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**Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way**  
FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1934

**HITLER TAKES ANOTHER TITLE**  
T O O much is being made of the fact that Hitler has merged the presidency with the chancellorship with himself holding the office thus created. There is probably little change in Hitler's actual power of dictatorship on that score.

It is said that the aged president was at least a moderating influence operating during Hitler's June "purgings," which involved the killing not only of Nazis in disfavor but also of some of the old marshal's closest friends. Nor was any restraining influence evident in Germany's part in the Austrian barbarity.

Hindenburg's share in the actual government of Germany disappeared when his enemy Hitler seized power.

Control of Hitler comes from different quarters: First, from giant Ruhr industrialists who helped to raise Nazism to power in order to destroy Socialism and the republic. Second, from extremists in the Nazi ranks who sometimes lead Hitler the leader. These two groups, financial masters and Nazi extremists, now are pulling in opposite directions.

But even more potent than these influences is the force of events. Hitler is retreating before facts.

He had to modify the Nazi terror against the Jews because of a growing international boycott and outraged world opinion. Now he has to cover up the tracks of his Austrian agents because virtually all Europe has united against him. He has forced the enmity of Russia, brought the suspicious France and Italy together, and provoked the London government to declare that England's defensive frontier henceforth is the Rhine.

He can not find friends among the nations and he can not feed the people at home. The Hitler dictatorship is likely to be the most colossal fiasco in modern history.

Whether Hitler can retreat fast enough and far enough to save his hide is the question.

**ANY OLD IRON FOR SALE?**

W HILE drawing comfort from the belated and not too tight embargo on the shipment of munitions to the Chaco jungle, we may well cast a skeptical eye upon the revival of scrap iron exports.

Bolivians and Paraguayans need finished arms to use in slaughtering each other, but to industrialized nations, raw products are the sinews of war.

Persons who think that scrap iron is merely something the junkman collects in alleys, will be surprised to learn that industrial nations at war or preparing for war are excellent customers of our scrap iron merchants.

It is something more than a coincidence that scrap iron exports from the United States in the first half of this year set an all-time record, while the same six months saw an increase in the tons of Chilean nitrates passing through the Panama canal, destined for Europe. Nitrates are the basis of explosives.

Japan, quarreling with Russia and China, bought more than half of our scrap iron exports. Italy, whose troops are on the Austrian border, bought almost twice as much as in the first six months of last year. England and Poland also bought more.

When the senate committee investigating the munitions traffic get around to it, they may find dragon's teeth in the scrap iron pile.

**A MARKET AND A PLAN**

M ANY believe the appearance of new inventions with a wide demand, such as the automobile and radio, brings an end to depressions.

Whatever the merits of that belief, America has an opportunity to expand the use of some old inventions, to increase business, employment and ease of living.

The department of commerce report on housing in sixty-three cities shows that only 389,974 out of 2,213,955 residential units enumerated have mechanical refrigeration. In sixty-three cities, there should be a market for two million mechanical refrigerators.

At the same time, the Tennessee Valley Authority announces that its low-priced refrigerators are ready for the national market. A four cubic foot box retails for \$72.30 to \$79.75. They are produced on EHFA—Electric Home and Farm Authority—specifications by nationally known appliance manufacturers. They may be sold under the TVA emblem in cities where the operating utility offers a rate schedule approved by the TVA.

The government has pointed out the market and the plan.

Refrigerators are only a starter. In the Tennessee valley water heaters and electric ranges already are on sale and other appliances are being designed by EHFA engineers.

If capital and the utilities co-operate, the nation can get increased business, employment and mechanical service.

**ROOSEVELT'S RETURN**

B ACK from his deep-sea vacation, President Roosevelt is welcomed home as enthusiastically as he was received abroad. Wherever the Roosevelt smile flashed, it spread good will. And he returns, having made neighboring republics more friendly and territories more loyal by his assurances that American imperialism is dead.

The President's cordial welcome home is due in part to the unprecedented popularity of the man, who is respected even by his critics for his courage in facing problems perhaps as difficult as any that ever challenged human solution.

More particularly the President's friends are glad to see him back because things have not gone so well in his absence. When he embarked five weeks ago there was much talk of

how business would take advantage of the "breathing spell" and pull itself out of the mire. Instead, business has stalled.

A year ago the recovery program outwardly manifested itself in ballyhoo and frenzied emergency action. But the program now has reached a stage where something more than a steam calliope is needed to pull it to the top of the hill.

