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It Seems to Me

By

Joe Williams

Pinch Hitting for Heywood Brown

IT isn't likely that the spiritual significance of Sunday's Easter parade is lost on everybody. There is nothing in the Scriptures that denies a person the right to be sweet and swell at the same time. I never had myself measured for a long time. Or a morning suit. Once I did own a high hat, but not for long. Mr. Walter Hagen ruined it demonstrating a pitch shot in a hotel suite. It was a convincing demonstration. It convinced me that that is the proper use for a high hat.



Joe Williams

Practically all I know about the Easter parade is what I read in the newspapers the next day. Almost invariably some preacher gets up in his loft and sounds off about the sinfulness of vanity as opposed to the humility of the soul.

This always struck me as poor judgment, if not impertinence. I think if I were a churchman I wouldn't care how the congregation fixed itself up as long as it was in the pews when the chimes tinkled. And, besides, if I wanted to fix myself up in a clean collar and a fresh haircut that ought to be my business.

Supposedly it is a great social injustice because some people are able to get themselves all plumed up in gay fabrics for Easter services and some are not. In a better ordered world such a situation probably wouldn't exist. But just what does this have to do with devotion?

The Tonic of Dress

I HAVE never been swayed very much by the ardent exhortations of advertising people to participate in such piquant adventures as "Get-yourself-a-pair-of-garters-week" and the like, but I do hold to the theory that a little slicking up never made anybody feel the worse for it. I still don't believe it violates any of the commandments, either.

Very likely there are a number of people who turn out for the Easter ceremonies in the spirit of parade than prayer. Even this doesn't seem wholly blasphemous. At least there is a manifestation of the joy of living. And there are moments when this isn't a black crime.

Just the same I wish the Academy of Specific Classifications would decide whether the boys and girls step out on Easter to pop the eyes of the on-lookers or whether they are on the level with their piety. It is too big a show to remain uncharted and unmanaged.

Any one of our better impresarios could do a lot with it. I have a few suggestions myself. Right off there is not enough regimentation. There are too many loose ends. Everybody looks alike in a silk top. You never can be sure whether you are blinking at an Astor or an O'Shinkee.

This can lead to embarrassing predicaments. No one likes to tear off nine cheers and a locomotive for one of the blue bloods and then find he has been deceived into whooping it up for the head shipping clerk. I mean it makes you feel a little like Winnie the Pooh, especially around the ears.

I am told, too, no accommodations exist for the humble neck stretchers. This seems a singular lack of business acumen on the part of a city that has been so extraordinarily successful in capitalizing the creature comforts of its taxpayers.

Who's the Champion?

A CASH-IN-HAND reviewing stand would serve a double purpose. If the Easter paraders want to be seen there must be just as many commoners who want to see them. It is on this same theory that newspapers publish society columns—the Cinderella theory that Maggie the maid goes into an envious droll over a Park avenue address.

Don't question me on the soundness of this theory. I am neither by competency nor biology equipped to be a maid. All I can say is that the Park avenue teas never have moved me to any painful yearnings for a higher estate in life. To be frank, though, they even in the readings, have been helpful. I find them a most undisturbed slumber.

Another glaring weakness in the Easter pageant is the failure of the promoters—if there are promoters—to recognize the American fetish for champions. Who was the champion clothes horse of 1933? What are his (her) chances to repeat? Howze the old whip, the old legs, the old life to win?

It would be interesting to read, I believe, the following morning that Mr. J. Edgington Wilfibre retained his championship by appearing in a startling streamline innovation that combined the best sartorial features of Adolphe Menjou and Grover Whalen, with three added courtesy points for a south of France swag.

All right, give it your way. Maybe it wouldn't. All I wanted to know in the beginning was whether this was a parade or a pilgrimage. In either event I still maintain that it could be made more exciting, without seriously affecting the higher note. Did you ever see W. C. Fields juggle? There's a man who knows what a cane is for!

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEE

THE real sign of the doctor of today, instead of the rod and serpent of a previous period, is the stethoscope.

