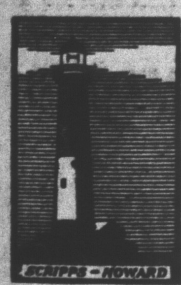


The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

ROY W. HOWARD, President
LUDWELL DENNY, Editor
EARL D. BAKER, Business Manager



Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Owned and published daily (except Sundays) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 W. Maryland-st., Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion County, 5 cents a copy; delivered by carrier, 12 cents a week. Mail subscription rates in Indiana, \$3 a year; outside of Indiana, \$5 a year.

Phone R115 5351

THE CYCLE OF SMITH

WE admire him for what he was, and always shall, no matter where he goes from here—For his record as Governor of our greatest state; for the reforms he effected in behalf of the rank and file; for his fight against the Bourbons and the special interests which opposed him when he occupied his high office; for the combination of courage and personality that made it possible for him to win against constantly hostile legislators those measures that brought a more livable life to the multitude.

We believe that, despite what has been happening of late to take him off the path on which he originally set foot, Al Smith will go down in history as a statesman.

So it is not in anger but in sorrow that we discuss what we consider to be the underlying reasons for Smith's change of heart and state of mind.

First, bitterness at the unfair part which religious bigotry played in defeating him in his supreme ambition; a bitterness so great that he now falls to see that he is translating it into ingratitude against his own party associates who stood by him then.

Second—the old, old story of what age and material prosperity do to a man.

Al Smith is following a cycle that is the rule, not the exception; one from which few who gain success with their bare hands ever escape—

Youth, lean, hungry, hard, radical. Then, getting ahead at last, in middle age, to prominence and power. Next, accumulation, and the "good things of life," wealth and the joys it can bring, and hence to that to-have-and-to-hold process of rationalization, which makes the flaming soul of yesterday the ultra-conservative of today, when age comes on and the road leads over the hill to the sunset. It's the way of all flesh. It explains the drama of Al which might well be entitled "From the Bowery to Wall Street." It tells the tale of the span of the brown derby which now gathers rust in an uptown penthouse, far as the stars from the fish market.

WITH that in mind it is not so hard to understand why Al appears as leading man in a cast of five self-confessed "best minds" who, canes in hand, are "taking a walk."

The consistency which Emerson said is the hobgoblin of small minds is no bogey to these. Pausing at the door on their way out they invoke shades of Jackson, Jefferson and Cleveland to bless a "must" program that might well have been conceived by Harding and Coolidge and Hoover, with the help of Grundy and Smoot and Hawley.

"You must," they say to the party which once honored them, "stop the inflow of foreign goods, lest American producers lose the American market." It is no hobgoblin to them that Jefferson espoused complete free trade, or that Jackson put through the greatest tariff cut in American history, or that Cleveland abhorred the protective idea. Nor are they bothered by the fact that the inflow is, in reality, a mere dribble compared to what it once was and what it will have to become again if American producers are ever to recapture foreign markets upon which the prosperity of so many depends.

"YOU must," they say in the next breath, "insist upon a chief executive who will collect the money due us from defaulting governments." No mention of the fact that those debts were already writ in red ink by Hoover moratorium before Roosevelt became President. No mention that higher tariffs would make the debts even less possible to collect. No reference to the fact that one of the walkers-out, Colby, was the Secretary of State when many of those post-war loans were made, and that Jim Reed, another of the pedestrians, voted for the Liberty loan laws that authorized the credits.

"You must," they warn, turn your back on the rest of the world, become completely isolationist. This, to the party of Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations, the party which in 1928 nominated the then Happy Warrior on a platform pledging "full, free and open co-operation with all other nations for the promotion of peace and justice throughout the world."

The most and perhaps the least which Messrs. Colby, Reed, Ely, Cushman and Smith merit for their stand is the thanks of those who wrote the Republican platform for 1936.

As for four of the five, the nation will soon forget. But something more than forgetfulness is involved for the man who has wandered so far astray.

SHADES OF POOR RICHARD!

PITY the shade of Ben Franklin as he walks through the narrow streets of his home town this week!

