

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

J. GRESHAM MACHEN, a clergyman of Philadelphia, has written a letter of rebuke to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and he is sufficiently proud of it to forward a copy to the New York Herald Tribune, where it is printed. The first four paragraphs of this extraordinary communication read as follows:

"In reply to your letter of Sept. 24, addressed to me in company with other ministers, I am obliged to say very frankly that I am opposed to the social security legislation just enacted and to other distinctive features of your program.

"I am opposed to these things because they are inimical (1) to liberty and (2) to honesty.

"In the first place, they are inimical to liberty. We are living in a time of great distress. Instead of simply relieving that distress, as humanity dictated, you have used the distress of the people in order to sell them into slavery by placing them under a permanent system of government supervision and control."

If I may interrupt for a moment, I had assumed up to this point that J. Gresham Machen was making the wholly justifiable complaint that the security legislation which has been enacted is all too insufficient, but I step aside to let the man of the cloth continue:

"The true function of government is quite different. It is to assure the individual citizen that if in good times he lays by a store, for himself and for his family, against evil times to come, such savings will be kept intact, and the dissection will never be obliterated between the man who has saved and toiled and the man who has not."

What of the Christmas Spirit?

I DO not know the precise faith to which J. Gresham Machen holds. The parting of the name suggests an ear for cadence found generally within the Established Church. And yet there is a note of sterner doctrine in the hint that half the joy of thrift consists in placid reception of the music orchestrated from out the murmurings of the miserably.

And yet J. Gresham Machen is no doubt benevolent even though he would rebuke the safe gift for failing to amass her pennies against a rainy day, after the manner of Miss Barbara Hutton. But still I seem to see the kindly cleric in smug surplises beaming upon the Daughters of the King while they prepare mixed pickles for the poor on Christmas.

I have said that it seemed to me an extraordinary thing that any Christian minister should oppose the principle of social security legislation and bridle even at the mild form which it has taken under the present Administration. But chiefly my wonder was aroused by the words which stood at the bottom of this remarkable letter. I read in amazement, "J. Gresham Machen, Professor of New Testament in Westminster Theological Seminary, Philadelphia."

The Good Book Differs

I AM curious to know how long it is since Prof. Machen has read the book he professes to teach. He might, for instance, turn to the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew and read about a certain rich man. He had kept all the law and followed the rule of the prophets. He had great possessions.

Now, according to the economic theology of J. Gresham Machen, it should have been the first duty of the state to protect this admirable young fellow in his property rights and to assure him that no matter how great the distress about him his own wealth would be kept inviolate lest class distinctions be diminished. If J. Gresham Machen had come "into the courts of Judea beyond Jordan" that day he would have sent the young man away rejoicing. But it was another who preached in Palestine, and the young man went away sorrowful, for Jesus said, "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor."

I remember the parable of another vineyard of which it was said, "And those that came at the eleventh hour every man received a penny."

And so I trust that there is some one in authority at Westminster Seminary to point out to the young theological students that they must make their choice between the words of Jesus Christ and those of J. Gresham Machen.

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Your Health BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

WHEN your voice gets hard and husky, you are likely to suspect that you are catching cold, and probably most of the time you will be right. But there are many other causes of hoarseness, and if the huskiness persists you should have an examination to find out whether any other factor may be the cause.

The habit of talking in a well modulated voice with proper intonation and emphasis represents in many cases training and proper study of the use of the voice. A soft voice with suitable emphasis when required is a most valuable factor in gaining worldly success.

Hoarseness may come on any time in life. A baby may become hoarse almost immediately after birth due to some congenital infection.

As the child gets older, sudden hoarseness may be brought about by diphtheria or other infectious diseases, and may also be associated with small growths which may develop on the vocal cords. Hoarseness may occur in girls in association with hysterical symptoms and after laryngitis.

Adults most frequently get hoarse following prolonged use of the voice. This follows particularly speaking for long periods of time.

When the vocal cords are examined under such circumstances, they are usually found to be thickened and congested. A rest will give the cords a chance to return to normal.

The most serious causes of hoarseness are cancer and tuberculosis of the vocal cords. A hoarseness which persists demands an immediate examination as to the presence of one or both of these conditions.

Seen early, the cancer may be removed surgically or treated with radium and in many instances with success. Tuberculosis of the throat if seen early may be amenable to the usual method of treatment of tuberculosis, and sometimes may be cured by the direct application of the ultra-violet rays.