This little machine was brought into medical practice around 1800. The story of its development is one of the romances of medical practice.

A French physician named Rene Laennec was treating a young aristocratic woman. Doctors used to listen to the heart beat and to the sounds within the chest by putting their ears down on the skin.

However, in the charity hospitals many of the patients were infected with venereal disease, and it was not very pleasant for the doctor to carry on these investigations. Furthermore, the modesty of an earlier generation and the relationships of the average person to the aristocracy made this much too intimate a performance for the physician to perform on a person of superior class.

DR. LAENNEC was anxious to listen to the heart beats of the young woman and found himself in a dilemma. He went out to walk in the gardens of the Louvre.

There he saw two boys playing with a log. One boy listened at one end and the other boy scratched or tapped at the other end.

Dr. Laennec asked, "What are you doing?" The boys explained that the sound passed down the log.

Dr. Laennec went back to his room in the hospital, rolled up a sheet of cardboard, and walked into the patient's room. He put one end of the tube on his patient's chest and his ear at the other end of the tube. He could hear the heart beats distinctly.

THE first stethoscope was called, because of its shape, a bato. Gradually developments were made in this device so that today the familiar stethoscope has a bell for collecting the sound and two rubber tubes that pass to ear pieces which fit into the ears of the physician.

A new discovery is the application of radio amplification to the stethoscope idea. Now it is possible to step up the sound that comes through the stethoscope.

Heart murmurs in disease of the heart valves and changes in the sounds of the air in the lungs, as occur in bronchitis, pneumonia, and tuberculosis, can be made audible even to whole auditoriums of physicians at one time.

Arrangements can be made to send these amplified sounds over telegraph wires and then to reamplify them in auditoriums hundreds of miles away.

Furthermore, the changes in the heart sounds in various types of heart disease, and the changes in the sounds of the lungs, as they occur in tuberculosis, pneumonia, abscess of the lung, and other conditions, have been recorded on wax records.

Then these records are used in medical schools to teach the significance of these sounds in relationship to disease.

NIPPON IRKED BY U. S. IN PACIFIC

Japan Resents Uncle Sam Playing the 'Bully', Says Matsuoka

This is the fifth and last of a series of articles on Japan, first of several series to be written by William Philip Simms, famed Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor, while on tour of the world for The Times.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor

TOKIO, April 3.—Uncle Sam's proclivity to play the "bully" in the Pacific, and the tendency of the United States, Russia and China to interplay, are imperiling peace of the Far East.

Such, in a paragraph, is the theme of one of the most outspoken utterances yet made by fiery Yosuke Matsuoka, who, by his frank speech as Japan's chief delegate to Geneva during the Manchurian "war," earned for himself the picturesque sobriquet of "walking dynamite."

"I am afraid," he told me in the course of an evening at his handsome foreign-style home here, "that there are misunderstandings on both sides of the Pacific. Let me speak frankly."

"On our side, Japan is irritated over America's insistence on playing the big boy's part in the east. At least, so it appears to us. We refuse to be bullied and resent any attempt at it."

"We have consistently respected your rights and interests in your sphere of influence and never once challenged the Monroe Doctrine. I want to ask you to respect Japan's Monroe Doctrine on the right of self-defense."

"When I say Monroe Doctrine, I refer to the doctrine as expounded by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Kellogg, two of your former secretaries of state, who gave us to understand that the Monroe Doctrine, in the final analysis, rests upon the right of self-defense."

"Should America recognize and respect Japan's Monroe Doctrine of the east, many misgivings on our part will disappear."

I trust America's aim is peace on the Pacific. But the thesis of peace forbids Japan even a sporting chance in fighting America.

"You propose to police the vast Pacific ocean by yourselves. At least that is our impression."

"No powerful and self-respecting nation, however, would ever consent to be bound hand and foot by others. Just reverse the case: Would America allow herself to be so bound by Japan? I know the answer would be a definite 'No.'"

"America tries to impose upon us an inferior naval ratio and Japan resists it. Herein lurks a danger to peace."