The discoverer of electricity and inventor of the lightning rod, wanders bewildered through a great city whose two million souls are heated, cooled, lifted up and down skyscrapers, transported and given light and communication from the mysterious element he snatched from the clouds with his kite and key. As he enters the convention hall where the Democrats hold levee he hears a speaker whose voice goes out to millions over the ether telling of such gigantic power projects as TVA, Boulder Dam and Grand Coulee.

The one-time printer's devil, who laboriously hand set type, letter by letter, watches 1800 correspondents flashing reams of copy to the earth's corners for almost instantaneous transformation into newspapers of many languages.

And what a ghostly headache for this thrifty soul will be in what the New Dealers and their chroniclers talk about! As he ponders their spending and their 34-billion-dollar debt we can see him sorrowfully sit down on a curb and read again from his well-thumbed "Poor Richard's Almanack" these old-fashioned maxims:

"He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing."

"Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

"A patch on your coat and money in your pocket is better than a writ on your back and no money to take it off."

"A penny saved is two pence clear."

"A pin a day's a great a year."

EARLY RESIDENTS DIE

DEATH has come frequently in recent weeks to prominent early residents whose careers were tied closely with the life and growth and tradition of Indianapolis.

Latest of these was Gustave A. Schnull, president of Schnull & Co., wholesale grocers, who died at 74 after an illness of six months. The grandson of a pioneer Hoosier, Jacob Schnull, who came here 101 years ago, Mr. Schnull followed his father in the wholesale grocery business. Many well-known families, related to the Schnull family by blood or marriage, are directly touched by the death of a man who spent an active lifetime in the business, civic, charitable and religious activities of the community.

Mrs. John P. Frenzel Sr., a civic and social leader for many years, who died at 78, was another in this procession. Still another was Joseph A. Kehrer, whose death at 75 closes a career marked by hard work for civic betterment, by his presidency of the Board of Trade, his part in organizing the Indianapolis Kiwanis Club and his 35 years of service in the Knights of Columbus Council.

These men and women were links with a past which Hoosiers recall with considerable sentiment. We join with their families and many friends in the sorrow at their passing.

SUMMER MUSIC

IF there was any doubt that Indianapolis wants high-caliber, outdoor summer music, that doubt was removed Sunday night when 10,000 persons went to Garfield Park to hear the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra in its second and final free park concert of the season. Lack of funds prevents further concerts this summer.

The experiment was a distinct success. Even the fears of outdoor crowd disturbances did not materialize. The audience was attentive and orderly. The amplifiers were adjusted better and an appreciative crowd enjoyed the fine program given by Director Ferdinand Schaefer and his orchestra.

The demonstration of public interest at the two performances should lead to a regular series of popular concerts next summer. Other cities with symphony orchestras supply such entertainment. City officials, in planning next year's budget, should not overlook this community desire and need.

ANOTHER MC CARL

NO job in the government is quite so saturated with the personality of its occupant as the comptroller generalship is saturated with that of McCar. When we think of the presidency we do not think alone of the magnetic Mr. Roosevelt, but we get a kind of composite of all the 31 who have held that office.

But when we think of the Comptroller General, we think of John Raymond McCar, watchdog of the Treasury.

The reason we think of the Comptroller General as McCar, of course, is that we have had only one Comptroller General. McCar has been Comptroller General longer than any man has been or is likely to be President. His 15-year term will end next month. The law says he can not be reappointed.

Because the country has grown used to McCar being Comptroller General, and seems to like having a person of this sort as the No. 1 "No Man" of the government, the public doubtless will look with unusual interest at President Roosevelt's selection of a successor.

We shall be disappointed if the President picks out a second-stringer, even a promising second-stringer, to be Comptroller General.

The times demand a new Comptroller General who can carry on this McCar tradition. Not a politician who regards the Treasury as a pork-barrel, not an auditor with a vision too narrow to comprehend the need of elasticity in experimental government undertakings, not a bureaucrat hide-bound in red tape, yet a man who will enforce the spirit and letter of the law in the spending of the taxpayers' money.

KIWANIS AIDS SCOUTS

THE Indianapolis Kiwanis Club does the community a distinct service in its improvement, year after year, of the Boy Scout Reservation. A new Kiwanis tent-cabin was dedicated at the reservation Sunday. This year the club raised enough additional money to build a new gateway entrance to the reservation and a roadway to the camp.

