

# The Indianapolis Times

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## MAYOR HOAN

DANIEL WEBSTER HOAN, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee for 20 years, was re-elected this week after the hardest fight of his career.

Milwaukee does not keep on electing Mayor Hoan because the city is Socialist-controlled. His party has only about 3000 paid-up members out of a population of 578,000. The reason for his success—and it could apply as easily to a Democratic or Republican mayor in other cities—is that he has made Milwaukee one of the best-governed cities in America.

In cities over 500,000, Milwaukee is second lowest in per-capita cost of government, second lowest in per-capita bonded indebtedness. It met pay rolls through the depression, became famous for its honest elections as for its beer, cut its crime and fire rates and rigidly enforced the merit system in city departments.

Milwaukee, indicating conservation, Tuesday turned down municipal ownership of the city electric company. It was Mayor Hoan's spouse of this project that almost cost him his job.

The story of Milwaukee is that people want honest, efficient city government, and that they will back such an administration regardless of party.

## THE CASE AGAINST SPEED

INDIANAPOLIS has rolled up tragic evidence this year in the case against automobile speed.

Now comes Fortune Magazine with further testimony. In a poll of public opinion, it found more than two-thirds of the people in the country favor limiting speed of automobiles to 59 miles an hour. It found the driving and walking public unconvinced by the automobile industry's case for motor cars capable of 80 to 100 miles an hour.

Fortune reports that 69.1 per cent of car owners favor a curb on auto speed, and that 72 per cent of non-car owners favor it. The magazine comments that its figures afford "good cause for redoubled jitters on the part of the manufacturing industry."

The Automobile Manufacturers' Association argues that 90 per cent of all accidents occur at speeds less than 50 miles an hour, and that such a limit on all cars might increase accidents.

## THE LURE OF PEACE

THERE'S a sinister plot afoot, citizens, to lure the United States into the League of Nations.

You guessed it: England's at the bottom of it. Well, we won't have anything to do with anything like that, will we? We're going to keep out of European troubles, aren't we? We're going to stay on our side of the water and let them do what they like on their side. They can't involve us again. We'll just stick to our peaceable program of building a bigger Army than we ever had before and a bigger Navy than anybody ever had before and paying a bigger bill for war, past, present and possible, than anybody ever paid before. We won't depend on the two biggest oceans for protection and we certainly won't depend on any League of Nations! We got common sense. Ask us.

WONDER why England is scheming to get us into the League, anyhow? They're a tricky lot. You wouldn't trust them, any farther than you could throw Queen Mary (the new liner, not Her Majesty) with your left hand. Remember how they inveigled us into the last war.

Maybe the pace is getting too swift for the British. Maybe they can't stand the expense of ruling the waves. Didn't Mussolini make them back up and hasn't Hitler got them buffaloed? And before that, the Japanese?

So now they want us in the League of Nations to help them pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Nothing doing!

IS the above the American attitude? In the absence of any utterance from any responsible official source, it may be. In other words, we propose to keep alive our distrust of all other people and to trust to luck that, in spite of all experience, we can keep out of the next war, now generally believed to be not more than two years distant. Bigger Army, bigger Navy and a bigger bill to pay. That would seem to be our program.

But there must be a better way.

IT may be that France is pointing toward the better way in the plan she has presented to the League of Nations with the proposal that it be submitted to a great international conference for consideration.

The League of Nations today is probably regarded as a failure by a majority of Americans. Certainly it has failed to maintain peace in all the years since it was set up and it has failed to adjust fairly all the disputes that have occurred between member nations. Its failures have been more dramatic than its successes, even though there have been sufficient of those to justify the cost to date of its operations.

The fact remains that the Wilson idea is as fine today as it was in the war days when the nations of Europe, with some assistance from America and the Orient, were engaged in blowing one another to hell as the only alternative to a peaceable settlement of their differences. The weakness of the League was not in its conception, but in the manner of its birth. It was attached to and made part of one of the cruelest and most stupid peace treaties ever concocted by the victors in a war, a pact so unfair that it could not be enforced, or, at least, not for long.