The President returns to the task of salvaging the NRA, perhaps by combining it with the federal trade commission, establishing a new and permanent federal agency to keep the cannibals from devouring honest competitors and to help the workers get steady jobs and a fairer share of industry's earnings.

There is the yet-to-be-achieved promise of effective co-ordination of the multiple New Deal agencies, and the removal of artificial barriers to recovery raised by short-sighted political and business interests.

**NEW LAW, SAME PROBLEM**

T H E federal government is getting set to make a new drive against bootleggers and rum-runners.

That statement seems to put the clock back several years. It smacks of the old days when we took it for granted that the eighteenth amendment was here to stay. But it comes from Washington in the summer of 1934, more than a half year after the amendment was buried.

Details of this new drive have a strangely familiar sound. The alcohol tax unit of the internal revenue bureau is to be expanded. Coast guard forces all along the Atlantic coast are to be strengthened to strike at a new "rum row."

The new liquor bottle and label regulations will be enforced with all possible strictness. Lowering of the liquor tariff and tax rates is discussed, so that the price of legal whisky may be cut to meet illegal competition.

The American people had two chances to make mistakes in connection with the liquor traffic—and they took both of them.

First of all, we more or less took it for granted that by making the traffic illegal we would solve the whole, age-old liquor problem.

We tried that and it didn't work. After less than a decade and a half of prohibition we found that we had simply hopped out of the frying pan into the fire. Prohibition brought certain benefits, but it brought such flagrant abuses that the amendment was finally ousted from the Constitution by an overwhelming vote.

And then came our second mistake. Just as we had assumed originally that outlawing the traffic automatically would solve the problem, so now our child-like faith led us to believe that legalizing the traffic would do it. In the first instance we thought that all we had to do was pass a law; in the second, we thought that all we had to do was repeal one.

But the liquor problem, like death and taxes, seems to be inescapable. It was a knotty one under prohibition, and it is almost equally knotty under repeal. And it is just about as far from solution now as it ever was.

We have had altogether too much emotionalism on both sides of the fence. As a result, we have had nothing remotely resembling a cool, scientific study of the problem which might show us the best line of attack.

Unless we get something of that kind, we are apt to find that we returned to the drawbacks of an open liquor traffic without abolishing those of prohibition.

**COSTLY EXPERIMENT**

T H E problems of the naval architect are many and varied. A new revelation of their toughness comes in recent news from Japan.

Japanese naval designers several years ago adopted a policy of making ships of limited tonnage more powerful than any other ships of the same size by giving them extra allowances of armament and engines. Thus a small destroyer of 820 tons, the Sawarabi, was given three 4.7-inch guns—heavier weapons than any other fleet ever put on so small a vessel—and an even smaller destroyer, the Tomozuru, carried three 3-inch guns.

But these experiments failed to work. The ships were made top-heavy. Both the Sawarabi and the Tomozuru capsized and sank. And now the Japanese navy is rebuilding many of its newest ships, cutting down on gun-power to increase stability.

The designers would have revolutionized naval warfare if their scheme had been sound—but it wasn't, and it cost Japan millions of dollars and the lives of several hundred sailors to find it out.

**FIGURES STILL HIGH**

T H E unemployment index is probably as good a barometer of the state of the nation's health as there is. Various figures on unemployment are available, and most of them are different; but they generally agree that while we have taken a substantial bite out of our list of jobless men, we still have a long way to go.

Recent figures from the national industrial conference board, for example, show that the total number of unemployed workers in June this year was 7,934,000. This is a decline of 5,269,000, or just less than 40 per cent, from the peak of March, 1933—but it is also an increase of 89,000, or a little more than 1 per cent, from the figures for May, 1934.

We are certainly a great deal better off than we were when the depression was at its worst. On the other hand, the summer slump seems to be on, and at the moment unemployment is increasing instead of decreasing. The figures contain both encouragement and discouragement.

**PROMISING FIGURES**

A L THOUGH the customary "summer slump" in employment seems to be visiting us this year, the employment picture as a whole is slowly but surely improving.

Witness the fact that in May and June more men left the civilian conservation corps to accept private employment than during any previous two months since the corps was organized.

In case you're interested in exact figures, 10,028 CCC men found jobs in private industry during May, and 10,266 followed suit in June.

