Louisiana be sore at Senator Huey Long? He's brought the state more attention than it has had since Uncle Sam bought it.

New York chemists exhibited 112 "products of the depression" recently. What the country wants to see is the "buy-products."

## THEY LIKE NRA

ONE more industry trying out operation under an NRA code has found it good.

Boot and shoe manufacturers reported at their annual convention that for the first time in history the industry is able to operate on a stable basis. For one thing, all the factories are paying the same minimum wage for the same working week. None of them needs fear competition in this respect.

For another thing, unfair competition in branding products, in misleading by advertising and in imitating trade marks has been wiped out. The shoe men are enthusiastic about what this means to their business.

With so much gained it is disappointing to find them complaining that NRA also has meant unionization of their workers and an increase in the number of strikes. They have forgotten, apparently, that the primary reason for NRA was not to give manufacturers larger percentages of profit but to make it possible for them to pay living wages to their workers and by so doing to guarantee themselves a market for their shoes.

Enthusiasm for its NRA code on the part of an industry is a most hopeful augury for the economic future but this is true only if that enthusiasm springs from something besides desire for quick profits at the expense of stable profits.

The man whose plant manufactures machinery sees little immediate return from payment of higher wages to his employees. The man who manufactures shoes can only sell shoes if workers can afford to buy them, and he should be the first to grasp the essence of the administration's recovery plan.

But it takes time to learn the lessons of a new economy. Industries are realizing first the immediate benefits that come to them from curbing unfair competition. As more of them try out the principle of adequate pay rolls as an investment in prosperity they will become enthusiastic about that, too.

## NOT SO BAD

AND now what will the prophets of American doom say? The United States treasury bond issue of a billion dollars was oversubscribed three-fold within the first day.

Of course this sort of thing has happened before. But always within a few weeks the opponents have been shouting that government credit was on the rocks. So, doubtless, within a fortnight the same old fear campaign will be in full swing again.

The curious aspects of this is that it is the same bankers behind the doom propaganda who rush to oversubscribe government securities every time they get a chance. If President Roosevelt is half as irresponsible and dangerous as the banker propaganda would have us believe, why do they bet their money on him so heavily?

The answer is not hard to find.

The bankers know that the President, far from being an extreme currency inflationist, actually sided with the mandatory currency inflation by the last congress. Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, the printing-press provisions of the law were left discretionary with the President. All of these months he has had that power and never used it. Now the fact that in government refinancing he chooses to get money in the usual way instead of manufacturing it, is additional evidence that the President is not riding any pet monetary theory off the deep end.

If extreme currency inflation comes—and that is a possibility after congress meets—it will be because blind bankers and NRA chiselers succeed in undermining the moderate Roosevelt monetary experiment and the general recovery program.

Eastern mayor says a woman who takes a drink with a man at a bar is no lady. Neither is the man, drinking at the bar beside a woman who can't drink, a gentleman.

## M. E. Tracy Says:

MAINE will have a state lottery if Senator Frank Robey of Westbrook has his way. The bill is all ready and will be placed before the next session of the legislature. It provides for a commission of from three to five members, grants cities and towns the right to say whether they will participate, offers them a share in 15 per cent of the profits if they do, and stipulates safeguards and conditions.

At first thought this seems a wide and radical departure from staid old New England methods, especially as illustrated by the mother state of prohibition, but time was when lotteries were not only tolerated in that part of the country but played a conspicuous part in providing public improvements.

Mid-Victorian moralists have trained us to look upon the lottery, as well as other forms of gambling, with horror. Even in this day of supposed liberality and enlightenment, many a sheriff and constable is striving to ingratiate himself with certain groups by raiding slot machines.

MEANWHILE the gambling goes right on. There hardly is a town or city in these United States without its "pools." People are taking a chance on everything from the last three figures of the clearing house balance to a football score. About the only thing that has been accomplished is to make the game a little easier for crooks and a little less convenient for other folks.

Gambling belongs to about the same category of human activities as drinking. It goes back to an age-old habit, if not an irrepressible instinct. Suppression of its legitimate and comparatively harmless forms has done much to turn it into vicious channels.