The pact, the Versailles Treaty, is now pretty well destroyed. Japan, Italy and Germany, each in its own way, have cut themselves free from it and from the restraints of the League of Nations.

Something better must take its place, something more fair, more honest, more just. If that can be accomplished a League of Nations can be formed that will function.

France, chief sinner in the monstrous peace-making at Versailles, proposes the new attempt. France, at bay behind a steel and concrete barrier as anachronistic as the Chinese wall, seems at last ready to admit her error. She proposes a new deal. It looks toward an end to the competition in arma-

ments and toward a binding peace agreement entered into voluntarily, rather than through coercion, by all nations. Such an agreement, if achieved, will prove the foundation of an effective League of Nations.

The dispatches from Paris do not tell whether or not the United States is to be invited to the proposed international conference, but we should be there. For the welfare of the American people is involved as truly as that of any other people.

If another great war comes, we expect to be in it. Otherwise why do we build a bigger and more expensive Army and Navy than we've ever had before?

Peace is so much cheaper than war that we should overlook no possible opportunity to promote it.

## THE RITTER CASE

SO far as precedent is concerned, Judge Halsted L. Ritter of Florida, whose impeachment trial is in progress in the Senate, has better than an even chance to remain in office.

Ten such trials have been held. In only three have the defendants been convicted. Yet all three of these were Federal district judges, like Ritter. Three other such judges were acquitted.

In impeachment trials a two-thirds vote of the Senate is required to remove a man from office. One President has been tried, one Supreme Court justice, one Senator, and one Cabinet member. None of them was convicted.

The President was Andrew Johnson and the Senate voted 35 to 19 for conviction. Samuel Chase, Supreme Court justice, was acquitted 30 to 9. Charges against William Blount, Tennessee Senator, were dismissed for want of jurisdiction, since the Senate had expelled him before the impeachment proceedings reached it. On charges against Secretary of War Belknap, the vote was 35 to 25 for conviction.

In two of the three cases of Federal judges who were acquitted, a majority of the Senate favored conviction.

The last previous impeachment trial was held in 1933 on charges against Judge Harold Louderback of San Francisco. Forty-five Senators voted guilty and 34 voted not guilty.

In 1926, Judge English of Illinois resigned after impeachment had been voted by the House.

## THE AIR SEEMS SAFER

THE few spectacular accidents to passenger airplanes have created the illusion that air travel is the most hazardous means of getting somewhere quickly.

Science Service dispels this with some remarkable figures showing that you're much safer flying through the air than dashing about in your own automobile, particularly if you're a dashing sort of auto driver.

Here are death figures for 1935:

The motor vehicles of America traveled 379,979,800,000 passenger miles and killed 20,070 passengers; and thus traveled 18,932,725 occupant miles per passenger fatality.

The foreign and domestic airlines of the United States traveled 360,559,431 passenger miles and killed 15 passengers. The result is 24,037,290 passenger miles per passenger fatality.

The nation's railroad trains last year traveled 18,500,000,000 passenger miles and killed 18 passengers. The result is 1,027,780,000 passenger miles per passenger fatality.

The reason for all this is plain. Railroads are safest, because they have a century of traffic experience behind them. Airplanes are next in safety because they are driven by experts under strict regulation. Autos are driven by Tom, Dick and Harry. And too many of these Toms, Dicks and Harrys lack experience, common sense and ordinary social decency.

## A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

SOMETIMES the law is a clown masquerading with cap and bells. Sometimes it is a tyrant whipping its victims to conformity. More often it is only a pompous ass.

Once again the law has said that Mrs. Anna Laura Barnett was never married to the rich and aged Creek Indian, the late Jackson Barnett, because, in the words of the court, "Barnett was wholly incapable of understanding the nature of the marriage contract or the obligations thereby assumed."

How many married persons do you know who might be charged to a lesser degree with the same incompetency?

We understand what the court means, of course. But there are certain facts remaining after the judgment is rendered which are oddly confusing.