Today's Science
—BY DAVID DIETZ—

HUNDREDS of years ago, before the white man had entered the Middle West, a house in what is now Illinois caught fire. As a result, archeologists now know that the Indian mound-builders were fairly proficient at the art of building houses.

Parts of the wall and roof of the house, partially consumed by fire, were found by members of the University of Chicago party which was exploring the Kincaid mounds near Metropolis, Ill.

DR. THORNE DEUEL, research associate of the university's department of anthropology, headed the expedition which consisted of 15 members. Ten weeks were spent in excavating the mounds. With the aid of the new find, as well as previous ones, Dr. Deuel has reconstructed a picture of the typical houses of the Kincaid region which was probably one of the most important centers of Indian trade in the upper Mississippi Valley before the coming of the white man.

AFTERS, cut with stone axes, supported the roof, which was composed of a thatch of woven reeds and rough grasses. Ropes of vegetable fiber tied the rafters together.

Within the house, there was a fireplace and storage pits. Benches flanked the walls.

The Kincaid mounds are located on the north side of the Ohio River, eight miles above Paducah, Ky. They have long been known as one of the richest archeological sites in the region.

The Indianapolis Times

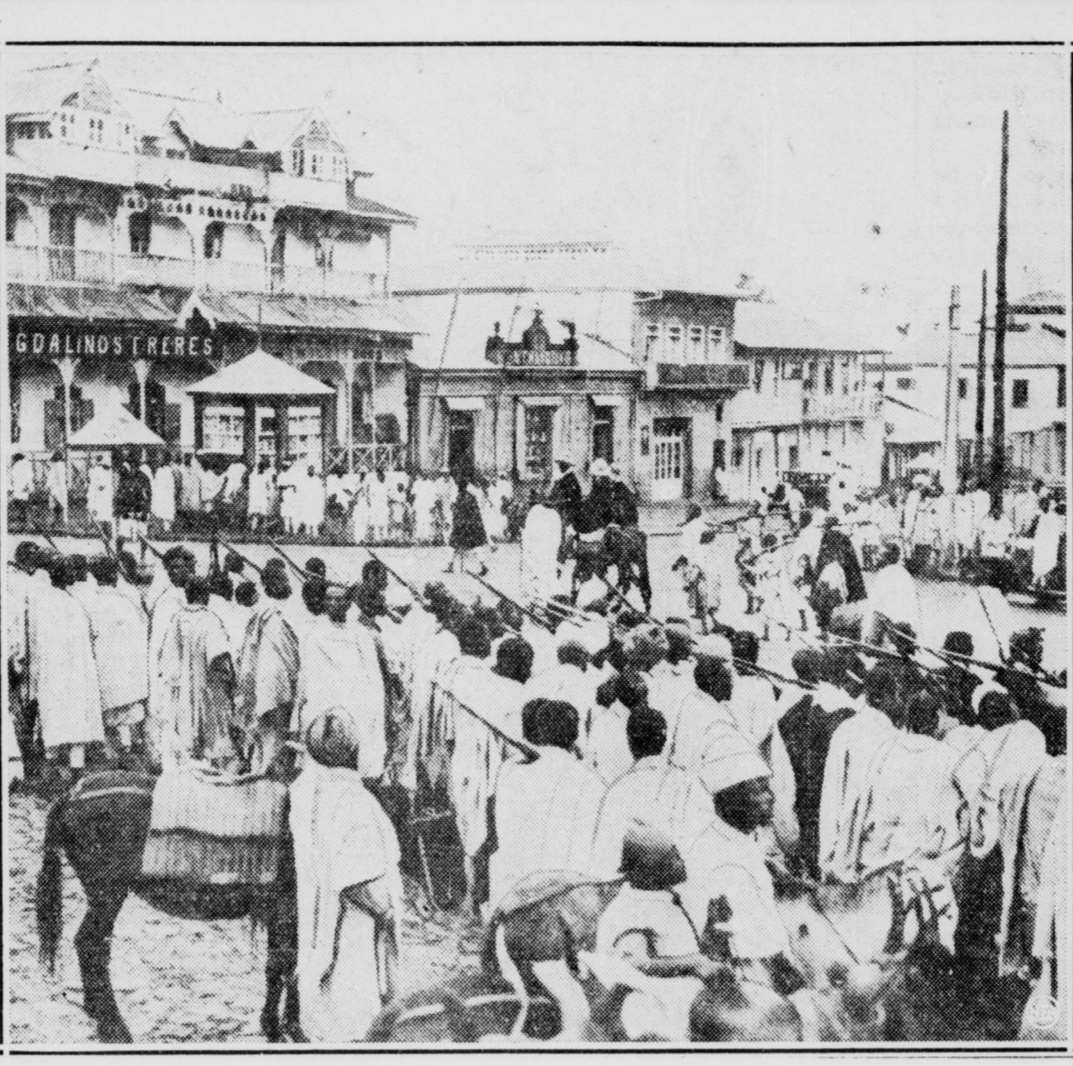
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INDIANAPOLIS, MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1935

