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TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1936

"IN THE MEANTIME"

WHILE all the fuss has been going on about whether Bruno Richard Hauptmann should pay the death penalty, the following have "burned" in Trenton State Prison:

Connie Scarponi
Michael Mule
George Destefano
Kurt Barth
John Favorito
Romaine Johnson

We would feel more inclined to believe in the sincerity of Gov. Hoffman's efforts in behalf of Hauptmann if he had evidenced some slight similar activity about some of those others who were less famous and who therefore lent themselves less to the publicizing of the New Jersey Governor.

EDITOR DALE

GEORGE R. DALE, Indiana militant editor, is dead. But long before his passing and in large measure through his efforts, death came to what might be called the putrid era in Indiana politics.

Editor Dale, with his weekly paper, pioneered in attacking Ku-Klux Klan control of G. O. P. politics when many of the Hoosier dailies were silent. He pulled the sheets off the Klan leadership and when the people saw what they were following they turned around and went the other way.

THE TRAFFIC MENACE

WHEN you drive or walk in a city you are less likely to die in or under an automobile than you were a few years ago, the Census Bureau reports.

If you motor or hike outside a city your chances are about the same as they have been.

Automobiles still kill more people each year than diabetes, appendicitis or influenza, but cities are having success in reducing the number of such deaths.

In the year ending last March 14, the death rate in cities was 22.6 per 100,000 population. In the corresponding period of 1934-35 the rate was 24.3. The reduction this year is 7 per cent.

The gain in safety is particularly notable in view of the fact that automobile registration and gasoline consumption indicate a considerable increase in automobile use in the last 12 months.

Indianapolis, however, had an average of 28.1 traffic deaths per 100,000 population, a better record than the year before, but still far down the list of "safe cities." Added automobile deaths have increased the 1936 traffic toll in Marion County to 29.

Outside of large cities, tabulations by the National Safety Council show that the automobile death rate was about the same in 1935 as in 1934 if allowance is made for the annual increase in population. If the 1935 increase in automobile mileage is taken into account the record would be slightly better. But the total deaths for the country as a whole—36,400—constitute a record high.

Economic recovery is credited with part of the reduction in automobile fatalities in large cities. People have been replacing old, defective cars, or making needed repairs.

The six cities with the worst records for automobile deaths last year were Miami, San Diego, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Erie and Tacoma.

The best records were made by Fall River, San Francisco, Syracuse, Wilmington, Del., Lynn and Providence.

A SQUEEZE PLAY FAILS

IT looked like a neat trick, a quick way to have the utility holding company law declared unconstitutional before the government knew what had happened.

Utility lawyers representing the trustees of a bankrupt holding company went into a Federal court in Baltimore and asked the judge to rule that the holding company law was unconstitutional and to direct them to proceed with reorganization plans without regard to the law. Another group of utility lawyers, representing Burco, Inc., a debtor of the bankrupt company, intervened asking that the judge rule the law unconstitutional. Then John W. Davis, drawing pay as attorney for the Edison Electric Institute, but functioning in the role of attorney for a Baltimore dentist who owned some bonds in the bankrupt company, intervened, asking the judge to rule the law unconstitutional.

The comic touch was provided when Lawyer Davis was introduced for the first time to his dentist client in open court after the proceedings were already under way.

The melodrama came some days later when the judge, W. C. Coleman, handed down a sweeping decision that the holding company law was unconstitutional "in its entirety."

The anti-climax came with the Circuit Court of Appeals' ruling that Judge Coleman's decision had been too all-inclusive.

And the curtain was rung down when the Supreme Court yesterday refused to review the case, indicating that it considered the little one-sided private bankruptcy litigation—in which the government was not a party of interest, but in which the government charged that those who were parties had "no diversity of interest"—was not a proper vehicle for testing the constitutionality of the law.

All that remains is for consumers to pay for the show.

CLOUDY TAXES

IT was easy to understand the principle outlined in the President's message on taxing corporate surpluses. He proposed merely: That the government discontinue existing corporation taxes, which rich and poor stockholders pay alike, but which are hidden from their view; that corporations be forced to distribute the bulk of their profits to the stockholders, and that each stockholder include his dividends as a part of his regular income and pay a visible tax thereon in proportion to his ability to pay.

