

The Indianapolis Times

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THE STATEHOUSE LAWN

AT the height of the tourist season, when more people drive along United States Highway 40 and look at the Indiana capitol building than at any other time of the year, the Statehouse yard presents an untidy sight.

One correspondent writes that the grounds "resemble a barnyard." Another compares the yard to a pasture. The lawn is unkempt and overgrown in places with weeds. The shrubs are not pruned. Patches of grass are dried up.

The Statehouse grounds should be cleaned up and freshened up. The contrasting green appearance of the Courthouse lawn shows it can be done.

QUIET, PLEASE!

NOISE has been called the most barbaric characteristic of our civilization. It is physically harmful. It reduces human efficiency. It never has accomplished anything. Doctors say loud noises injure hearing, strain the nervous system and interfere with the healing powers of sleep.

Many other cities during the past year have studied the question of noise and its effect on people. They have worked to reduce unnecessary noises and to limit those still regarded as necessary.

Anti-noise ordinances regulate the sounds from horns and sirens, compressed air devices, street cars and buses, loudspeakers and amplifiers, building operations, advertising by noisy devices, even milk wagons, garbage and rubbish trucks.

Tampa equipped its trash and rubbish carts with rubber tires. Milk companies in many places use rubber-lined bottle containers, rubber horseshoes, pneumatic tires. In New York it is a violation to keep "any animal or bird" that make "frequent and long continued noise," and Portland forbids "attaching any bell to any animal." Milwaukee's noise ordinance even outlaws marathon dances or "any human endurance contest." Penalties include both fines and imprisonment, ranging from \$1 to \$10 in New York to \$5 to \$200 in Milwaukee.

Noise is a local problem and its regulation is a local problem. A citizens' organization, civic club or public official would find widespread support for a campaign of noise abatement in Indianapolis.

BONUSES AND BONUSES

WITH corporations back on an earning basis and the question of bonuses again assuming more than academic interest, two news items become interesting.

One is an announcement by President K. T. Keller of Chrysler Corp. of an additional cash bonus of \$2,000,000 to be distributed Aug. 10 to its employees in the United States, Canada, England and Belgium. All employees will participate, the lowest amount being \$25, with \$1 extra for each additional year of service up to 10 years. This is Chrysler's second bonus this year, the first having been a \$2,300,000 melon cut for 59,000 workers in February.

The other is a report made public last week by the Securities and Exchange Commission, over protest of F. W. Woolworth & Co. This showed a 1935 profit of \$31,247,000 from the "5 and 10" firm's American and Canadian stores. Included in its "selling, general and administrative expense" of \$47,534,000 were a number of bonuses. They didn't go to the thousands of sales girls, but to the directors. They totaled \$1,143,321. One director got \$309,880, another \$113,726, another \$68,743. Profits on total sales in this country exceeded 40 per cent, in England 62 per cent.

The reader can judge which of these two types of bonus is better for American recovery and for American capitalism.

"BY THEIR DEEDS, YE . . ."

WE were pleased to hail as bold and progressive statesmanship the wire which Gov. Landon sent to the Republican convention saying that he proposed to extend the merit system in the Federal government to include "every position in the administrative service below the rank of assistant secretaries of major departments and agencies and . . . the entire Postoffice Department."

Here, we thought, is at last a candidate for President who believes as we do that public servants should be chosen for their fitness, and not on a basis of spoils.

So it is quite a let-down for us to read in the Baltimore Sun a dispatch written from Topeka by Paul W. Ward. Here are a few excerpts from Mr. Ward's article:

"Research showed that his (Landon's) own state has no civil service system at all, although, according to state officials, a law providing for one has been on the Kansas statute books since before the war."

"No Governor . . . ever has seen fit to appropriate sufficient funds to put the law in operation. Once . . . \$800 was appropriated to pay the salary of a clerk for that purpose."

"Under Gov. Landon . . . there has been no appropriation at all and the civil service law remains inoperative."

" . . . There are no competitive examinations for state jobs and department heads fix the salaries of their subordinates."

"Judged by appearances, there is as much or more superfluous help—relatively—in the Statehouse here as in any of the New Deal agencies at Washington. In nearly two weeks of traveling from one office to another in the Kansas Capitol, no persons were encountered who seemed to be working outside of the Governor's suite of offices."

