

## The Indianapolis Times

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1934.

## POOR JUDGMENT

THIS editorial is addressed to the parents of Indianapolis school children.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has ordered forty-three policemen from their regular duty of guarding school crossings and assigned them to an "emergency" in connection with the Real Silk strike.

This transfer was made suddenly and secretly six days ago without previous warning to parents, and department officials even felt it necessary to lie when The Times asked them if such a move had been made.

As a result hundreds of children, many scarcely out of babyhood, have failed for a week to receive the protection they need in making their way through traffic.

Why did the police so secretive? Why did they fail to notify the parents so that they might accompany their children yesterday? Are the police a private force subject to whimsical orders from the Real Silk management? Or are they maintained by ALL taxpayers for the benefit of ALL the citizens?

It is well to remember that a 6-year-old child, confused and endangered at a street crossing, is a citizen as much entitled to protection as the great and powerful Real Silk factory.

Some one has made a serious error in judgment here. There has been no disorder at the mill since the strike was called. Certainly there is no reason for the presence of forty-three policemen there.

An official explanation should be immediately forthcoming from the city authorities setting forth fully why those forty-three policemen were transferred from school crossing duty. If the safety of children is to be endangered by an "emergency" at Real Silk the public has a right to know in detail what it is.

The only "emergency" we know of at the hosiery plant is that a group of its employees have demanded the right of collective bargaining by representatives of their own choosing in accordance with the labor policies of the Roosevelt administration.

## OTHER "REVOLUTIONISTS"

NOW that the public has had its laugh at Dr. Wirt, whose revolutionary plot bomb turned out to be only a firecracker, a more serious question arises. Why is Dr. Wirt and his group of the committee for the nation so anxious to destroy public confidence in the Roosevelt administration and the new deal? And why do they stoop to such methods?

Governmental red bugaboos of this kind are not new; every two or three years they are manufactured. But they usually are not seriously by any one but the illiterate and ignorant.

Mr. Rand, the big industrialist and active head of the committee for the nation, is an exceedingly intelligent and reputable citizen. It was he who first peddled the Wirt stuff to congress and forced national publicity. Mr. Rand must have known then, as the world knows now, its puny and contradictory nature.

The country is accustomed to irresponsible old ladies of both sexes shadow-flirting with such goblins. The country is also aware that unscrupulous men sometimes use these red fakes to mask their own selfish business, as described some years ago by R. P. McGregor, head of the National Electric Light Association's Illinois branch: "My idea would be not to try logic or reason but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponent."

Unwilling to class the reputable leaders of the committee for the nation in either of those two irresponsible classes, we wonder how and why such men as Mr. Rand got involved in this performance. If they were fooled and were not trying to mislead the public by smearing the new deal, is it not about time that they say so?

After all they are a propaganda organization working for what is described as a "revolutionary" monetary change. Is it not fair that the full purposes and operations of such an organization be as open as the Tugwell and Wallace public speeches out of which the Wirt hoax was spun?

## HITLER AND ALASKA

NOW at last we know the place where there dwells a woman after Herr Hitler's own heart. If the dictator doesn't mind cold weather he will find the lady living in Alaska.

He will find, also, that she is the mother of about twenty children. You see, she lost the count a few years ago and never regained it. She can't think of anything that is more fun than having babies. So she has them.

The German ruler has done his best to make members of the feminine contingent of his realm understand that it is their duty to multiply that their descendants may inhabit the earth.

Mussolini has also tried to make the Italian tribe increase.

But it took a woman from the land of the midnight sun to agree voluntarily that giving birth to children is to be expected. The snow lady doesn't think that babies are a bit of trouble, either. Yes, Hitler and Mussolini would have tried her.

No one has any right at all to make with a woman who of her own volition wants and has children, yes up to the number of thirty-five! But for a man to suggest that she should, is an utterly different matter.

Besides, the Eskimo lady wanted babies. She had her own way about it. Few German or Italian women honestly take the roll call every year hoping to increase it within the next nine months. They want families, of course.