The gifts are particularly timely this year because of the need for expanding Scouting here. Boy Scout executives point out that lack of facilities, funds and trained leaders is delaying the establishment of Scout troops in many sections of Indianapolis where they are much needed. The Boy Scout membership expansion program for 1936 merits wide support.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

IDA WISE SMITH, national president of the W. C. T. U., is not daunted by defeat. She doesn't, in fact, admit defeat. The matter of repeal to her is only a detour for the organization she heads in the American journey toward teetotalism.

"Two facts have cheered the small determined woman who, once started, can talk for hours on end about the aims and achievements of the white-ribboned women. First, she is perfectly sure they are right. Second, the opposition is getting jittery."

"And," says Mrs. Smith, "when the brewers and saloon keepers begin to quake, you can be sure there are definite signs of a right-about face back to common sense."

She can point out for you all sorts of places where the "jitters" are evident, notably in the wet propaganda, which expresses a constant fear of W. C. T. U. workers.

"The decent people in this country," Mrs. Smith declares, "are not going to stand much longer the high-handed methods of the forces which are leading our children to destruction, contaminating our cities and making a shambles of our highways. National health, society itself, is jeopardized by whisky. There is no argument against that. Drunken women and girls, cocktail orgies that are a disgrace to enlightened people—even the wets are becoming alarmed over these signs of social decadence. Don't think for a minute Americans will stand such sights forever without making a fight."

"Absolutely, yes," she finally replied to our direct question about the future aims of the organization. "We shall certainly work for another prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution and for state laws outlawing whisky traffic. Educational methods alone can't cope with the liquor problem, although our program along this line will be strengthened. Without losing sight of the spiritual significance of the question, we shall concentrate more upon the health aspects and the danger of drinking as it affects public welfare. Liquor traffic touches every phase of our lives: political, economic, social and domestic."

Here Mrs. Smith gave a defiant gesture with her gavel which was tied with a pinky white bow and is made of wood taken from the house in which Frances E. Willard was born. Her blue eyes flashed, her strong little chin challenged denial.

"We've just begun to fight. And good is never really defeated."

Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

FATHER'S DAY, last Sunday, wasn't anything to brag about. To tell the truth, it was as big a fizzle as any and the only reason it wasn't a complete flop was because our daughters did their part. Our sons, most certainly, did not. And no wonder.

I always have had my doubts concerning Father's Day. At any rate, ever since the day a group of American men, willingly and voluntarily, exchanged the prerogatives of fathers for the privileges of pals. Which is to say, ever since the day they subscribed to the delightful but deceptive theory that a father should make a pal of his son.

Not that I have anything against the theory, droll as it is. It is good enough in its way. The trouble is that it isn't good enough to serve its purpose and support the idea of Father's Day at the same time.

For, if the truth be told, you can't make a pal of your boy and have Father's Day, too, any more than you can have your cake and eat it. It's an anomaly and the sooner everybody finds it out, the better it will be for Father's Day.

THE reason isn't hard to find. Indeed, it's so apparent that it isn't necessary for me to dwell on it today. Anyway, I'm not interested in today. What interests me is the future of Father's Day.

The only way of making Father's Day into something like the significance of Mother's Day is to start all over again and re-establish the old-fashioned status of father.

By that I mean, of course, the kind of father who spoke like the Voice from Sinai and behaved like a policeman. That's the kind of parent Father's Day was made for.

All of which brings me to what I wanted to say in the first place, namely: That if you haven't read "Life With Father" by Clarence Day it's high time you were getting around to it. A reading of it will convince you, if anything can, that the old-fashioned type of father is something worth rescuing.

THE book has an extraordinary flavor and the only way to taste it, is to read it aloud. Otherwise, all its beauties are not revealed.

Father is so violent and unreasonable that a lonely reader, in his haste to gulp, will miss some of the phases of this strong, affectionate, humorous, kind-hearted man whose loud "damns" did not make his wife wince, and whose tyrannical dealing with his sons did not spoil their admiration for him. (Which, if you've lost the thread of this thesis, is the point I'm driving home.)