"All posts appear to be filled on a patronage basis. Leaders in both the Republican and Democratic camps said there is a general 'housecleaning' whenever there is a change of administrations."

"When a Democrat, Ed Powers, who was elected State Auditor, died last September, Landon appointed a Republican, George Robb, to the post, and Powers' appointees were at once replaced by Republican jobholders."

The Governor might do well to remember that reform, like charity, begins at home.

MIGHT TRY TAHITI

IF President Roosevelt is re-elected, Julian T. Bishop is going to sell out and move to Canada. He says he has "an intense dislike" for the New Deal.

"I used to be a broker," he says, "and I worked like hell at it. And then the Securities and Exchange Commission came along and there's no point in being a broker any more."

Without trying to turn Mr. Bishop from his rash act of self-expatriation we feel he should be warned about Canada. A set of eight laws, launched last year by Conservative Premier Richard Bedford Bennett and supported by Liberal Premier William L. Mackenzie King, are many times more "radical" than anything the Roosevelt Administration has conceived. These laws include: Federal unemployment insurance; federal regulation of wages and hours; a marketing act similar to AAA and NRA; price regulation; compulsory liquidation of farm debts; an act similar to the Robinson-Patman Act to prevent secret rebates and discounts by chain stores. Canada's highest court has upheld three of these acts entirely and two partially. The King government has just taken steps to put the Central Bank of Canada under Federal control. Canada owns and runs the great Canadian National Railroad. Canada recognizes collective bargaining and—note this, Mr. Bishop—Canada regulates stock exchanges.

Mr. Bishop may not like it here, but by moving to Canada wouldn't he be jumping from the frying pan into the fire?

INDIANA TOWN

ROCHESTER, Indiana, receives national attention this week in Fortune Magazine. The article is a colorful portrait, in words and pictures, of small-town life and characteristics. The story tells of the pride of Rochester citizens in their town, concluding:

"They like to joke about Shelton's dray horse, Billy, and only horse in town, and to say that Rochester is a one-horse town." They are used to being called Hicks and Hoosiers and Main Streeters, and they don't care. If anybody wants to laugh at them, let them laugh. They are proud to live in Indiana, proud to live in Fulton County, proud to live in the quiet, shaded streets of Rochester."

The pride of Hoosiers in their town, whether it be Rochester or Indianapolis, and their love of Indiana, are invaluable assets.

WAR DEBTS AND COMMON SENSE

WITH increasing frequency trial balloons are being sent up by European nations to find out how the wind blows for some new loans from this country. Already in default to the tune of more than \$12,000,000,000 on the war debts, they indicate a cheerful willingness to make the amount bigger.

The very human reaction of the American man in the street is to tell them all to go take a running jump. That, however, is not an answer. Congress has been telling Europe that for a decade. But it hasn't settled anything. It hasn't hurt Europe and it hasn't helped us.

In fact, both debtors and creditor have been incredibly stupid. From the beginning Britain, France and the rest have been reluctant to pay. They have irritated American public opinion constantly and needlessly by calling us Shylocks, by rebuking us for being "late" in coming into the war, and by the unflattering innuendo that we should have been glad to contribute money instead of men.

At last, instead of saying yes, we owe you the money and will pay back as much of it, and as fast, as we can, they defaulted entirely.

Instead of doing what each member would do as an individual business man dealing with a debtor—namely, striking the best possible bargain for all he could get on the dollar—Congress, as a body, has kept on insisting on all or nothing.

It has been stupid business all around. It was stupid of Britain, France and the other war debtors to default. Even more stupid was their attitude that Americans were some sort of moral lepers for asking payment. But we have been just as bad with our impossible demands, then hurrying insulting epithets because they were not met.

A common-sense settlement—if common sense is not too much to expect in international relations in this day and time—is badly needed. One of these days, Britain, Italy and the others—to express it mildly—are going to need the good will of this country. And we, on our side, need and want the good will of Europe.

Sound loans are as vital to foreign trade as they are to domestic trade. Not to be able to extend them is to discourage business and handicap commerce. Nations, like banks, in time of crisis should be able and willing to go to each other's aid for the good of all concerned.

It is high time, therefore, that Europe and the United States again set about finding a solution to this chronic and irritating problem. It is not going to be solved, however, by making faces at each other like spoiled children in a kindergarten.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

—By Mrs. Walter Ferguson—

WHATEVER you may think of his politics, Norman Thomas is a great character. His appearance before the Townsend Clubs in Cleveland was an exhibition of magnificent courage.