But when a family partakes of the nature of a children's home, we might as well have state institutions for child care. A family

that is reared on the wholesale plan can't be trained in certain fine points of living.

There isn't enough money, either, for the necessary education and doctors' and dentists' bills, as a rule. However, if it is only to bear gins that sons are wanted, it isn't necessary to trouble with the niceties of living. Nobody ever will know which boy read Shakespeare and which one never got beyond the street corner where Tom started his shoe-blacking.

Ever since the first tribes grew angry with each other, made weapons and tried to decimate one another's populations a certain percent of the world's energy has gone into protective agencies which spell death for enemies. As long as one country likes to sing its national anthem while the soldiers parade the rest will have to have reviews and drums and naval academies, too.

To have children and rear them for army life is a brutal thing to do. If we must have war why not make millions of nine-pins and give the gold cup or the ten square miles of somebody's little lost kingdom to the country with the best shooting average? We could parade and sing and hold balls when the boys come home. There wouldn't be any ghosts watching from the corners.

There wouldn't be any green beds in strange and alien lands where homesick men sleep fitfully in unwelcome graves. There wouldn't be any women, weary from too much childbearing, who wonder, broken-hearts, why life has no rhythm but the beat of challenging drums.

To have children because one loves to have them a pleasing incident. If the ice lady wants ten more, may she have them, and we'll wish her twins and triplets gladly, too! But to have them because an order has gone through the land—

Wouldn't Hitler love ruling Alaska?

## JOHOLDERS ALL ALIKE

THOSE who feel that the payments to

World war veterans constitute an undue drain on the American treasury, which no government can reduce without running great political risks, should cast their eyes for a moment at the difficulties the French government is having with its bureaucracy.

The French government has some 800,000 employees. They are well organized and militant. For years they resisted efforts to reduce either their numbers or their pay. Successive parliaments shied away from the job of cutting the federal pay roll.

Now the government is moving. A tenth of the 800,000 have been ordered discharged, and 10 per cent of the pay of those who remain is to be slashed. Otherwise, the French budget can not be balanced.

And the workers are up in arms. New riots are feared as a result of the move. All in all, the French face a problem so knotty it makes our difficulties over veterans' bureau expenses seem rather mild.

## THESE SMART CATS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, the novelist who has written so eloquently of his fondness for dogs, broke down the other day and admitted that cats really are smarter than dogs.

They're smarter, that is, in that they're always looking out for number one. A dog will give you his loyalty and stick to you when there isn't anything in it for him. But not a cat.

"You, maybe, have had a cat for years and have treated it like a king," says Mr. Terhune. "I come along. I have a warmer kitchen and more milk and liver. Your cat gladly will come to my kitchen and desert you. To find a cat with loyalty would be like finding one with five ears."

Few people who have owned cats will be inclined to quarrel much with this assertion; indeed, the odd thing about it is that it is precisely this unrefined selfishness which makes the cat a nice pet.

For if the dog flatters the ego by plunging headlong into the most uncritical and selfless loyalty, the cat does it in a more subtle way by means of a haughty condescension.

A dog goes about the house humbly, looking gratefully at you for permitting him to stay there. A cat goes proudly, regally, looking through you or past you and quietly letting you understand that it is a rare privilege to provide the daily ration of milk and chopped liver.

Even when it submits to being petted—or, for that matter, even when it comes over and demands petting—it does so with an air that lets you know that it is strictly an impersonal matter, and that it is not committing itself in any way by accepting such a favor from you.

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## RARE OCCURRENCE

THE riots in Minneapolis, following discontinuance of the CWA work there, were singularly tragic, and the accounts of them make very depressing reading.

And yet their occurrence merely serves to emphasize the fact that we have come through four very difficult years with an amazingly small number of such disorders.

The endurance of many citizens has been strained almost to the breaking point. Yet the country, on the whole, has been extremely orderly and long-suffering.