"To avert this danger, America must revise her policy and must more clearly show an attitude of co-operation with Japan and

Great Britain for maintenance of tranquility in the Pacific.

"Why must you act in such way as to impress upon others that you alone are to be trusted in the police duty of the Pacific?"

I had asked Mr. Matsuoka for his views on the 1933 naval conference. He did not hesitate to state them. There is nothing of the "inscrutable" oriental of fiction about this twentieth century Samurai. Educated in America, his mind works like an Occidental's.

He is accustomed to speaking his piece, whether to his own people, to the staid dignitaries of the league of nations, or to foreigners.

Equivocations never settle anything, he says. They only pile up mischief.

"THE 1935 conference," he continued earnestly, "must succeed. We can not afford to let it fail. If the conference ends in rupture it will spell disaster for the world."

"But if we wish to insure its success it is high time for us to set about improving the feelings and sentiments in both Japan and America toward each other."

"This is a most urgent necessity. It is the first and fundamental condition of success."

Nor should this be difficult, in Mr. Matsuoka's opinion. There is no material cause of conflict between the two countries.



Yosuke Matsuoka, who bears the picturesque nickname of "Walking Dynamite," leads the fight against the present system of party rule in Japan. He is shown here in a picture which he photographed for William Philip Simms.

But, he warned, "mere absence of apparent cause for conflict does not, in itself, constitute a sufficient guarantee for peace."

America, he argued, is vastly richer than Japan. So she can afford to build many ships while Japan can ill afford to do so.

Thus, he reasoned, "if America truly looks for peace, she should stop building and Japan would do the same."

"If, however, America continues to build—thereby incidentally betraying a suspicious mentality toward us—we also will build to the last cent of our purse."

"What about your contention for parity?" I asked.

"The Japanese contention for parity with America and Great Britain," he replied, "is a matter of principle. It should not alarm you at all."

The Theatrical World

Katharine Cornell Will Take Part in Ibsen Play

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

AS Miss Katharine Cornell opened her engagement in Cincinnati after closing three tremendous days at English's last Saturday night, the actress announced her plans for next season.

She will open her first next season in New York City next December with William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

During the season, Miss Cornell will make her first appearance in Ibsen as Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm." Her other plays will include "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and "Candida," which she presented here last week.

Each of these plays will be given for a limited period only in New York.

Ray Henderson, press representative for Miss Cornell who is now in New Orleans making arrangements for the star's visit there soon, sends the following:

"Basil Rathbone, English star of the stage and the screen, returns to the New York stage next season in the leading male role of Miss Cornell's repertory, which, except for Rosmer in the Ibsen drama, he has played with the actress on tour this season."

Rae Samuels Booked Here

THE LYRIC THEATER announces that Rae Samuels, known as "The Blue Streak of Vaudeville," will open a week's engagement at the Lyric next Friday in her own unit, "Cocktail Hour." The show was written and staged especially for Miss Samuels by Macklyn McGee.

It embraces half a dozen sumptuous scenes and the star is supported by a company of thirty entertainers, including Kitty Doner, celebrated male impersonator; Olyn Landick, character comedian; Eleanor Whitney, dancer; the Harmony Co-eds, singing instrumentalists, the Five Wonder Girls, athletes, and many others.

On View Here Today

LOCAL theaters today offer: "Broadway Merry-Go-Round" on the stage and "Dark Hazard" on the screen at the Lyric; "This Man Is Mine" and "Man of Two Worlds" at the Indiana; "Road to Ruin" at B. F. Keith's; George White's Scandals at the Apollo; "Wonder Bar" at the Circle; "Rip-tide" at Loew's Palace; "Miss Fane's Baby Is Evil" and "Caroline" at the Fountain Square, and burlesque at the Mutual.

Keith's Reopened

Keith's theater reopened yesterday with what is billed as a new version of "The Road to Ruin," which shows what might happen to the average high school girl when she yields to the lure of momentary pleasures.

While "The Road to Ruin" succeeds in pointing the moral that "the wages of sin is death" for the youngsters who succumb to diversions and laxities of a jazz-mad age, it is also a sickening indictment of parents who are heedless of the sort of example they set.