But the actual tax proposal which has been evolved in the House Ways and Means Committee is not so simple. And it goes without saying that any-

thing hard to understand is likewise hard to be enthusiastic about.

What started out as a clear principle has become in the cold type of a proposed statute an exceedingly intricate formula. We may not understand the subject as well as a Philadelphia tax lawyer does, but neither do the members of Congress who are asked to pass on the merits of the new tax.

Perhaps some of the confusion will be dispelled in the hearings. Internal Revenue Commissioner Helvering, one of the first witnesses, already has declared that the bill as revised by the subcommittee will not produce adequate revenue.

It will be interesting, also, to listen to the experts explain how each variant of the involved schedule of rates is adjusted delicately to permit each corporation to maintain adequate rainy-day reserves.

We do not here contend that the new tax plan hasn't all the virtues its friends claim for it. We merely are compelled to admit, after careful reading and rereading in the Ways and Means proposal, that we find only confusion. But we're hoping for enlightenment. For adequacy of revenue and adequacy of reserves are the yardsticks by which the wisdom or folly of this tax bill must be judged.

EVEN if the new plan produces all the additional revenue claimed for it, still—on the basis of the President's own budget estimates—the government's annual income will not be in balance with the government's annual and recurring "ordinary" expenditures. Its estimated yield for the next three years is about \$345,000,000 short of the total requested by the President. And the President's total made no provision for the emergency and relief expenditures which are now adding about \$3,000,000,000 a year to the public debt.

Regardless of its other merits, this confusing tax scheme is as a smoke screen behind which the Administration and Congress are ducking their real fiscal responsibility. It is their election-year substitute for taxation that would produce revenue in proportion to the government's needs.

They are gambling everything on a business recovery that will automatically wipe out the relief load and boost revenues. We hope they win the gamble. But we don't like the odds. We would feel far safer about it all if this tax bill actually went after a real chunk of revenue, by broadening the income tax base and graduating rates upward.

Then, if the revival miracle should happen and the government finds itself with more revenue than it needs, Congress could repeal some of the vicious, invisible sales taxes, and remodel our tax system in line with the more equitable ability-to-pay principle.

A FLOOD CONGRESS

AMERICA'S enormous annual loss from floods and soil erosion, and the recurrent St. Lawrence seaway fight, are expected to be the big issues of this year's National Rivers and Harbors Congress, summoned to meet April 27 and 28 in Washington.

Emphasis will be placed on efforts to obtain from both parties platform planks approving waterway and flood control projects, similar to those approved by both parties in 1932.

The rivers and harbors advocates last session obtained passage of the first omnibus improvement bill in five years, and the War Department appropriation bill now in its final stages in Congress includes funds to carry it out. The final amount is not decided, but it will be between the House figure of \$100,000,000 and the Senate's \$150,000,000.

The call for the convention points out that engineer estimates of \$300,000,000 preventable flood damage annually will be greatly exceeded by this year's widespread flood disasters. Annual losses from soil erosion have been placed at \$400,000,000 a year.

"The intense interest in every section of the country in the flood problem, together with the Administration's proposal to continue in the coming fiscal year the public work relief program, which would make available funds for these useful, permanent projects, and the important and far-reaching measures relating to waterways, their control and use, now pending in Congress, are expected to result in perhaps the largest convention in its history," the rivers and harbors group headquarters stated.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

"I DON'T know how I managed it this time, but my wife didn't come with me to the convention." The man who said that grinned like a Cheshire cat at his two companions, whose wives evidently had come with them. Peevishness and chagrin were faintly apparent in their faces. It was easy to see they wished they had managed better themselves.

What a pity it is that more women can't listen in on masculine conversation. Even though men are not apt to say much on the subject of their domestic bliss or woe, the little of liberty in their voices speaks volumes. When they are away from women they caper like lambs loosed in a meadow.

The husband who has to drag his wife around on these get-together occasions generally feels sheepish, and if the woman isn't uncomfortable it's because she hasn't perception enough to see she isn't wanted.

The idea is subtly conveyed, of course. When she steps out of the elevator all dolled up in her finest clothes, the men give her the glad hand. Only when her back is turned they whisper about poor Bill having to lug the old lady along everywhere he goes and snigger at his discomfort and make jokes about apron strings.