"Come, let us reason together," said Mr. Thomas. This plea was met by jeers and boos from the throng that wished to hear only that in which it already believed.

Most of us are like that. We want to be encouraged in our delusions. We prefer people who agree with us.

Our individual behavior toward life's major problems is usually no more intelligent than that of the audience which listened to Mr. Thomas, and which resented his dragging in realism to spoil the Utopia they had invented.

Take marriage. Most of its tribulations arise from the same human trait which was so in evidence at Cleveland—a firm refusal to look at the truth.

A young woman, let us say, who longs above everything to make a happy life, will wreck it instead because she persists in a belief that matrimony is some kind of Utopia planned by celestial architects, instead of the practical arrangement designed by society for two persons to live together.

And although she may know how dangerous certain behavior may be to her happiness, she never will change it. Why? Simply because she has been brought up to think that romance never can fade, and that what she wants love to be, it will be. With dogged stubbornness, she pretends that her wish is truth.

So these Townsends of Marriage are truly tragic figures. They believe implicitly in a magic formula for happiness. Out of the same trick from which the old people would draw their huge pension sums, multiplied millions of wives expect deathless romance to come.

Both groups will meet defeat because they have ignored a rule of economics which no one can evade—everything life gives to us, we must pay for in some kind of coin.

Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

THE group of prints by James McNeill Whistler, now on view at the Herron, recalls again the famous family feud which existed for so many years between Jimmy and his brother-in-law, Sir Francis Seymour Haden.

In more ways than one, it was probably the most successful—certainly, the most venomous—of the American's, many striking achievements in "the gentle art of making enemies."

Both Whistler and Haden were great artists. Both, too, were bad actors. At any rate, both had bad dispositions, the main difference being that Whistler was born with his and Haden's was cultivated. Which is to say, that Haden got better as he grew older, although, goodness knows, he was plenty good enough when he married Jimmy's half sister.

Haden, the older of the two by 16 years, was often insolent, always domineering. Whistler was conceited, contentious and cantankerous. Both were prize examples of what the two great English-speaking nations can do when they set their minds on turning out snobs.

There is no reason to doubt Haden's boast that he kicked his brother-in-law downstairs or, for that matter, to doubt Whistler when he declared Haden lied—that he was the one to do the kicking and that it was Haden who went down the stairs.

The facts of the case are that both men went through life with chips on their shoulders during the world—and especially, their brother-in-law—to knock them off.

THERE was one great difference between the two men, however, and it's worth noting.

Whistler was extremely selfish. He cared little for art except as it furthered his ends. Haden was different. I wouldn't go so far as to say that he was unselfish, but it does appear that he looked at art from an altruistic standpoint. At any rate, his greatest pleasure came, not from what his successes brought him but from the opportunity it gave him to increase the appreciation of fine prints among cultured people.

Without putting too fine a point on it, I believe it may be seriously questioned whether Whistler would have lived to see his etchings praised by critics and sought by collectors had not Seymour Haden prepared the way.

Even if you don't want to go that far, it still remains a fact that when Haden first interested himself in etching (at the age of 40, by the way), it was looked upon as a reproductive art and, as such, far inferior to steel engraving. After 50 years of continuous effort on the part of Haden, a complete change was brought about. Etching regained the place it once had in Rembrandt's time.

It might be interesting, some time this winter, to have Wilbur Peat put on a show of Haden and Whistler prints. After all these years, maybe, the two brothers-in-law can be put in the same room without quarrelling.

Ask The Times

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

Q—Where is Chincokeague Island? Give its size, population, and industries.

A—It is in Accomac County, Virginia, on the eastern coast near the Maryland line. It is seven miles long and a little more than a mile wide. It is famous for wild ponies and oyster fishing and has the largest wild goose farm in the United States. The population is 4500. It is connected with the mainland by highway and bridges.

Q—What is a "OQ" signal in radio?

A—A signal of inquiry made by a station desiring to communicate.

Q—What kind of gas is used to sustain the Von Hindenburg dirigible in the air?

A—Hydrogen.

Q—How do electric photo-flash lamps operate?

A—Aluminum foil is stuffed in the bulb which is exhausted of air. Lead wires from the socket of the lamp extend into the bulb and are surrounded by the foil. At the ends of the wires is a primer which when fused by the electric current from a battery ignites the foil which burns rapidly with great illumination.