All this, to be sure, is only a small drop in a big bucket. But the figures are valuable as straws in the wind. Slowly, but surely, things are opening up for these young men. May the present trend continue!

**Liberal Viewpoint**

BY DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES

HISTORY is easy, but prophecy is far more difficult and hazardous. One can narrate readily the course of events which brought Dollfuss inevitably to his fate. It is not so simple a matter to predict the fate of Austria and of Europe, insofar as they may hinge on the fall of Dollfuss and a Nazi victory in Austria.

A Nazi Austria probably would mean for that country inevitable economic decline, ultimate collapse and the establishment of some kind of radical government, presumably Communist. Its fate probably will closely parallel that of Germany.

With Germany in a desperate economic and financial situation, the annexation of the even less fortunate Austria will not be likely to help matters or postpone the evil day of reckoning. What it will mean to the world if Germany and Austria go Communist is too remote and too complicated to warrant intelligent comment.

H OW the Dollfuss debacle and the triumph of Nazism in Austria would affect European politics and peace depends very largely upon the attitude of Italy. Mussolini is the moving spirit in European dictatorial rule. Hungary is only too eager to get a hint from Italy that a frank dictatorship would be agreeable to Mussolini, and Bulgaria would join in with gusto.

This would permit Mussolini to throw across Europe a most impressive Fascist cordon—Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. If England remains on the sidelines, as she will be likely to do for a while, this Fascist bloc would offer effective resistance to France, the Little Entente (Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia) and Poland.

I f the European lineup should follow this general pattern, it would be ominous for the peace of the world. It would mean that Europe would be divided into two armed camps as it was before 1914. It would need only a sharp diplomatic clash to set off hostilities as in 1914.

As to Dollfuss, even a charitably inclined commentator will be likely to agree that the observations of the editor of the New Republic are fair and conclusive.

"Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria will go down in history as one of the arch fiends of the class war. Nothing ever can wipe out the memory of the armed attacks on the workers in Vienna, Linz and other cities, the shattering with six-inch howitzers of apartments full of women and children—apartments that were models of housing and had replaced some of the worst slums in the world."

**Capital Capers**

BY GEORGE ABELL

C APABLE Mr. Freitas-Valle, the new Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, has flabbergasted diplomatic colleagues in Washington by actually addressing a conference in New York without a carefully typed speech.

"I thought," said Mr. Valle, "that it might be a good idea to just get up and talk."

Ever since coming to the United States, Brazil's attentive envoy has been listening to speeches. He heard oratory rolled out sonorously by Secretary of State Hull. He lent an ear to the rumbling perorations delivered by Commerce Secretary Roper. He received politely the carefully chosen utterances of Undersecretary of State Phillips. He hearkened to the modulated tirades of George Peek.

Mr. Valle heard and admired. But when a special delegation of coffee dealers, about to set out for Brazil, asked him to come to New York and make an address, he suddenly thought: "Why not give an extempore talk?"

He went to Manhattan, attended the coffee chat, and when his time came to talk—he talked. One man who heard him, exclaimed: "He was wonderful." American coffee men applauded enthusiastically.

Modest Mr. Valle bowed and (always alert in the interests of his country) declared: "I was inspired by a cup of Brazilian coffee."

A RGENTINE Ambassador Felipe Espl (who went to Washington from Hot Springs to attend the funeral of the Belgian ambassador, Paul May) is planning a series of parties for the cadets aboard the Argentine training ship President Sarmiento, when it arrives in the capital on Aug. 20.

The gallant Felipe and his naval attaché Captain William MacKinnon, who related to the late American President, will be guests of honor at a dinner on board the President Sarmiento. Later, Espl will act as host in turn at the embassy.

One serious question confronts the Argentine envoy. Where will he find Washington's lovely debutantes to entertain the cadets? All the debes are in Newport, Bar Harbor, Virginia Beach or Hot Springs. Will it be said by the departing cadets that mid-summer Washington boasts only old maids and widows?

Hence, much Espilian head scratching.

T H E recent edict of Secretary of Interior takes about employees in his department who spend too much time in the cafeteria of the building (although why any one should linger there is a mystery) has had its due effect. On a large blackboard in the cafeteria, those who are inclined to daily over their cups of morning coffee may read the neatly chalked admonition:

"Breakfast will not be served later than 7:45 a. m. and the dining room must be cleared by 8 o'clock. By order of Secretary Lick."