Riots like this one in Minneapolis have been the exception, not the rule.

This being the case, it is the duty of the authorities to lean over backward in handling such outbreaks. America's unemployed have earned the right to lenient treatment when they do kick over the traces.

Our new leisure, says a professor, will be used in thinking and running for public office. But you can't do both at the same time.

The Soviet embassy at Washington has rugs that contain fifty shades of red. That's rubbing it in a little too much.

President Roosevelt's walking has improved. Let's hope he soon will be able to walk as well as he ran in 1932.

## Liberal Viewpoint

By DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES

THOSE who believe that religious problems have been banished from the modern world are unduly optimistic. Hitler is attempting to revive the primitive mythology of the Germans, while even in Russia the attack on one type of religion has been accompanied by a vast increase in the power and enthusiasm of another brand, namely, Communism.

Professor A. C. McGiffert was a distinguished student of Adolph Harnack, the foremost authority on the history of Christian thought. Doctor McGiffert easily was the outstanding American scholar in this field. He had planned a long series covering the entire history of Christian thought. His death prevented him from carrying the task beyond Erasmus (A History of Christian Thought by Arthur Cushman McGiffert. Volumes 1 and 2. Scribner, \$3.) The two volumes he was spared to finish are remarkable for both clarity and scholarship. Fortunately, earlier works of his on modern religious thought will enable the reader to carry the story down to date in reasonably satisfactory fashion.

Mr. Lipsky begins where Dr. McGiffert leaves off and gives us a very satisfactory introductory biography of Luther. (Martin Luther, German's Angry Man, By Abram Lipsky, Stokes, \$3.) There are no novel or revolutionary contributions made by the volume, but the author has familiarized himself with the leading works on the field and he writes in illuminating and intelligent fashion.

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RELATIONS between church and state are bound to remain important for many years to come. Hitler's difficulties are indicative of this fact. Therefore Dr. Walsh's study of the Concordat of 1801 is not only a fine piece of historical scholarship but a timely contribution to the study of one of the most important of all historic adjustments between church and state (The Concordat of 1801. By Henry R. Walsh, Columbia University Press, \$3.50).

George Seelos has made a very important contribution to religious and social history in his comprehensive study of the pope and the Vatican as it exists today (The Vatican: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow. By George Seelos, Harper's, \$3.75). It is a frank, thorough and nonpartisan picture of the capital of the Roman Catholic world in our day. It could be read with profit by protestants who have developed all sorts of curious notions concerning the papacy and the life and activities of the pope.

Those who confidently expect a great revival of supernatural religion turn back quite naturally to the Oxford movement of a century ago. There have been several good studies of the religious aspects of the Oxford movement, but it remained for Dr. Peck to provide us with the first thorough study of the social background and consequence of this important revival, led by Newman, Keble, Froude and Manning (The Social Implications of the Oxford Movement. By William George Peck, Scribner, \$2.50). The volume is a valuable contribution to English religious and social history.

The practical fiscal aspect of religion is exemplified in the vast extent of religious and charitable property exempt from taxation. This is a ticklish subject, and, hence, we may remember Mr. Saxe's thorough, financial and legal analysis which shows that in the city of New York about \$4,650,000,000 worth of property out of \$25,000,000,000 worth is exempt from taxation (Charitable Exemption From Taxation in New York State on Real and Personal Property. By John Godfrey Saxe, Lincoln Engraving and Printing Corporation, \$1).

TABERNACLE BOOSTS CITY ON NATIONAL SCALE

By a Reader

From time to time we hear people in this city knocking the work of the Cadle tabernacle, but I have yet to find one of these knockers who has any foundation for the knocking.

I think it would be well for them to start boasting, for that is what E. Howard Cadle is doing for Indianapolis. From the altar of this institution go converts who, in many cases, become the best workers in the churches.

Recently equipment was installed in the tabernacle to hook up with the WLW radio station. Now the programs from the tabernacle are reaching the nation and other countries.