Q—How many Republican Governors has Tennessee had?

A—Three.

Q—Is it safe to prune grape vines in the summer?

A—They should be pruned in the winter when they are dormant. They should not be cut when frozen or while the sap is flowing freely. Summer pruning is practiced on the young growth to regulate the quantity of fruit and the shape of the plant.

Q—Did the United States government ever issue any quarter dollars without date?

A—No.

TODAY'S COMMON ERROR

Never say, "In so far as we know," omit the "in."

BEFORE GETTING OVERHEATED—



The Hoosier Forum

I wholly disagree with what you say, but I 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 letter short, so all may have a chance. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request.)

STREET NAME SIMILARITY

By David Horn

I understand that quite a number of Indianapolis streets bear duplicate and even triplicate names. For instance, it appears that there are two "Albert" streets. There is an "Audubon Place" and an "Audubon Road," a "Bell Street" and a "Bell Avenue," a "Maple Street," a "Maple Court," a "Maple Lane" and a "Maple Road," etc.

If a letter arrives at the Indianapolis postoffice addressed to "Mr. John Doe, 75 Maple," the postal employees are burdened with the job of guessing whether the addressee lives on Maple Road or Maple Street. If they happened to guess wrong it means that the addressee has been inconvenienced by receiving his letter too late.

To avoid any such unnecessary

Your Health

By DR. MOREIS FISHEIN

Editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

EVERYBODY should know by now that children are not born equal, either mentally or physically. Most of them are the sum of their ancestors. Many a parent himself is not as smart as he would like his child to be.

The first duty of a parent is to find out the limit of the child's intellectual capacity, and not to endeavor to drive the child beyond that capacity. The child who can't think well, remember well or learn normally should have the advantage of what science can offer to make the most out of the capacity that he has.

Once it is discovered that a child is mentally slow and that it can't keep up with other children, the parents must decide what they are to do about his education. But first they must determine by suitable examination that the physical condition of the child is as good as it can possibly be made.

Out of 400 delinquent children studied in a mental hygiene clinic, it was found that a considerable percentage suffered from easily corrected physical defects. One-third had bad teeth and large adenoids and tonsils.

Many of the children had parents who were handicapped by physical illness—the father being unable to work and the mother being compelled to earn the family living. Many of them had parents who were themselves distinctly neurotic.

THERE is, of course, some relationship between diseases and intelligence. There are many conditions which do not lessen intelligence, but seem instead to sharpen the mind. Thus, it has been shown that children who are especially sensitive to various food substances are likely to be more alert than are other children.

Out of 1077 children examined in Glasgow, those suffering from chronic rheumatism or kidney diseases were found to be just as intelligent as their brothers and sisters.

On the other hand, those suffering from renal disorders of the glands, and with either an excess or deficiency of internal secretions, were found occasionally to depart from normal intelligence levels.

Attempts have been made to correlate height and intelligence. It has been claimed that children of higher intelligence are slightly taller than others. This claim was made in Great Britain, where people in general are taller than people of some other races.

Nobody yet has found that tall Japanese are any smarter than the short ones.

Inconvenience I would suggest, that the city authorities change the names of those streets, so that only one street should be known, once and for all, by a given name—regardless of whether you call it a "place," an "avenue," a "road," a "street," a "parkway" or what not.

POETIC TRIBUTE PAID

By George Sanford Holmes

"That Never Wore a Brand" Young Representative Maverick, of San Antonio, They're calling you a Bolshevik, down by the Alamo.

Where just 100 years before, a battle-won decree Was signed by your own ancestor, declaring Texas free.

We thought you too a patriot, as was your proud forbear.

We knew that you were gassed and shot while serving "Over There." We read that you'd been cited for distinguished gallantry.

And maimed for life, in that great war "to save democracy."

But when you battle "Over Here," against the thunderbunch led by the ruthless rogues who racketeer with other people's funds,

And unctuous "pink-tea bobbies" dumb, that special interests hire, They tell you are just a "bum" they're fighting to retire.

You were a hero overseas, but since you've helped to flay And regulate utilities and boost the TVA,

And brave the holding companies' flak, wherever Roosevelt led, You're just a dangerous "Communist," an un-American "Red."