Incidentally, all government cafeterias seem to be doing a thriving business during the summer.

Largest of all in Washington is the commerce department cafeteria, adjoining an aquarium where diners may pick out their favorite fish—although not for edible purposes.

The most up-to-date government cafeteria is unquestionably the new postoffice restaurant where one finds everything modern from special spinach mashers to celery choppers. Incongruously enough, the state department—ranking department of the United States government—is probably less well equipped in its cafeteria service than any of the others.

Republican Committee Chairman Fletcher gave us some tall figures about the cost of the New Deal, perhaps to make the \$1,000,000 campaign fund he's seeking look to the prospects like a dime.

A Kansas City girl was found with more than 200 teeth in her mouth, which is almost as many as a person feels he has with a new set of uppers.

Another evil effect of the movies is the danger of being shot when you come out, as the death of Dillinger proves.

Eastern scientists have struck upon a chemical that will dissolve fog, but they don't recommend it for those whose minds are continually in a haze.

Kite flying has been made illegal in China, but you still can tell a fellow to go chase himself.

It has been suggested that Japan, divide the Pacific ocean fifty-fifty with the United States, since it's realized that fighting over this body of water isn't worth the salt.

General Johnson says he knows what a pincushion feels like. But you never heard a squawk out of a pincushion, have you?

That mule born recently in Missouri with three hind hoofs is like the weekly legalized 8 per cent beer. There's more kick to it.

**CUTTING DOWN THE ACCIDENT RATE**



**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.)

**OUTSIDER DISCUSSES DOLLARS AND DEBTS**

By A. W. M.  
Regarding your "Dollars and Debts" editorial of July 30, it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. I am neither a farmer nor a laborer, so I am on the outside looking in.

You visualize the national debt in terms of bushels of wheat as of March, 1933, at 49 cents a bushel, and July, 1934, at 87 cents a bushel. John Laborer got 40 cents an hour then and now, if and when he had a job. His hour in 1933 would buy more than four-fifths of a bushel of wheat, and this month his hour would buy less than half a bushel, so to him the debt is not twenty-seven billions of dollars, but around fifty billions, using your own comparison.

There are quite a few John Laborers and John's always can find an old rooster and pull a mess of turnips, but John Laborer can't eat city sidewalks.

**DISCUSSES ALTERNATIVES FOR WORKING CLASS**

By Station Attend.  
The writer knows he can do one of three things:

He can quit his job, seek another and failing to find it become an object of charity. The writer can do this, but won't. He can join a union, and he has done so. He can demand, through his union, that his fellow employees and he be permitted to bargain with their employer collectively—a promise of the NRA—and further, to determine, by vote, whether the union shall be within the company for which they work or become part of a national organization.

Through the union the writer and his fellow workers can demand a square deal and not grant it, can strike. If he strikes, he will, in all probability, become supplanted by some scoundrel scab who will be promoted on his job by armed militiamen.

If, after all reasoning fails, he attempts his goal by justifiable force, he will be beaten, cowed and eventually driven away. He can, then, go home and look into the faces of his wife and two children with the senseless stare of a flogged peon. And this will be called communism. The question is, when will the term be regarded in its eternally truthful light?

**PRaises EFFORT FOR CLEANER STREAMS**

By M. W. Dallas.  
The Crossroads Rod and Gun Club wishes to go on record as heartily endorsing your splendid effort to combat pollution of Indiana's streams, not only for the benefit of better fishing, but more important, for improved sanitary conditions.

Nature has done her best in this great state of ours by making her beauties as impressive as may be found anywhere. It is through the selfishness and carelessness of a minority which, in many cases, has spoiled the natural beauty.

If this minority can not seek to preserve rather than destroy, it is the duty of every man who group, we believe, to publicly and privately show him the error of his ways. Then if he will not desist his destructive ways, more stringent methods should be employed and

**Labor Union Foe Branded Pharisee**

By Forrest S. Roemer.

Will H. Craig's attack on union labor represents a point of view as old as history. It is the voice of the Pharisee and the voice of the Pharisee is the voice of reaction.

To resort to invective, and accuse Mr. Craig of holding the provincial viewpoint of the smug, retired business man or retired farmer who, having accumulated a small competence, and having by some miracle escaped the disaster of having this confiscated by failing banks with worthless stocks, would gain us little.