It may be recalled that this is the picture co-directed by Mrs. Wallace Reid.

Helen Foster plays the role of the high school girl who is edged on by her classmates first into

URGE CITY BUY WATER COMPANY

150 at Grandview Civic Club Meeting Favor Officials' Action.

Municipal ownership of the Indianapolis Water Company was advocated at a meeting of the Grandview-North Side Civic League last night in the Sutherland Presbyterian church. Approximately 150 persons attended.

It was announced that a petition favoring purchase of the water company had been signed by persons living in the league district and would be presented to the Federation of Community Civic Clubs for presentation to city officials.

Changing the name of Cornell avenue to Winthrop avenue and prohibition of fishing in Fall creek along the boulevard section also were discussed. C. H. Money, league president, reported that the board of park commissioners has promised to post the Fall creek boulevard section against fishing and that the city council will change the name of Cornell avenue to Winthrop avenue.

League members were entertained with a musical program after the business meeting.

Boy, 5, Drowns in Creek

SULLIVAN, Ind., April 3.—Wandering away from his home, Philip Wence, 5, was drowned yesterday when he fell into a creek. He was found in three feet of water by his mother, Mrs. Donald Wence, Shelby, but efforts to revive the child failed.

League members were entertained with a musical program after the business meeting.

Now at Keith's. (By Observer.)

Professor Dies on World Cruise

MANILA, P. I., April 3.—Professor Stanley Galpin of Trinity college, Connecticut, died suddenly aboard the liner President Van Buren Sunday night. It was learned today when the boat reached here. He was on a trip around the world.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"Yes, I agree with you; it's probably the funniest story I've written."

'Twas a Noble Riot—How the Fur Did Fly!

'If This Comes Under the Head of Amusement, Give Me a Grade A Scrap Anytime,' Muses Cop.

DAWN broke over historic Tomlinson hall today with Lieutenant Dan Cummings and his men in command of a situation which the coppers termed more trying than riots, strikes or bandit raids.

Mopping his rubicund face, Lieutenant Cummings ruefully surveyed his torn uniform. Manacled to a patrolman's wrist was Miss Cleo Davis, 25, of 1318 Cornell avenue, a dark-hued woman in a tattered evening dress.

Near her, patrolman Chester Timmerman, a rotund copper, his uniform badly torn, noted in a little black book that Miss Davis was arrested, charged with disorderly conduct, which included kicking him in the pants and profanity.

The floor of the dance hall was strewn with broken bits of furniture, a broken bass drum, bits of torn clothing and other evidence which denoted that a conquering army had passed that way.

"I've been a cop for twenty-four years," Lieutenant Cummings ruminated. "But never have I seen anything like this here. If this comes under the heading of amusement, give me a grade A riot anytime."

THUS did the great Negro social event—the grand ball of Persian Temple No. 46—end early today in a blaze of glory.

It had been an eventful evening with all the beauty and gallantry of Indiana avenue represented by the gobs of the Temple and their ladies. In limousines and taxicabs, the elite arrived last night to celebrate the occasion.

All the women present were in evening dress, modeling the styles which will be the fashion this spring. The men wore Zouave uniforms with gaudy red pants and fezzes or the more formal evening attire of tails and white ties. Many silk hats were in evidence. And those who did not have a full dress suit, or tuxedo, wore their Easter Sunday best.

At the check room door, Beverly (Beil) Howard, Negro politician, 1439 Martindale avenue, watched Frank Preston, to whom he had sold the checking privileges, take fur coats and wraps. He smiled unctuously as he carefully noted

that 2,000 coats at a dime apiece would mean a very tidy sum.

Beaming with good will, Harry (Goosie) Lee, cabaret proprietor and politician greeted all hands with outstretched hand. It was a great evening. The music was superb and the assemblage was brilliant and colorful.

Suddenly the music ceased. There was a mad scramble for the coat room. The stampede started with some polite jostling, which became a mad rush as the urbane Mr. Lee discovered that the cardboard tickets penciled with numbers called for the wrong cloaks in many cases.