ROAD to WAR

BY WALTER MILLIS

With Italy's guns pounding away at Ethiopian towns and British warships moving into position in the war zone, this gripping story of the last debate takes on added interest. The Times today presents the twelfth article of Walter Millis' "Road to War."



Once again the cry of "War" startles humanity. The beat of marching feet, the clatter of musketry and sabers echo through the streets of Addis Ababa as the booming war drums go into action in response to Emperor Haile Selassie's mobilization order. With the League of Nations Assembly meeting this Wednesday to determine whether military and economic penalties shall be decreed against Italy, many observers feel that there may again be dire consequences that will set the entire world on another "Road to War." Above are to be seen Moslem warriors of Ethiopia awaiting summons to the front; below, well-equipped units of the imperial guard on review before their emperor.



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A FOREGONE CONCLUSION

IN Washington (after the announcement of unrestricted German submarine warfare) it was being "taken for granted" that a break of relations was inevitable.

In Wall Street the market opened with a flood of selling orders under which even U. S. Steel common staggered, while the rest of the list was plunged for an hour or two into a "complete demoralization" amounting almost to a panic.

Not until later in the day did the more long-headed spectators, with a sounder appreciation of the effect of war on stock prices, come heavily into the market to arrest the decline.

When the Cabinet gathered for its regular Friday meeting, it was, according to Secretary Redfield, with a certain sense of relief that we need hesitate no longer and that the matter was settled by forces whose weight was beyond all doubt.

Secretary Lane thought it was simply a case of Germany's being about "to turn 'mad dog' again." Secretary Houston felt that the note, especially the part about one American ship being allowed to sail under a checkered flag, "was the last word of a mad war-lord—the farthest limit of dictation."

At the Capitol that afternoon the President held another conference with the leading Democratic Senators, but it can hardly have been of much importance, since no one troubled to close the doors, and the reporters in the corridor could watch the group as it talked. Everywhere the break was a foregone conclusion.

That same evening, on the other hand, a crowd of 5000 men and women were making Madison Square Garden rock with their applause as Mr. Bryan cried that the United States should never "get down and wallow in the mire of human blood." The papers which reported Mr. Bryan's speech next morning also carried the announcement that President Wilson would address the two Houses of Congress at 2 o'clock that afternoon, Saturday, Feb. 3.

NOT WAR—NOT YET

IT gathered an enormous crowd. Long before 2 o'clock the corridors of the Capitol were jammed with people importuning Congressmen for admission to galleries already overflowing.

Briefly the President rehearsed his note of April 18, 1916, with its declaration that unless unrestricted submarine war was abandoned, the United States could have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German empire.

He read the answering pledge of May 4, and the firm intention that he had put upon it in his reply of May 8 and to which, as he stated, Germany had made no answer. He then read the recent note.

"I think you will agree with me," he said, "that, in view of this declaration, which suddenly and without prior intimation of any kind deliberately withdraws the solemn assurance—of the 4th of May, 1916, this government has no alternative . . . but to take the course which in its note of 18th of April, 1916, it announced that it would take."

LONDON IS ELATED

IN London that Saturday evening the enthusiasm could be felt with difficulty by the restrained. Mr. Page and his staff had been waiting anxiously all day in the Embassy.

Not until 9 o'clock did the first news arrive, when Admiral Hall, the head of the British Naval Intelligence, came dashing in. An aid met him; he "stopped abruptly and uttered just two words: 'Thank God!'" So then they knew. The admiral hurried in to the ambassador and laid before him a code message from Capt. Guy Gault.

"Bernstorff has just been given his passports. I shall probably get drunk tonight."

The news was at Berlin with the noon papers on Sunday. Herr Stresemann, who had always been bitter against the United States, was finishing a speech before a conservative gathering in which he had argued that America would take no action, when some one arose in the audience and read the newspaper in his hand.

A police guard was promptly furnished for the Embassy. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Gerard went alone for a look walk through the Berlin streets—it was to take a regretful farewell of the city in which, on the whole, he had had such a gorgeous time—and no one offered to molest him.