It is charged that Mrs. Barnett kidnapped the man. So, in a sense, does every woman bent on marriage either for love or money. When it comes to grappling with the sinister sex man at his wisest is helpless. Poor old Jackson Barnett, witless as a weanling, didn't have a chance in the world. His weakness merely served to call public attention to his plight.

But the woman who decided to take him over did a swell job at making the simpleton happy. Lifting him out of squalor, she dressed him decently, gave him good food and amused him well. His admiration for traffic cops was tremendous. On a street corner in Los Angeles, several years before his death, tourists saw him going through the gesture of directing the flow of traffic, his empty face alight with joy.

Strange that such enormous wealth should have fallen to the lot of Jackson Barnett! Such trivial things could please him. Once that wealth was his, however, it was inevitable that greedy hands should be always picking his pocket.

To have been Mrs. Jackson Barnett, legally or illegally, must have taken a strong stomach and a determined mind. And let's give the woman credit for sticking it through until "death did them part." She deserves some pay for not asking divorce and alimony.

## HEARD IN CONGRESS

REP. O'CONNOR (D., N. Y.): I will wager the gentleman I have got fewer jobs than he has under this Administration. (Laughter.)

Rep. Mapes (R., Mich.): I dare say it has not been any fault of the gentleman from New York. (Laughter.)

Rep. Gifford (R., Mass.): You have been trying to see eye to eye with the President so long that some of you have become cross-eyed, as some one has said. (Laughter.)

Rep. Hoffman (R., Mich.): During the last two years of the Hoover Administration the brilliant, the vindictive, and the resourceful, gutter-scraping, mud-slinging publicity man of the Democratic organization inaugurated and successfully carried out at enormous expense and without regard to truth or common decency, a campaign to "smear Hoover."

Senator Copeland (D., N. Y.): There is no man in the Senate who is less interested in politics, pure and simple, than am I.

## Squaring the Circle

With THE HOOSIER EDITOR

A MAN we know is writing a one-act play entitled "Peace." It probably will turn out to be something about war. Here's what we know.

He has been calling doctors, asking them if it is possible for a man to be shell-shocked to the extent that, long after the war, he suddenly would go insane and kill his family.

Every time he calls, there is, of course, a detailed explanation, because of the very nature of the subject. It takes about 10 minutes—it's quite involved.

In such a telephonic discourse he was the other day with an unknown man listed in the telephone directory as a doctor.

Verbally sketching the picture at some length, he asked the doctor if such a thing could happen:

The reply:

"I don't know. I'm a dentist."

ONE of the women's clubs had a paper scheduled on modern trends in education, suggesting changes in the system. That was the way it was entitled. A lady I know called her and asked for more detail.

"Can you outline the talk?" the lady asked, "and what changes are you going to suggest in education?"

The woman who was to deliver the paper thought a few moments—or so it seemed because there was a silence—and then she countered with this:

"Well, have they ever tried Democracy?"

The lady who called replied she wouldn't know.

AN elderly, dignified and proper man was in the Toddle House on N. Meridian-st the other afternoon, asking the waiter about the ingenious arrangement of mirrors, fool-proof against any one dropping not enough money in the slot in payment of his check.

The clerk went into great detail, finally convinced the man that the house could not be beaten. The man seemed satisfied and, having finished his repast, prepared to leave.

He dropped some coins into the slot to pay his check and started out.

"I'm sorry, sir," the clerk said, "but you put a streetcar token in the slot."

The man was in an awful tailspin. He had meant to put in a dime. He did and hurriedly departed, one token to the bad.

A MOTHER we know was upset the other day when her son came from progressive kindergarten with a grade of failure in citizenship. The child is five.

She called the teacher and said she could not understand the grading and asked for an explanation.

"He gives no co-operation," the teacher replied.

"What do you mean," the mother countered, "No co-operation in citizenship?"

"No," said the teacher, "he gives absolutely no co-operation in the matter of blowing his nose."