BRACING his broad back against the check room door "Goosie" Lee pleaded for order. Like Horatio at the bridge, he vainly tried to stem the attack. He waved his hands in frantic gestures. With his mouth to one of the loud speakers at the end of the hall he orated loudly for ten minutes calling on the nobles and their ladies to "take it easy."

But he was a voice crying in the wilderness. Four thousand arms reached simultaneously for coats and hats. Four thousand legs beat a heavy stampede. "Goosie" went down in a "flying wedge."

As women screamed and cursed, agile escorts scrambled over the walls of the small checkroom like squirrels. Mrs. Georgia Abrams, widow of a former prominent politician, cried with rage when she saw a tattered cloth coat in place of her \$400 seal skin evening wrap.

Somebody put in a call for the police. First to arrive with a squad was Sergeant Harry Schley. The coppers were tossed about like chaff in a dark, stormy sea. Three women fainted in the crush. On the floor amid hundreds of torn garments a hundred Nobles and their ladies scrambled to obtain their own coats or better garments.

A hurry call was put in for more police. Lieutenant Cummings and his men arrived on the scene and joined the battle.

At 4 a. m. the siege ended. Once resplendent Nobles in tattered uniforms and full dress suits limply escorted their ladies to automobiles. A score or more merry-makers nursed bruises and lacerations for more than \$1,000 worth of clothing was missing.

Eighth Grade to Give Play "Beats on a String," a play will be presented by the eighth grade of the University Heights school tonight and tomorrow at 7:30 in the school gymnasium.

VLADIVOSTOK-MOSCOW DIRECT WIRE OPENED

5,900-Mile Telegraph Line Links Europe and Far East.

By United Press
VLADIVOSTOK, Siberia, April 3.—A direct telegraph line 5,900 miles long has been opened between Vladivostok and Moscow, it was announced today.

The line is expected to have important bearing on communications between European Russia and the far east. Heretofore there have been several intermediary stations on the line, necessitating relaying of messages and causing delay in transmission.

Fair Enough

By

Westbrook Pegler

DID you ever hear how it came about that the circus midget hopped upon J. P. Morgan's lap at the session of the senate finance committee last summer and whose idea it was and all such that?

This was beyond question the most audacious circus publicity stunt ever perpetrated and an odd thing about it all is that Ringlings got scared and refrained from exploiting the feat in the side-show banners. In fact, the press agent who seems to have been responsible for it, in a general way, still insists that he didn't really put it over and tails it a miracle.

J. P. Morgan was one of the great unphotographables. He and his father before him had been hell on photographers. If you managed to snipe a fuzzy long-shot of a Morgan you had done something and, like as not, you would get a flog over the head with a black jack or walking stick in the doing of it and then get fired, too.

So that was how it was one evening last summer when Frank Braden, the press agent of the Ringling show, was sitting around the Press Club in Washington, having a few of those decimal beers with some friends from the papers and discussing historic pranks of such master press agents as Clint Finney and Dexter Follows, and all that mischievous tribe.

Mr. Braden was sitting there with Jerry Doyle, the picture editor of the Washington Times, and Jack Daly, the dramatic critic of the Washington Post, and some cameraman whose name Mr. Braden says he can not now remember.

He Wasn't There

NEVER did get the exact straight of what happened after that. Some one grabbed Lia by the hand and led her up to Morgan and plop, the first thing anybody knew the photographers were banging away all over the place. Personally, I was out at the show lot at the time, riding in a White House car, to fix up some seats for the Dalk kids, the President's grandchildren, for the show next day.

"When I came back to town I asked the White House driver if he would mind to stop off a minute at the Washington Times office, and when I went in the door, who came busting out of the door but Jerry Doyle with a great big, dripping print of Lia sitting on J. P. Morgan's lap.