In Berlin there were some embarrassments. It is true; but when Mr. Gerard was finally ready to leave he had "a pleasant farewell talk" with both the chancellor and Zimmermann.

It was on Feb. 10 that he got off at last from the Potsdam station with his flock of over 100 diplomatic and consular officials and American citizens. The foreign office sent down four of its

WHEELS OF WAR TURN ON

THE wheels of the great engine of preparedness were turning already of their own motion, as lesser officials within the government or enthusiasts outside it sprang to demonstrate their readiness in the hour of need.

At the War College the experts were "putting in 16 hours a day to meet the influx of requests for recommendations from the Secretary and the Chief of Staff."

Just before the crisis Gen. Pershing had at last been ordered out of Mexico. There were still some 50,000 National Guardsmen on the border, but the Mexican menace was now forgotten, and as these troops were brought home, that possible embarrassment to the prosecution of a major war in Europe seemed finally liquidated.

At Washington the military men were drafting the bill to establish "universal service," thus making possible (and therefore, inevitable) the raising and dispatch of a conscript mass army to Europe.

On Feb. 13, the House voted 353 to 23 for the largest naval appropriation bill in the nation's history. On the same day Secretary Lane, as a member of the Council of National Defense, was galvanizing the industrialists of its Advisory Commission into instant activity, urging them to plan "for the mobilization of all our national industries and resources," and helping to set up the nation-wide committees of business men from which the dollar-a-year people were later to be recruited.

Count Bernstorff and his Embassy staff at last left Washington on Feb. 14 and sailed from New York next day—"inexpressibly sad," as the ambassador wrote in his farewell letter to Colonel House. So that link was broken.

PUSHING THE CORK

THE one element now rapidly emerging as the dominant factor in the situation was, strangely enough, the submarine

people to see them off, and a couple of army officers were detailed as a formal escort to the border.

The ambassador had ordered "plenty of champagne and cigars to be put on the train" for the entertainment of these gentlemen; and so they all rolled pleasantly down to Switzerland.

At the frontier the ambassador gave to each escort a gold cigarette case engraved with the recipient's name. They shook hands, and Mr. Gerard passed out of Germany, his role in world history honorably and intelligently fulfilled.

British merchant ships and crews continued to sail with stolid courage; but worse than the actual sinkings was the fact that in the first weeks, at least, neutral shipping was terrorized from the seas, just as the Germans had hoped.

The short session of Congress would reach its end on the 4th of March. Normally, the new Congress would not meet until December, and Mr. Wilson would thus be free for nine months from the interference of the legislative branch and from the uses which partisan politics knew only too well how to make of it.

Some of the vital appropriations bills, however, were still lagging, and if they should fail to pass in the ensuing week Mr. Wilson would be compelled to summon an extra session. The Republicans, who were now rebuffing the President for his refusal to arm the merchant ships, were also maneuvering to block these bills, and so chain him to his Congress.

This Republican threat to force an extra session upon him was doubtless to have something to do with the President's sudden decision to yield on the armed ship issue. In the country at large the situation, as Spring Rice reported that day, was "much that of a soda-water bottle with the wires out but the cork unexploded." But on Saturday, the 24th, the British themselves were able to supply something "spectacular." Mr. Balfour deftly gave the unexploded cork a push.

THE LACONIA IS SUNK

AT 8:30 Saturday evening there arrived in the State Department a sensational cable from Mr. Page. Mr. Balfour had just handed him, the ambassador reported, the text of a cipher telegram from Zimmermann to the German minister in Mexico City, which had been transmitted on Jan. 19 through the German Embassy in Washington itself. The

dramatic text was then given in English translation:

"We intend to begin on the 1st of February unrestricted submarine warfare. We shall endeavor in spite of this to keep the United States of America neutral. In the event of this not succeeding we make Mexico a proposal of alliance on the following basis: Make war together, make peace together, generous financial support and an understanding on our part that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. You will inform the Mexican president of the above most secretly as soon as the outbreak of war with the United States is certain and add the suggestion that he should, on his own initiative, invite Japan to immediate alliance."

The cable arrived on Saturday evening. It was some time on Sunday that President Wilson abruptly concluded that an appeal to Congress for authority at least to arm American merchant ships was unavoidable. On Monday he went again before the joint houses of Congress.

In the gray seas off the southwest of Ireland, only a few hours before the President arose to speak, a German submarine had fired a torpedo without warning into the Cunard liner Laconia.