The power trust is spending cash to beat you, so we hear, But we predict their hopes are rash, in this Centennial year.

When Texans spice their politics with Lone Star liberty, Birthplace of men and mavericks who venture to be free.

You won the Purple Heart, we note, also the Silver Star, But not till you came home to vote did foes learn who you are.

A Maverick who lives the name, son of that Texas band That Santa Anna could not tame, that never wore a brand!

VOTING POWER

By John McEllan, 1474 Broadway, Maple Heights, O.

Again a cross-section view given by 100,000 American families shows 53 per cent believing that Roosevelt policies have been helpful, with 70 per cent against the formation of a third party, with only 45 per cent willing to say Roosevelt policies have hindered business, with 32 states for the Roosevelt policies—14 against.

Every day he ran ninth, even when there were seven horses in the race. Every day, that is, until the last day.

That day, just at post time in Egad's race, a sudden and violent thunderstorm came up. It shook the Canadian heavens and drenched the Canadian track. The thunder and lightning were frightful. There was pandemonium among the horses. Some of them ran backward, and some the wrong way, and some just jumped up and down.

But not Egad. He didn't even know it was raining. Not wind nor rain nor dark of snowy night would stay him on his appointed rounds. He had his daily act to perform.

So he went on as usual, and went loping around the track at his usual dull pace. He came in first, because all the other horses had run some other direction.

My friend was undoubtedly the only one who looked pretty well-to-do on Egad. He made a small fortune that day. That's the reason he loved Egad so much, and felt so badly when they took him to the glue factory.

GLASS PEN

By HARRIETT SCOTT OLINICK

I watched him fashion with tense fingers a shining tube from glass and flame.

This crystal pen with which I write These words and sign them with my name.

My fingers tremble when I think Of writing with the complex parts Of flame and muscle and of brain.

And dreams in his, inventive hearts.

DAILY THOUGHT

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.—Ecclesiastes 3:1.

DOST thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

Vagabond from Indiana

—ERNEST FYLE

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

FORT ERIE, Ontario, July 30.—"We have at this track some of the oldest horses in North America," said my friend as we watched them parade out for the first race.

"One of my favorites used to be a horse named Egad. He was a honey. They turned him over to a glue factory last year, and now I don't come to the track much any more."

The story of my friend's affection for Egad is a touching one. My friend was on a train somewhere up here in Canada, and a Pullman porter named George told him he had it straight that a horse called Egad was to win that day at Fort Erie.

My friend happened to be reading the comics at the moment, and just as George said Egad, my friend's eyes lit on the word Egad from the mouth of Mal Hoople. So he put two and two together and decided this was Egad's day.

He had to call his office in Buffalo on some business, so while he was at it he told the man on the other end of the wire to lay some inferior sum for him on Egad.

Now while the train was going on a bootblack named Tony was shining the Buffalo fellow's shoes, and Tony overheard that end of the conversation. He then hustled out around the building, and told everybody that the boss had something absolutely sure on Egad.

The news spread like wildfire. Work practically ceased. Everybody was trying to borrow money. Stenographers pooled their lunch allowances for a bet. Workmen sneaked home and robbed the baby's china pig.

THE downtown bookmakers got so loaded up they had to transfer bets to suburban bookies. The news got out of the building, and up and down the streets. By 2:30 that afternoon everybody in Buffalo within a radius of five miles had his wad down on Egad.

There were 105 in the race. Egad finished ninth.

My friend became the house of Buffalo. Stenographers hated him. Fathers accused him of robbing them. He didn't know what it was all about, until somebody explained.

So, just to vindicate himself, and than anything else, he kept on betting on Egad all through the Fort Erie meet. But Egad was consistent. Every day he ran ninth, even when there were seven horses in the race. Every day, that is, until the last day.

That day, just at post time in Egad's race, a sudden and violent thunderstorm came up. It shook the Canadian heavens and drenched the Canadian track. The thunder and lightning were frightful. There was pandemonium among the horses. Some of them ran backward, and some the wrong way, and some just jumped up and down.

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My friend was undoubtedly the only one who looked pretty well-to-do on Egad. He made a small fortune that day. That's the reason he loved Egad so much, and felt so badly when they took him to the glue factory.

THERE were 4000 people at the beautiful Fort Erie track. The sun was bright and the weather hot. People looked pretty well-to-do. Most of them were from Buffalo