"I grabbed it out of his hand and yelled, 'It's a dirty lie! It couldn't happen!' And Jerry said, 'My friend, the camera doesn't lie!' Well, then came the peculiar angle. The Times refused to print the picture and so did a lot of other papers, and old Carter Glass was going to sling all the photographers out of the committee sessions. Glass and Ferd Pecora sent a telegram as long as a night watchman's dream, squawking about how repugnant this picture was, and I could tell the heat was on.

Birth of an Idea

MR. BRADEN, himself, allowed that it was a shame that they couldn't somehow contrive to get Mr. Morgan to ride one of their elephants around the ring, and Jerry Doyle said, "Hey, what about some kind of a hook-up between Morgan and Major Mite?"

Mr. Braden shook his head to that one because Major Mite, the smallest adult in the world, is not good material. It isn't that he is exactly dumb. But he lacks showmanship. If he were a man of normal size he would be running a neighborhood notion store.

"But, wait," said Mr. Braden. "Lia Graf is back with us this year. Lia is a great little troupier. I wonder if we could do anything with Lia."

Lia is a German woman, about 24, who could keep house in a derby hat. She is a capsule grand dame with a way about her and plenty of imagination.

"Now I wish I could think of the photographer's name," Mr. Braden said, "because he is the one who really put it over. Schultz? Smith? No, that isn't it. I can't think of his name, but this photographer put in to say that his boss, the boss of his picture service, was the gamest newspaper picture guy in the world. He was a guy out of Cleveland and he would get you a picture of the Grand Lama of Tibet kissing a billy-goat if you put him up to it.

"Well, we had been telling Lia that she ought to go around and visit the White House this trip and she was all boiled up over the idea, so we told her she would have to go around to the senate finance committee the next day to get her pass to go to the White House. So Lia got all excited, and the next day, about noon, Lia showed up at the senate wing with her sister, a nigger sister, normal-sized woman, and a couple of German friends who live in Washington.

Just an Accident

BUT George Whitney, Morgan's partner, who is a smart guy, saw that the reaction would do Morgan a lot of good and he interceded and got the cameramen back.

"When I saw Lia I asked her who put her on J. P. Morgan's lap and she said it was a big red-faced man. But he wasn't a cameraman. Just a red-faced man. So I give you my word I don't know this day how this miracle happened, exactly, although I don't suppose I'd write a fire anybody off of the papers for it now, do you? I mean like firing that photographer and his boss who came out of Cleveland."

I always kind of thought a picture like that would be something swell for the banners on the sideshow, but all we did with the stunt was refer to it in the lecture before Lia's pitch. But Lia did very well for herself. She used to sell postcard pictures of herself for a dime a copy before the miracle. But after the ah, now, the accident, she raised the price to a quarter and sold them by the thousands."

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Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

HOW closely man is related to the so-called great apes or anthropoid apes—the gibbon, the orang-outang, the chimpanzee and the gorilla—is one of the questions which biologists are not yet agreed.

It is sometimes said by the uninformed that evolutionists claim that men are descended from monkeys. That, of course, is not the case.

What the evolutionists do claim is that man belongs to a more general animal family, namely, the primates. Included in this family are the lemurs, the tarsiers, the New World monkeys, the Old World monkeys, the anthropoid apes, and man.

All the members of this family are cousins, but the exact degree of relationship is still a subject for argument.

Evolutionists represent man's inheritance with the familiar device of a tree. The trunk represents the original stock, a sort of tree-dwelling, insect-eating shrew who lived some 50,000,000 years ago.

Gradually branches developed from the trunk. The first to develop is represented today by the lemur, the most primitive of all primates. The lemur is midway between the monkeys and the ordinary quadrupeds. He has fairly good eyes, but a dog-like muzzle.

Next came the tarsier, a pop-eyed, monkey-like creature. His eyes are directed forward like those of the monkey.

Then in succession came the New World monkeys, so called because they are found in South America today, the Old World monkeys, found in the tropical parts of Africa and Asia, the anthropoid apes, and finally man.

TWO general opinions have been held by scientists as to the time when the human branch and the ape branch arose from the common stem. The most commonly accepted view places the time at about 5,000,000 years ago.