Twelve lives only were lost, out of nearly 30 on board, but among them were those of two American women, Mrs. Mary Hoy and her daughter, who died of exposure in the small boats on the way into Bantry Bay.

The news blazed in the same headlines which announced the President's appeal for authority. The President let it be known that he regarded the Laconia sinking as the "overt act" for which he had been waiting; the armed ship bill was revised in more explicit terms, and Senator Stone, who still believed in peace but who regarded it as his duty to support the President, reported it out of the Foreign Relations Committee with a heavy heart.

LA FOLLETTE'S FILIBUSTER

BUT there was another Senator who also believed in peace, and who saw that with the armed ship bill the final crisis had come.

As the bill was reported out that Tuesday evening, Senator La Follette launched his one-man "filibuster" to prevent its passage before the session's end. Next day, Wednesday, the 28th, the Administration leaders professed themselves confident that the measure would pass, but Mr. La Follette was still grimly throwing every available parliamentary obstacle into its path.

The Republicans suddenly began to realize that it might now be unnecessary for them to filibuster the supply bills in order to force an extra session, the bitter pacifist from Wisconsin was doing the work for them—and saving them from the onus of it.

But Mr. Polk at the State Department knew of the waiting bombshell so kindly supplied by Mr. Balfour. The Zimmermann telegram, he believed, would produce a blast of popular emotion that would sweep the armed ship bill through against everything.

So did Col. House, who had now seen the text, and who was urging the President to "publish it tomorrow." So, no doubt, did the President—to whom it must have been plain enough that the first effect of Senator La Follette's pacifism would be to deliver Mr. Wilson himself into the hands of the intransigents. On Tuesday, March 1, the headlines were shouting from the morning papers: "GERMANY SEEKS AN ALLIANCE AGAINST US; ASKS JAPAN AND MEXICO TO JOIN HER; FURTHER TEXT OF PROPOSAL MADE PUBLIC."

It was a stupendous sensation. The telegram was everywhere seized upon as final proof of the complete and faithless treachery of the German.

A MAJOR DISASTER

WHAT made it particularly shocking, of course, was the suggestion that the Japanese (with whom we were already at odds) should be invited into the American continent, or that the principle upon which many Americans had demanded the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine (because they had been acquired by force) should be applied to California and Texas, which we had forcibly detached from Mexico.

The Zimmermann telegram became a major German disaster. Not its least useful aspect, moreover, was the fact that it gave the northeastern fire-eaters their first direct lever upon the pacific sentiment of the Southwest.

If a German triumph threatened the annexation of California and Texas to Mexico—Even before the editorial repercussions had time to roll in, the House, on that same Thursday afternoon, passed the armed ship bill with a vote of 493 to 13.

In the Senate Mr. Lodge had seen at once that the telegram would be "of almost unlimited use in forcing the situation. . . . One would think that note would make the whole country demand war."

Senator La Follette, however, had not been made to demand war by the Zimmermann telegram and on Friday, March 2, he was again able to block the armed ship resolution. The Senate paused to vote the enormous naval appropriation bill, and then went on with the debate.

Only a few more hours of the session remained, and that night they sat late under crowded galleries and in an intense excitement.

Tomorrow—The drive toward war.
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Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

CHICAGO (EN ROUTE TO DETROIT), Oct. 7.—Those sensitive Cubs, who choke up, blush and swab their eyes like Victorian schoolgirls when a great, masculine bully of an umpire is impolite to them, balled up the World Series Sunday afternoon by winning the fifth game of a championship celebration which is beginning to drag. They beat the Tigers and Schoolboy Rowe of Eldorado, Ark., for the second time, necessitating a sleeper jump to Detroit, where the issue will now be fought out on the grounds of the Detroit baseball company, if it takes all winter.

The Sunday ball game was discussed in the rather dignified, not to say indifferent, presence of some 50,000 patrons, a good many of whom were drawn in from the corn, pig, hay, wheat and coal states of the Middle West. It was positively the last ball game of the year in these parts regardless of the outcome, and the holiday attracted an element of trade with a distinct out-of-town appearance. Pinchback jackets were the mode.

Alonso Warneke, a tall, gaunt youth whose starved appearance belied the generous feeding policy of his employers, pitched six innings for the Cubs. At that point he was relieved by Bill Lee, with the exception that he had torn some live meat loose from the frame of his long right arm throwing an overhand curve to Mr. Rowe in the third. This was taken to mean that an expensive slave of the baseball system would have to sit very close to the stove in his native town of Mt. Ida, also in the state of Arkansas, from the present moment until spring.