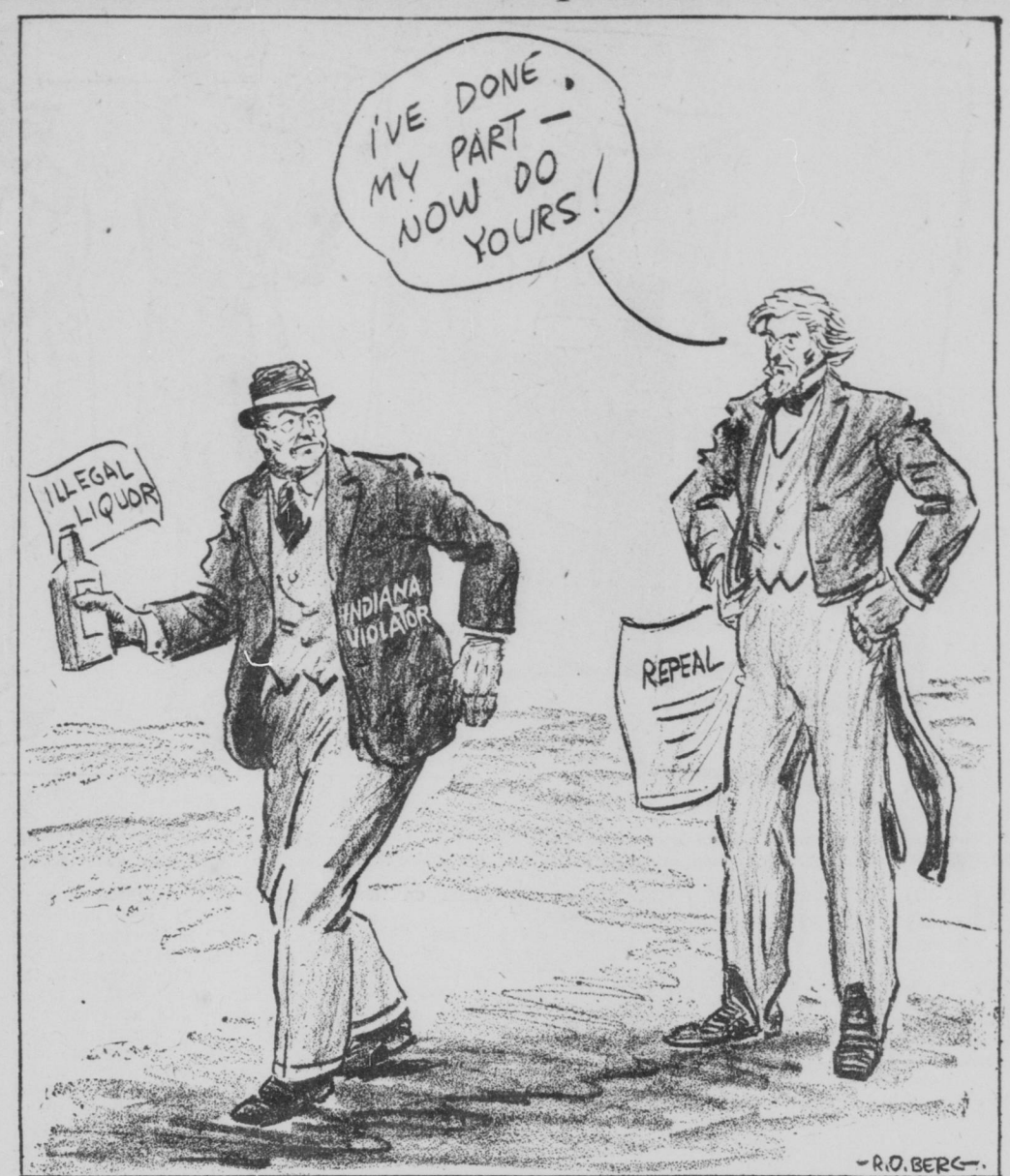
Lotteries, pools and even roulette wheels, if properly conducted, would help take the gambling element out of business. Furthermore, they would switch the revenue from racketeers and grafters to the public treasury.

"The question is not whether the government would be justified in feeding on what some people regard as immoral practices but whether these practices should be driven into the dark and converted into allies of organized crime."

WE have proved our inability to stop gambling just as we have proved it to stop drinking. Our anti-slot machines, anti-poker and anti-lottery laws have led us up the same blind alley as did the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act. Instead of wholesome reforms, we merely have succeeded in enlarging the field of undercover crookedness. The realities of the situation speak for themselves. We merely have closed our minds to them, preferring to follow a theory, or a hope, willfully arguing that a little mechanical knowledge enables us to replace human nature and that we are about to change religion with mechanical righteousness.

The gambling instinct goes far toward explaining human progress. If men had not dared to take a chance, we would not be where we are today. Through education, we are able to guide this instinct along constructive lines, but the idea of suppressing it is just one more dumb dream.