A MOTHER once called the teacher, saying her child was to be five years old, day after tomorrow, and could she send a nice cake with candles on it for the whole school?

The teacher said she didn't know, but would call back. Hours passed. The principal called back. She said:

"It's awfully nice of you to suggest such a thing, but we've been talking it over and we are afraid it would upset the nutritional rhythm of the children."

"However," she said, "you may, if you care to, send over a graham cracker with a candle on it."

AND still another kindergarten mother almost was in tears when her 4-year-old came home with a grade of failure in response. Because, on the margin of the card, was the penciled notation:

"He seems to have no purpose in life."

## TODAY'S SCIENCE

By DAVID DIETZ

I WISH that every student of science might read I. T. Frary's newly published book, "Early Homes of Ohio." Mr. Frary, a member of the staff of the Cleveland Museum of Art, has spent his spare time during the last 20 years visiting and photographing the old houses of Ohio's pioneer towns. The result is the present book with its collection of more than 150 beautiful illustrations.

Perhaps the reader will wonder why I do not leave this book to the literary and art editors and wherein I find its application to science. I shall try to explain.

The physical sciences today have advanced to the point where their impact upon the social sciences and upon life in general is tremendously important. The scientist is beginning to realize that he must think beyond his physical science.

Looking over "Early Homes of Ohio," one is impressed by the beauty which went into these early farm houses and village homes. One is also impressed with the ruthless-ness with which these early homes have been destroyed and with the ugliness that so often replaced them.



## 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 250 words or less. Your letter must be signed, but names will be withheld on request.)

## OPPOSES CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

By Charles R. Milton

During the last few days a number of men have been put to death for various crimes they had committed. As far as the states in which these executions have taken place are concerned, justice has been met. The prisoner has paid for the crime committed. But, after all, has he?

If the true nature of the constitution of man were properly understood, capital punishment would soon be abandoned, not only because it was useless, but because it is unjust and contrary to the laws of nature.

As far as capital punishment being a warning to others it does not work. Criminals do not look upon punishment as being something which they have deserved from their deeds, but of being a consequence of having been so careless as to allow themselves to be caught. It is impossible to determine how many murders have been committed every year through sensitive

persons, who have been influenced by invisible forces, and who have not sufficient will-power to resist. In such cases we punish the instrument, the body, but the real culprit escapes.

When will we come to a realization that man is not the house in which he lives? Until then we must be guilty of an enormous ignorance. When we realize that man is more than flesh and bones we may, perhaps, advance from the savage stage of "capital punishment" to the state of enlightenment.

## PROPOSES COMMISSION TO SET NATIONAL INCOME

By S. H. Remondet, Muncie.

Laying aside a partisan viewpoint concerning the New Deal is necessary to appreciate any part of it. The New Deal would indeed not be a new deal if it did not contemplate purchasing power for the millions, rather than increased millions for the minority class.

Henry Ford has never pretended to be a philanthropist. He has contended that to pay high and sell low is the only way to sell widely. Our commercial banks are the mints of our commercial currency, that is, "check book" money. They create and destroy this check book money at will, without any control exercised by the government except as to when this check book money

shall be increased or diminished.

The reason we are not re-employing the people on relief in private industry, and have underconsumption of farm products and manufacturers' goods, is that our commercial mints are not increasing the check book "deposit loan" currency. We are going around Robin Hood's barn, looking for causes and cures for our failure to operate our highly efficient economic system, when the remedy is simple.

When our commercial bank deposits were 27 billion in 1929, our national income was 81 billion, three times the bank deposits. In 1932 bank loan "check deposits" dropped to 16 billion, and our national income to 48 billion, the same ratio of 3 to 1.

If the government refuses to face this basic fact, we shall sink deeper in the morass of our own creation.

We can set the rate of national income at any figure we desire for the United States by fixing the amount of money in circulation through a Federal monetary commission. Our banks would act as warehouses for this money, storing it for customers, making a service charge for handling of these money credits as a warehouse does for storing and handling goods, but no longer acting as mints in the creation of "check book money" and the destruction of this most important currency through the calling of loans.