Mt. Ida Triumphs Again

IT was the second victory of Mt. Ida, Ark., over Eldorado, Ark., in the series. It is only reasonable to point out, however, that Schoolboy Rowe's principal trouble in World Series competition is merely recurrent defeat. He pitches all right but loses ball games. The Schoolboy, so-called because he used to go to school, cranked his arm with firm authority except a few decisive minutes in the fourth inning. In that unhappy period Bill Herman, second baseman of the Cubs, hit a long, flat triple to center field, and the ball game was lost beyond the power of the Tigers to redeem it when Chuck Klein, scoring Herman in front, the Cubs made their last one in the seventh on Herman's double to center, which scored Augie Galan.

The seventh inning was the one in which the Cubs again exposed themselves to cross remarks from George Moriarty, the American League umpire, who had been keeping them in panicky state for several days with his cruel wordings. Shortly before Galan scored the final run Bill Jurges was thrown out at the plate by a sacrifice by Bill Lee, the relief pitcher. Marvin Owen, the Tigers' emergency first baseman, then missed Galan's grounder and the ball rolled to the outfield, where Fox grabbed it and whipped it home in something rather like the nick of time. Jurges thought otherwise and came up out of the soil, his cream-colored pants stained black from the slide, to remonstrate with Moriarty. The majesty of the law was visibly ruffled as the angry athlete offered his remonstrance with a stout backhand slap against Moriarty's pneumatic shirt.

Mr. Jurges Reconsiders

THE umpire was seen to snort two streams of smoke and ashes and lava poured out of his ears as he stood his ground, grabbing his right wrist with his left hand to hold it back. He was losing control of his evil nature and cranking his famous right swing to the eye when Jurges, with excellent timing and better discretion, decided to abandon the issue and preserve his health.

Otherwise the umpire who terrifies Cubs in his mighty moods managed to keep himself inconspicuous throughout a comparatively brief ball game. Prof. Ernie Quigley, the learned historian and pig fancier of St. Mary's, Kas., was in frequent trouble but blamed no man.

His cap was flicked from his nose and gleaming scalp in the first inning, when Rowe took a short throw from Owen to catch a runner. His somber blue pants were dusted with dirt in the second as Cavaretta of the Cubs slid into first in a brave but futile dive to beat a throw. And in the fourth he slipped in a puddle and was like to bust his neck falling into the "Tigers' dugout as he reeled around, gazing skyward to referee Jurges' high foul which landed in the trench.

The people realized that regardless of the outcome they were taking their last squint at the Cubs and formal baseball until next spring. They did not seem depressed by the idea, for this is football country and the weather has been football weather for several days.

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Times Books

IF you can imagine a man who was a combination of Dwight Moody, Brigham Young and Lenin, with a touch of successful business man thrown in, you may get a rough idea of John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the famous Oneida Community.

Robert Allerton Parker recites Noyes' biography in "A Yankee Saint," and reveals the man as one of the most remarkable Americans that ever lived. (Putnam; \$3.75.)

Noyes was an evangelist who preached that human beings could attain a state of perfect freedom from sin.

He was also a species of Socialist who grouped some scores of people together in the Oneida Community on a basis of strict communism.

In addition, he was a sexologist who sold his converts on a plan of complete sexual communism and who actually put into practice a scheme of eugenic breeding for human beings.

ON top of all this, he was genius enough to keep the freaks and cranks out of his community and to make a solid business success out of it so that it endured and prospered for a full quarter century. That he scandalized the pious of his day—the middle of the nineteenth century—goes without saying. But the Oneida Community was such a financial success, and its members were so orderly, industrious and quiet, that the enraged clerics were never able to do much about it.

Not until advanced age loosened Noyes' grip did the community begin to dissolve.

Mr. Parker has written a fine book about the man, handling its more delicate features with scholarship and good taste. (By Bruce Catton.)

Literary Notes

Still another book on Ethiopia, which brings the total on the fall lists up to a dozen, has been accepted by Robert M. McBride. It is called "Slaves in Ivory in Abyssinia" and is by Major Henry Darling, who used to be a British agent in Abyssinia.

Tom Tippet, whose novel "Horse Shoe Bottoms" was recently published, and who has a novel called "Meteor" on the Putnam list for publication Oct. 16, will be married on Oct. 18 to Madame Olga Scheinffugova of The Prague National Theater Co.