Only when you sit among people who are continually giggling and crying for more, will you get the bouquet and fragrance of the 30 stories and realize how lavishly full they are of the living details that make the charm of the funny episodes.

After you've read "Life With Father," look up "God and My Father," an older book by Mr. Day. It's even better.

Ask The Times

Insert a 3-cent stamp for reply when answering any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times, Washington Service Bureau, 1015 12th-st., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice can not be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—For which novel did Sinclair Lewis receive the Pulitzer Prize? Why did he refuse it?

A—The prize was awarded for "Arrowsmith." He stated his reasons for refusing it as follows: "The Pulitzer Prize is cramped by the provision that it shall be given for the American novel, published during the year, which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood. This suggests not actual literary merit, but an obedience to whatever code of good form may chance to be popular at the moment."

Q—Where did the term "blue stockings" originate?

A—As explained in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" the term is derived from "the blue stocking clubs, given in that time to the conversation held by ladies with literary lions, because Mr. Stillingfleet, a popular conversationalist who attended them, always wore blue stockings."

Q—Who played opposite to Dick Powell in the screen play, "Twenty Million Sweethearts"?

A—Ginger Rogers.

Q—How many Congressional Districts and Representatives in the United States Congress has New York State?

A—Forty-three Representatives from districts and two Representatives-at-large, elected from the whole state. The state will elect 45 Representatives in the election in November, 1936.

Q—How much did the population of the United States increase between 1930 and 1935?

A—The official census count for 1930 was 122,775,046, and the estimated population in 1935 was 126,425,000, an increase of approximately 3,650,000.

Q—How is poppy oil obtained and for what is it used?

A—Poppy oil is a fixed drying oil obtained from the seeds of the opium poppy. It is expressed cold, is colorless or pale yellow, and is used as a salad oil and in cooking; if expressed with the aid of heat, it is dark colored and inferior and is used in paints and soap and as fuel.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

PARK SYMPHONY CONCERTS END LACK OF FUNDS



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 in 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.)

FINDS SUPREME COURT SPLIT IS LOGICAL

By S. W. E.

Why there should be any consternation because the United States Supreme Court justices are not unanimous in their vital opinions on New Deal legislation is certainly not readily apparent.

Experts in all fields of knowledge almost invariably have disagreed. It is logical to assume that an important body such as the Supreme Court, composed of men of varying experiences, should reach unanimity in everything it does.

Chief Justice Hughes himself said recently, in an address before the American Law Institute: "It is not possible that in the interpretation and application of complicated principles of law they (the justices) should be all of one mind, or be able, on demand, to rise above their

Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

AMONG the most important articles of clothing for babies is the sleeping bag. All sorts of sleeping bags have been developed and many have been given extensive trials under various conditions.

A few instances are on record in which babies have suffered harm from sleeping bag necks that are too tight, and loose tapes which wind around the baby's limbs. Mothers, therefore, should be extremely careful in using these articles.

A good sleeping bag should be wide enough to cover the crib and somewhat longer than the baby. Materials may be checked, cotton, flannel, French flannel or light blanket, depending on the season. There usually are tapes which fasten to the sides of the crib. These serve to hold the bag in place and also keep the bag from winding itself around the baby. Such a sleeping bag should permit freedom of movement for hands and legs.

Some of these bags are made with special materials around the neck, to keep the bag from becoming too tight and restricting the breathing in any way.

RUBBER pants sometimes are convenient when a child is taken on a trip, or under other special circumstances. They should not be used continuously, however, because they result in less frequent changing of the diapers and subsequent chafing of the skin. Sometimes they restrict the legs so tightly that circulation of the blood is disturbed.

Tests have been made on babies who wore diapers with a waterproof covering as contrasted with babies who wore diapers without such protection. Six babies of each type were compared.

At the end of a week the babies without the covering had used approximately 400 more pieces of laundry than did those with the coverings. Moreover, extra time was required by nurses in changing the entire bed.

The children with the waterproof coverings seemed to have no more irritation than those without the coverings. It was the opinion of those who made the test that the irritation came from the excretions, and not from the fact that they were held rather longer in contact with the skin.