## Wanted—Co-operation



## :: 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.)

### Patronage

By a Good Democrat.  
 By the papers we note that Governor McNutt and Senator Van Nuys do not like the way federal patronage has been handled because it is not going through the organization and by receiving the endorsement of the state chairman. That is the way all Democrats of Clay county feel. Nothing has been done in the regular in this county. Not a major nor state appointment has the endorsement of the county organization or state chairman, the way in which our Governor and senator advocate, one man dictating everything.

By Out-of-Town Girl.  
 I have read your little message. Asking us to move to town. If we use your healthy pay checks. For a new hat, coat or gown.

I'll admit your plan has merit. And if you will bear with us. I believe 'twill work out nicely. Without malice or a fuss.

We should all be very anxious. To make the town worth while. And if we can help a little. We should do so with a smile.

The city does have vacant houses. Could use roomers galore. Clerks in storerooms should be busier. Factories should do more and more.

If all employers of the city. Would voice their approval. That the working man must live here. Or there'd be a prompt removal.

This old town would start a boom! And we'd stop our feeling fine. Knowing we had done our duty. By falling into line.

I am for it, where's my suitcase? It is going to town to stay. Get my duds and crank my flivver. I mean business and no play.

All you other small-town girls. Boys, men and women, too. Who have jobs in Indianapolis. Show me that you are true blue.

Let's move over and get settled. So that when our bosses start. To confront us with the question. We can say "We've done our part."

## Tuberculosis Leads Disease Deaths

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

This is the first of three articles by Dr. Morris Fishbein on tuberculosis and measures taken to combat this disease.

THE year 1930 was one of the most healthful that the United States ever has had. Gradually, since the time when the germ conception of disease first was established, death rates and the number of people who are ill have been steadily lowered. This gradual improvement in the public health has been marred only by the occasional appearance of an epidemic of unusual virulence, affecting a vast number of people.

Such an epidemic occurred in 1918, when influenza swept the world. Occasionally other epidemics, such as that of encephalitis, which occurred recently in St. Louis, and the recent epidemic of amebic dysentery, arouse consternation.

Nevertheless, these epidemics affect hundreds, occasionally a thousand people, whereas continually, for the last century, another disease, tuberculosis, has been taking regularly its toll of childhood and of adult life in this country.

When Sir William Osler called tuberculosis "Captain of the Men of Death," he defined the condition which, while gradually yielding to attack, still is responsible for a considerable number of deaths and for a vast amount of disability among the American people.

The White House conference in child welfare reported that there are 322,000 tuberculous children and possibly 850,000 additional suspected cases in the United States. This represents a situation far more serious than any epidemic that confronts us.

Furthermore, surveys made in various parts of the country indicate that the death rate from tuberculosis in the teen age has not declined as rapidly in the last decade as at other periods, nor has it declined as rapidly in girls as in boys of this age.

In the face of these figures come other studies which prove the problem is not insurmountable, that given sufficient funds and sufficient competent medical attention, tuberculosis can be controlled at its source, and particularly among children, and that such control must mean for the future a lessening of disability and death among adults.

Now, tuberculosis is primarily a disease associated with poverty. Since the time of the ancient Hippocrates, physicians have recognized that some people are particularly of the type likely to get tuberculosis.

About one-eighth of the human race dies of this disease. Since practically all human beings sooner or later are exposed to the malady, a combination of factors seems to be necessary for infection. Dwellers in cities, in dark, close alleys and tenement houses, workers in cellars and ill-ventilated rooms or persons addicted to drink, are much more prone to the disease than are those who live a normal life under generally healthful conditions.

The problem, then, resolves itself in great part to eradication of these causes of the disease.

## :: A Woman's Viewpoint ::

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

stone was reached when two such opposite productions made an equal appeal to the public. I consider the fling of "Little Women" an important event in moving picture history.

And the virtues at which we laugh so often, do they not appear in some vague manner more valuable than a good many of the vices we have taken such pains to acquire? sincerity, unselfishness, simplicity and family affection—these are excellent characteristics whenever or wherever one may live. I wonder whether a few of the tears shed by audiences over "Little Women" may not be expressions of an unconscious regret that with all our getting, we have lost so much that is truly precious.

## It Seems to Me

—BY HEYWOOD BROWN—

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—The mist was on Manhattan.