And poor old Bill does deserve a bit of sympathy, I think. A wife parked overtime is far more bothersome to the mind than an automobile in danger of getting a police tag.

Indeed, woman makes three mistakes when she insists on attending male gatherings merely because she happens to be married to one of the delegates. First, her belief that she will get a hearty welcome; second, that she'll have a good time; and third, that she can look after Bill and keep him well regulated.

She is a victim of delusion at every point, and about all she accomplishes by having her own way is to make both of them miserable. The most important lesson for a bride to learn is when to tag along and when to stay at home.

HEARD IN CONGRESS

REP. DUNN (D., Pa.): Will the gentleman yield?

Rep. Blanton (D., Tex.): Of course I will yield to the gentleman, who is one of the biggest-hearted men in the House with other people's money.

Rep. Dunn: Did not the gentleman vote for a \$3,000,000 appropriation for the Texas centennial? That was public money, too.

Rep. Blanton: If my friend from Pennsylvania will go to Texas this year and get imbued with the principles that surround San Jacinto, . . . if he will go down around the Alamo and old Gonzales, and other places, he will get \$3,000,000 worth of information and pleasure. (Laughter.)

Senator King (D., Utah): Japan's navy, if joined by all the navies of the world, would be unable to successfully attack the United States.

Squaring the Circle
With THE HOOSIER EDITOR

A SMALL boy came into a branch of the public library where things like this always seem to be happening, and walked smack up to the lucky girl they always seem to happen to.

"I want to take out," he said without a falter, "a book called 'The Red Steamer.'"

Nobody, including the girl, ever had heard of that title before, but they went through the formality of looking in a catalog.

She returned to the boy and asked if he was sure that was the title. He said yes, that his big sister had asked him to get it for her. I don't know how they ever deduced it, but the lad wanted a copy of "The Rubaiyat."

At that same branch, the same girl grew pretty curious when, over a long period of time, an oldish woman, decidedly unattractive, came in every other night and took out a mystery story.

Just came in, selected her book, had it checked, and left. Never said anything to any one, until it had gone on for months. Then she selected this girl again, and, in a burst of confidence, said:

"I'll bet you wonder why I always take out a mystery book. Well, I'll tell you, but don't tell any one else. I'm a detective, and every one of these I read helps me on some case."

Then she left and hasn't been back.

In a tavern, not many blocks south on Illinois-st., we discovered a pretty 22-year-old waitress who may be found sporting a single gardenia every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon.

The source of this tri-weekly gift is a middle-aged gentleman who appears at 4 in the afternoon, approaches our maiden with not so much as a hello, makes the floral presentation and walks out.

Five months ago this gentleman made his first appearance accompanied by an elderly lady. When the waitress took their order the lady asked her what she did after working hours. She replied that she usually went dancing every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night.

Hearing this the gentleman left for a few minutes and returned with a dozen roses.

For five months since that time the silent donor has punctually appeared with his offering and the waitress, who has vainly tried to learn his name and engage in conversation that might reveal the motive for such generosity, accepts the gardenia, wears it, satisfied that he has a reason, satisfied that she will probably never learn it.

HE sat sprawled, feet hanging over a couple of seats, in the rear of a Pennsylvania-st. trackless trolley.

He looked like an engineer full of high-balls or a brakeman bursting with brandies.

He knew all the answers, except one, and gave them in loud tones for the benefit of the other passengers on the tram.

He solved Hitlerism, demonetization, the Townsend plan probe, and the futility of life.

—And then as the trolley drew near 20th-st he leaned half-lurching over a male listener and said, "Say, pardner will you tell me when we get to 20th-st?"

TODAY'S SCIENCE

By DAVID DIETZ

BEHIND the new glow lamps, developed by the engineers of the Nela Park Laboratories of the General Electric Co., is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of science.

These new lamps are glass tubes coated on the interior with a mineral powder which becomes fluorescent when an electric current is sent through the mercury vapor which fills the tube. They give more light and consume less current than the incandescent filament lamps now in general use.

The new lamps will seem very old to those who remember the experiments with Geissler tubes.