AS I have said previously, the most common mistake is too much clothing. Overclothed children are fretful and perspire. In the very hottest weather it may be advisable to remove all clothing except the diaper.

Modern manufacturers of infants' garments now prepare sun suits, which consist simply of a covering for the lower portion of the body, with two straps to go over the shoulders. On some suits there is mesh material which permits ready passage of the sun's rays.

Prompt acceptance of this type of clothing material is an indication of the worth.

environment, so as to function in a higher region of icy uncertainty." Divided opinions merely testify to the infinite complexity of the legal process as modern civilization has devised it.

READER REVISES G. O. P. CAMPAIGN SONG

By V. D. V.

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

Four long years! Four long years! Full of bunk and cheers Full of bunk and cheers And Herbert and his highbrow band He wanted us to understand Property is around the corner The next four years!

through, but the three we went through with Hoover, when we lost our homes, jobs, money, respect, yes, even the bread of life.

I went through it all. I was a Republican all my life, but I will support Roosevelt to the end. For he and his New Deal took me out of the bread line, put clothes on my back, gave me back my self-respect, and best of all, a job.

Landon says "take Federal work out of competition with private industry." But we who pounded the sidewalks in 1930 and '31 know we would have no jobs.

Also Landon says "return relief to local agents." We also know that means bare necessities of life. We want work, not starvation dole. I know what it means to try to get aid from local agents. It means taking away what little pride we have left.

Thank God for a man like President Roosevelt; may he carry on—championing the cause of the poor. And God forbid that we have to go back to Hoovervilles and bread lines. A Republican in the White House means just that.

DOUBLE RAINBOWS

By MAUD COURTNEY WADDELL

After a day of frequent showers When sun shone through between darks hour,

The Heaven's blue washed clear and bright Held earth embraced in sparkling light.

So green the grass and foliage new! So fresh the earth where flowers grew!

And then displayed in Eastern sky A double-rainbow meets my eye.

God's promise to our world below, His love and care for us does show.

In silent awe I view again My childish joys that held dim pain When e'er the rainbow's magic fed For then I'd glimpsed far wonders sped.

The while I watched its fading light, And knew somehow that all was right.

Like seeing lights of home at night, I watch this double rainbow's light And see all colors blend delight.

Feel God repeating, "All is right."

Vagabond from Indiana

ERNE PYLE

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

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 23.—Clarence Saunders can take it. You remember Saunders, the Memphis grocery clerk who started Piggly Wiggly stores and ran up an immense fortune and then lost every dime.

And then, came right back and with his Saunders stores piled up an even bigger fortune, and then tangled with Wall Street and was cleaned again.

For years the papers were plastered with his rise and fall. He has been down about four years now. He's living and eating on borrowed money. But he says to keep an eye on him.

"A year from today," he told me, "I'll be worth \$10,000,000. In 12 months I'll have stores doing a million dollars' worth of business a day."

I got a surprise when I went to see Saunders here. It's funny how you get distorted mental pictures of spectacular figures you've never seen. Somehow you get the idea that anybody who bucks the established order in a big way and loses is a quack or a freak.

But he's just like anybody else. Only a little handsomer and a little smarter, maybe. He looks and acts about 40, although he's well over 50.

He has a philosophy of living. I guess anybody who started with nothing, twice made himself a multi-millionaire and twice hit the bottom, flat broke, would develop a philosophy. In most of us it would be a philosophy of bitterness. But not in Saunders.

He thinks everything in this world is perfect. He likes everybody. He doesn't blame anybody for taking his money away.

He liked to have money so he could make beautiful things with it. The finest residential section in Memphis today is land, Saunders used to own. He beautified it, built palaces and swimming pools and lakes and parks.

I asked Saunders what was the richest he ever was. He said he didn't know. You can't figure up vast values like that right down to the decimal point. He did say his income was once \$3500 a day.

I said to him, "If you went broke, were you broke the way you didn't have tax free, or did you have furniture and cars and maybe a few bonds left?"

He said, "I was broke the way you would be broke. Didn't have a cent. Not even a car."

THE thing that has saved Clarence Saunders' face in Memphis is the fact that when he lost other people's money, he lost his own too.