I had thought to put into my treasury of memories the recollection of the manner in which prohibition died on Broadway. But the head waiter said, "I'm very sorry we can't serve you with a drink. The flash had just come through. Repeal is passed by Utah."

It is, ladies and gentlemen, a strange land in which we live. Perhaps you have observed as much. Far in the foothills of the Rockies bearded delegates assemble to say that John Barleycorn was buried by mistake and that a mirror held up to his lips is most distinctly cloudy. And the net result of that turns out to be that I can not get a cocktail on Fifty-first street.

## A Man of Character

BEING of a resourceful nature, I am not one to be dissuaded by a single rebuff. "Here in the magical city," I thought to myself, "there are many mansions and an equal number of corner locations. Somewhere the citizens are blowing horns and putting on paper caps and making vague insinuating gestures in the direction of Bishop Cannon."

I actually was not intent upon wearing any carnival regalia; nor did I care particularly about thumbing my nose at any lost leaders. I wanted a cocktail.

It came into my mind that the political upheaval which had just occurred was in the nature of a new charter of freedom for the hotels of the town. I suppose it is well-nigh fifteen years since I have dined in any New York hostelry. All of them have been haunted by the wealth of former newsmen. I like my dinner without benefit of "The Last Roundup" crooned or belted in my ear, and even so I feel a shade too secluded in such spots as those where old gentlemen tread softly on thick carpets and whisper through the empty rooms, "Clear soup or cream of spinach."

In the last fifteen years every New York hotel has stood as a convincing replica of Napoleon's tomb. Even with the oysters each stray guest has been minded to ask, "And what was his last word?"

But this was the night of repeal—an epoch in Manhattan. As far as my own inclinations were, I would have been quite satisfied to go home to bed with a good book, but I had to think of my descendants. Surely the day would come when one of the grandchildren would climb upon my knee and say, "Now tell us, Heywood, did you get cockeyed and play some prominent part in the great celebration when repeal first came to New York City?"

## For Those to Come

WHAT a fool I would seem in those days to come if I stroked my long white beard and responded gently, "No, child; I retired early in life and read the poems of Keats or Shelley."

And if I said, "And would you like to hear the story of Goldilocks and the three bears?" I assume the answer might well be, "To hell with Goldilocks, grandma! We want to hear about the night that prohibition died."

Accordingly, I was moved by my duty to my descendants and walked a full three blocks to a hotel which I knew had obtained an early license. Trying to put myself into the mood of the occasion, I remarked jovially to the doorman, "It's pretty swell to sit down once again to a nice quart of champagne."

"Yes," he replied, "Wouldn't it be fine if you could get it?"

This I put down to the score against whimsical humor and proceeded to the American Indian and Javanese room. The head waiter was a friend of mine back in the long ago and recognized me.

"You look just the same," he said reassuringly, "Maybe eighty or ninety pounds heavier, but you haven't changed a bit."

"Never mind about the compliments," I told him. "Can you get me some dinner in a hurry?"

"I suggest the frogs' legs or the scallops," he answered, "and how about a brimming mug of ice-cold legal beer?"

"Wine," I murmured brokenly, "or whiskey, gin, rum, brandy or bacardi."

## Treasures of the Warehouse

HE spread his hands in a gesture of apology. "Tomorrow, perhaps, but at the moment all those things are in the warehouse. How about some nice cold beer?"

And so I fled into the night and shouted wildly, "Home, James!"

What a night! I can say to my descendants that the Goldilocks would make a more exciting story.

And over the noise of the fitful traffic two other sounds rang in my ears. I heard the sad monotone of the head waiter explaining, "We can not serve you with a drink, because repeal has just gone through."

And beyond this came a loud and much more annoying vibration. It was a sort of cackle—a loud and shrill. It came from the vocal cords of the gentleman with the last laugh. It was, I fear me, very much the venerable Bishop James M. Cannon, whispering through the ether, "You can't have your repeal and drink it."

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## Why

BY VIRGINIA KIDWELL

I don't know why your kisses are so different from the rest. Nor why I feel like crying when I'm held against your breast. I don't know why I tremble when you praise me or admire. Nor why it's bliss to hear your voice come slow along the wire.

They say it's love. I only know it's terrible for me. To have my hope of happiness depending utterly Upon your slightest wish or whim—up to you, my highest mood. It's terrible—and yet, I would not change it if I could!

## DAILY THOUGHT

All things are full of labor; man can not utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.—Ecclesiastes, 1:8.

LABOR is the handmaid of religion.—Charles H. Parkhurst.