We now operate our economic system with "synthetic money," not with real money which is only trivial in amount. There is no mysterious force defeating our efforts to exchange goods and services. We simply do not have the money or any substitute in circulation and that is the real story. If we do not remedy this condition our present civilization may collapse. We must act—and act very soon.

## MOURNING

By MARY WARD

Mourning is the gray dove, There in the nest—  
Lamenting a lost love?  
A fruitless quest?  
Why such plaintive unrest?

## DAILY THOUGHT

And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.—Colossians 1:17.

GOD is a circle whose center is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.—Empedocles.

## SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"I could have been a big shot, but my mother wouldn't let me fly the ocean when I wanted to."

## 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.

VICTORIA, Mexico, April 9.—This is the account of the second day on the drive from Texas to Mexico City. We are, you remember, going slowly. Today's drive was only 165 miles. You might want to do twice as much. The highway was paved, and level, all of today.

We left Monterey at 9 in the morning. The dust of the day before was gone. The air was clear, and it was a bit chilly. I kept my coat on.

You drive south between mountain ridges, in a wide level valley, past the Monterey golf course, and soon you are in farming land.

The whole thing strikes you as queer. Here is rolling farm country. Truck garden country. Everything is green. The fields are alive with workmen. It is more like the States than Mexico. It is more like Japan than either of them.

You could never believe Mexicans were lazy if you drove through here. The soil is black and fertile and every field is fresh with turned soil or growing vegetables.

THE people live in rather nice houses; stone, or stuccoed adobe. Some of them are astounding—a Hollywood Spanish bungalow right out here on a farm in Mexico.

This goes on for 50 miles, until you come to Montemorelos. You have to leave the main road half a mile to see it. This is Mexico's orange capital.

Montemorelos is the most peaceful town I have ever been in. The main street and the plaza are shaded with orange trees. The whole town is as silent as the grave, but not like the grave. It is fresh and soft, like spring, and there is an easy quiet in the air. You feel you could sit here and do nothing the rest of your life, and still be fresh as an orange blossom, instead of growing dry and stale. I recommend Montemorelos to you.

For lunch you stop at Linare. This town has had write-ups in the guide books. I don't know why. It is accused of being desultory, indifferent, backward. I don't think so. It's jealous of Montemorelos, and is trying to extend the orange center down there.

LATER we stepped out into the patio, back of the hotel, to look at the flowers. It was there we met Magdalene Granado. His friends call him "Mag."

Mag is a carpenter. He is dark, and wears overalls and needs a shave. He appeared in the doorway and said in English, "Nice patio, isn't it?"

Surprised, we said yes it was. Then we engaged Mag in conversation, he being the only linguist in Linare, apparently. His isn't any Oxnian English, but you can understand him.

Mag, it seems, lived a long time in Austin, Tex. He has five children, all born in Texas. When the depression caught Mag, his wife wanted to come back to her native Linare, so back they came.

They have been here three years now. Mag is homesick for Texas. He likes to talk English to people.

AFTER Linare, the country changes. It's getting more tropical. The houses are no more. They're mostly thatched now. Whole villages of them. Houses such as you see in pictures of South Africa. I didn't know they had them in Mexico.

The land is poor. The people are poor. They aren't living in luxury. Not even in comfort—although I can not in honesty judge what is comfort for any one but myself.

Around 3 o'clock, 12 miles north of Victoria, we crossed the modern bridge over the Purification River, and turned off to the Hacienda Santa Engracia.

It's 12 miles off the main highway, over a bumpy dirt lane. We stayed all night there. It's one phase of old Mexico that you won't see much longer. The great plantation, with its thousands of acres; its ornate thatched village of a thousand peons; its great old casa grande, or manor house, its history of centuries in the same Spanish family.

Changing times have become hard times for the great Hacienda Santa Engracia. It is being turned into a "guest ranch." Once 200,000 acres, it is now 25,000, and hardly supports itself.