About 1880, the Geissler tube was invented by Heinrich Geissler, a German scientific instrument maker. He found that if most of the air was extracted from a glass tube, the tube lit up with a luminous glow when an electric current was discharged through it.

A few years later, Sir William Crookes improved the tube by increasing the vacuum.

But what Crookes and the other scientists who experimented with the Crookes tube failed to realize was that these tubes were giving off X-rays. That fact was discovered by Professor Roentgen in 1893.

A few years ago a French inventor, Georges Claude, manufactured a Geissler tube filled only with purified neon gas. The result was the familiar red glow tube.

BITTER MEMORY

By POLLY LOIS NORTON

A grey gull flashed against the upper blue.

An ocean beat in fancy and in truth.

Between your thought and mine—since you.

Have long forgotten me, and our lost youth.

And yet, I still can feel your finger—

Oh, this is not cold sea salt on my lips!

WHEN HIGHWAYS ARE HAPPY WAYS!

TEN THOUSAND TO GET WORK ON STATE HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT PROGRAM THIS SPRING



The Hoosier Forum
I 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 on these columns, religious controversies excluded. Make your letters short, so all can have a chance. Limit them to 350 words or less. Your letter must be signed, but names will be withheld on request.)

FAVORS BILL AGAINST "BIG FELLOWS."

By A. Kiefer Mayer

In the 80's, railroads allowed discriminatory rebates to the big fellows or trusts. These rebates gave such advantage to the big fellow that the little fellow couldn't live. There was a feeling all over the country that there was great danger in these mysterious organizations who, by rebates, were building immense fortunes and excessive power, while the other side steadily lost money and power.

Public opinion reached the boiling point and was finally cooled when Congress passed the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887. This outlawed rebates by railroads and gave the little fellow a fair break. There was powerful opposition to the passage of the Interstate Commerce Bill by those who were enjoying these rebates. They used every means at their command to defeat this legislation. They raised the cry—"It will raise prices to the consumer! It will protect the in-

efficient! The public will pay the bill!"

Did the Interstate Commerce Act increase prices to the public? Did it protect the inefficient? Did the public pay the bill? No! The Interstate Commerce Act just gave the little fellow a break so he could continue to exist.

In 1936 we again find public opinion aroused as it was 50 years ago over the discriminatory rebates manufacturers have been allowing the big fellows. These rebates total millions of dollars. Again there is a feeling all over the country that there is danger in these rebates that have made possible the building of immense fortunes and excessive power on one side of an industry, while on the other side a million odd little fellows lose money and power.

Today we find some of these powerful organizations, who have been enjoying these discriminatory rebates, opposed to the Robinson-Patman Bill and any other legislation of this kind becoming a law. The cry of 50 years ago echoes again—"It will raise prices to the consumer!—the public will pay the bill." If this didn't occur with the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, it will not occur with any legislation of this kind. History usually repeats!

PLEADS FOR HELP FOR RED CROSS

By E. Harold Steekin

As the angry Ohio continues on its mad rampage leaving destruction in its wake, we find an amazing loss of human lives and property. Relief workers have been laboring overtime in a valiant attempt to stem the angry tide. It was through their work that the nation's capital was saved from a horrible disaster.

They have been unable, however, to cope with the elements along the Ohio River. Taking everything in its way like a huge bull on a chase, it has left horror and terror along its blood-beaten trail.

The worst part of the flood is yet to be contended with. Disease follows all floods, and the unfortunate inhabitants have been warned about this dreadful scourge.

We can help relieve this miserable condition by contributing to our local Red Cross office. For the sake of humanity it must be done!

DAILY THOUGHT

Beware of the scribes, which desire to walk in long robes, and love greetings in the markets, and the highest seats in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts.—St. Luke, 20:46.

If any man seeks for greatness, let him forget greatness and ask for truth, and he will find both.—Horace Mann.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark

Incuse a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times Washington Service Bureau, 1613 13th-st. N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice can not be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—What is paregoric?
A—Camphorated tincture of opium.

Q—Where will the Olympic games be held in 1937?
A—They are not scheduled to be held anywhere in 1937. They are scheduled for this year in Berlin, Germany, and are not expected to be held again until 1940.