Mr. Craig is prolific with his squibs, all of which smack of opinions formed from too much reading of conservative newspaper editorials and no understanding of the economic consequences of power production.

George Soule, Stuart Chase, H. G. Wells, H. E. Barnes and Norman Thomas can interpret the forces at work in this changing world, but Mr. Craig's opinions were formed in the long, long ago. Like the poor, the Pharisee is always with us. In every age, when labor has struggled for a right to share in the world's new age of plenty, the Pharisee has been busy damning labor and pulling the exploiters' chestnuts out of the fire. Today as the middle class, in Germany, Italy and Austria you can hear him in the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Fascist band.

The Pharisee shrieks at union labor, which is not perfect, but do

men gain anything without organization? Is the labor a commodity or a group of human beings with rights, hopes, dreams and ambitions? "When did America people surrender their liberty and freedom of action?" asks Mr. Craig.

The answer is that liberty and freedom of action were lost when the natural resources and the means of production and distribution became the possessions of the few. He who does not own his job does not have liberty. Without industrial democracy, political democracy is a myth.

The Pharisee speaks of violence in strikes. Desperate men meet violence with violence. But did you ever hear of a policeman using violence on a sweatshop owner or chauffeur?

The Pharisee blames union labor for the high cost of operating the railroads in war time. But weren't the same old railroad executives in charge? Weren't the railroads thoroughly repaired, re-equipped and over-equipped at government expense?

The Pharisee is the faithful perpetrator of the old dogmas, myths and lore of the remote past. He is the rear guard of the old order fighting desperately the battle of the exploiters, against inevitable change. Tangled hopelessly in his own false conclusions, he is ready to give battle to all who struggle against those who desire a decent world, a world in which profit, rent and interest do not come before human decency.

munists dance, if they do dance, the Internationale on police headquarters steps, the cry of free speech will rise again and again to bolster the lines of Communism.

Converts, indignant over the suppression of speech and the blows struck by police, will raise the ranks. I, therefore, charge Mike Morrissey, dull as he may be, with fostering the Red movement in Indianapolis.

**PLEASURE TRIPS IN STATE-OWNED CARS**

By C. C. B.

Last Sunday I made a trip which I could ill afford to a northern Indiana lake in my own little flivver, which, because of heavy taxes and other matters, I had a hard time paying for.

On the way back, between Marion and Anderson, I followed for a time a state-owned limousine in which a couple of young state officials and their wives or sweethearts were returning, presumably, from the lakes also. The license number on the car was 43 with a star.

I made me pretty indignant to think that I have to work and pay taxes for fine automobiles and gasoline so state officials and their employees can have a nice little week-end trip to the lakes.

I thought state-owned cars were to be used only on official business. I do not see what official business these two men and women could have had on Sunday afternoon on the way home from the region of the lakes. I should think Governor McNutt would put a stop to such practice.

**BARGAINS INTEREST THIS BEER PURCHASER**

By R. K.

The beer business in this man's town has gone a little too far for the ordinary dime-a-drink customer. You go into a place, which appears to be having a profitable trade, and buy a beer. The result is that you spend 10 cents for a stein.

When you come out of the place, you see that the fellow who operates the place a few doors east has decided to cut the price of beer and you can buy the same size stein for half the price, if you'll just walk a few steps.

In the meantime—and while the sign was being erected—you've spent all your available dimes in the first place, therefore you can not take advantage of the bargain.

Let's arrange some method in this town of getting together on the beer situation, so that we won't be wasting our dimes and nickels.

**I Can Endure**

BY VIRGINIA KIDWELL

I can endure my loneliness tonight, Can patiently sit with straining eyes and ears, Permitting no outward sign of inward fright,

Can calm my wayward heart—restrain my fears.

Hour after hour I hear the shadowed lake Sullenly murmur desolate tales of some Complete despair. I think my heart will break;

But I can endure tonight—tomorrow you'll come.

**Daily Thought**

Let the enemy persecute my soul, and take it; yea, let him tread down my life upon the earth, and lay mine honor in the dust. Selah.—Psalms, 7:5.

WHO lives for humanity must be content to lose himself.—O. B. Frothingham.

**OPPOSES THEATER ACT OF DILLINGERS**

By A. Reader.

We have been under the impression that John Dillinger, father of the notorious Johnnie, and his sister, Mrs. Hancock, were Christian persons, at least church members. This statement, generally believed by the public, gained sympathy for them.

But now what are we to believe?