It is time that Indianapolis people, and especially the Chamber of Commerce, awakened. It is a compliment to our city for it to lead the nation back to the family altar that our fathers and mothers knew.

More than one thousand letters are pouring into the tabernacle daily thanking Indianapolis for gospel messages in song and word. In fact, so heavy is the mail that extra stenographers are working from morning to night to answer these letters.

The good will which Cadle tabernacle is building for Indianapolis is priceless. While Cadle tabernacle is now a national institution, the same policy, that of bringing to Indianapolis the leading evangelists and articles on his contributions to social and intellectual progress by men well acquainted with his work. (Champion of Liberty. Charles Bradlaugh. Bradlaugh Centenary Memorial Volume. Freethought Press, \$3.) It is a valuable body of information on an Englishman whose thought and activities should be better known.

Capital Capers

BY GEORGE ABELL

THE proletarian "hot dog" has made its formal debut into Washington diplomatic society, under the high-sounding title of "Hot dog a la Mussolini."

This humble delicacy, transformed into a new and smart dish, was the piece de resistance at an elaborate bal masque given by three romantic bachelors of the royal Italian embassy—Signore Tomassi, Ferrero and Migone.

The three bachelors determined to inject novel features at their party. Five hundred guests gaped at the figure of a hot dog vendor who appeared on the floor of the grand ballroom, peddling his wares—politely termed "Hot Dog a la Mussolini."

Champagne was forgotten. Caviar was neglected. Delicious antipasto remained untouched, as eager groups gathered about the vendor. "Hot Dog a la Mussolini" threatens to become a staple dish on the Italian diplomatic menu.

Costumes at the Italian party were fanciful and brilliant—often absurd.

Rumanian Minister Davia was a poet symphony of blue and silver. Some one he represented a heavy rainfall outside Bucharest.

Baron Paul Shell of the Hungarian legion came as Harpo Marx or Karl Marx. He wore an old coat, a red wig, a silk hat and his customary expression of polite boredom.

The Italian bachelors themselves wore peasant costumes. Signor Migone, however, added the aristocratic touch of a tight pair of boots.

And all this, for some reason, is rather agreeable. The unmitigated snootiness of the cat actually is flattering. In a world where most people, in one way or another, have to put up with a good deal to keep the daily bread in the pantry, it is somehow cheering to find one pensioner who neither scrapes nor cajoles.

"If," says Mr. Terhune, "I could sponge like a cat, please God, I'd do it. The only thing a cat will ever do is something for herself."

Counselor Nano also was disguised. He omitted his monocle.

Once, apropos of nothing in particular, Signor Ferrero bellowed in his rich Neapolitan "Nuts!"

Some guests thought he was speaking Italian. A visitor wearing a lion's head was the only animal at the party (Ambassador Bossi's pet Spaniel having been locked up).

"Beeg bad wolf!" boomed Ferrero.

The lion seemed surprised.

Surrounded by popping balloons and showers of confetti, diplomats munched hot dogs a la Mussolini, cavorted and applauded Ferrero's capers.

Jules Henri, French embassy counselor, who once wore a brilliant purple costume with purple silk stockings to a masque at his own embassy, was dressed more formally. Diplomatic Jules takes no chances with the imperial purple in Fascist circles.

DRESSED in bright uniform, Rubio Vivot, Argentine's crack pistol shot, popped a few balloons and champagne corks.

Ambassador Minister Konzka, who was expected to arrive as Falstaff, failed to appear.

The Spanish embassy group, headed by young Ramon Padilla, received an ovation. Castanet clicked, the orchestra played an appropriate paso doble as Ramon capered.

Sidney's heroic orchestra played without pause from 11 until 5:30 o'clock.

At that hour, Signor Tomassi approached and

LAW SHOULD AID LABORING MEN

By Byron McCarthy

What kind of laws have you in Indiana that protect the laboring man who does not ask or probably is afraid to ask what an employer pays for his help, for fear he may

## INCONGRUOUS COSTUME