Q—Is colloidal graphite the same as flake graphite? Is it abrasive?
A—Colloidal graphite may be flake graphite colloidal dispersed in mineral oil, castor oil, glycerine, or water. All flake graphite, however, is not in the colloidal state. Colloidal graphite is not abrasive.

Q—What is the smallest species of mammal in the world?
A—The pigmy shrew (Microsorex hoyi winneman), which has a weight of 2.2 grams.

Q—What is a Sidercal Year? What is its length?
A—The interval during which the earth makes one absolute revolution round the sun is called a Sidercal Year, and consists of 355 days 6 hours 9 minutes 9.6 seconds.

Q—What was the popular vote for Hoover and Smith in the 1928 presidential election, and for Hoover and Roosevelt in the 1932 election?
A—In 1928, Hoover, 2,192,190; Smith, 1,501,443. In 1932, Hoover, 15,731,841; Roosevelt, 22,821,857.

Vagabond
from Indiana
ERNE PYLE

EDITOR'S NOTE—This roving reporter for The Times goes where he pleases, when he pleases, in search of odd stories about this and that.

FORT WORTH, Tex., March 31.—The ranch is in that part of Texas where if you stand on a rise, and look all around, you feel you are standing in the middle of the world, seeing it all.

You can see for 15 miles. There are no hills, but the land rises and falls in vast, sweeping slopes, like the swell on the Pacific Ocean. There are hardly any trees, and not many fences. But there is grass. Here and there, far away, you see a little bunch of cattle or horses grazing.

It was just noon when we got there. The sun was bright and hot. A man in a big hat and cowboy boots showed us where to park. We could see quite a few men walking around the barn.

We went over, and everybody introduced himself and shook hands. Some had on big hats and high-heeled boots and leather jackets. Some were ordinary business suits.

THE brick well-house under the water tank had the door fixed up with a cardboard sign, and painted on it in red letters was "Bar."

A few feet away, alongside the barn, was a real cowboy "chuck wagon." The top of the wagon was arched over with canvas, and the back end was loaded with bread and pickles and so on, as though it were a picnic.

A campfire was going, over by the feeding troughs. A huge kettle of stew was hanging over it from an iron tripod. It was being stirred by a "sourdough" cook, who wore a big hat, and a shirt without any sleeves, and an apron of old flour sacks.

"WHERE'S LOUIE?"

"Where's Louie?" people kept asking. "He's gone to the village to get a shave."

"Does he know about it?" "No, I don't think he's caught on."

"Old Louie'll sure hate to leave Texas, won't he?" "He sure will. He loves it like a native. But I'll bet he'll be back."

I gradually picked up what the gathering was about. It was a surprise farewell party for Louie Swift, heir to the Chicago packing fortune.

Louie Swift, after five and a half years as manager of the Swift plant in Fort Worth, had been promoted back to Chicago. He was leaving in a week. His friends had come to say good-by.

It was just like any Board of Trade picnic, except that it was staged on a Texas ranch, and with the flavor of old Texas running through it.

FINALLY Louie Swift drove up. He got out of his car and looked all around, like a man who can't see for the sun. He was surprised all right.

He looked more like Texas than anybody there. He stands about 6 feet 3 inches, and is big but slender. He had on a battered 10-gallon hat, a faded blue shirt open at the neck, bleached duck pants tucked into high-heeled boots. He walked with a roll.

Men crowded around him, and there was a lot of hand shaking. They stood around the barn in groups, talking. They drifted into the bar, and out again. Some began to yell, "How about eating?" The sourdough yelled, "Come and get it."

After we had eaten, some of the men saddled ponies and went loping around the barn-lot, hitting at tin polo balls. Some of them couldn't ride at all. Some even fell off. Others, in businessmen's clothes, could ride like cowboys and smack the ball every time.

LOUIE SWIFT took his friends back into the bunkhouse, behind the stables. He took a flat wooden box out of a trunk, and opened it. And there lay two of the most beautiful Colt six-shooters you ever saw. Dull blue steel, with pure white ivory handles. A pair of matched six-guns, in engraved leather holsters. A farewell gift, from Texans.

Louie Swift knows how to use them, too. You can throw a can in the air, and he'll never miss. He ruined a half dollar somebody put on a fence post.



"Any other man would pad that enough to take care of his wife's expenses, and not make the boss think he was such a small time."