

By ERNIE PYLE

PINECLIFFE, Colo., Oct. 3.—One of the main things about Denver is Opportunity School. You can ask almost anybody there, and he will tell you that.

Opportunity School is simply this: A big business right downtown, where grownup people go in a constant stream from 8 in the morning till 9:30 at night, to try to learn something that will better their stations in life.

The school is a part of the city school system. Students don't have to pay anything. They come when they can. They are eager to learn. They range from 17 to 70.

Opportunity School was started in 1916. Within two months, it had 2000 students. Today it has 10,000, and 125 teachers, and more. They teach more than 40 trades, from beauty parlor to welding, plus reading and writing for grownups.

Way up here in Coal Creek Canyon, in the mountains 40 miles west of Denver, sits a neat three-room cabin. In this cabin lives Miss Emily Griffith.

She is the mother, the soul, the spirit, the everything of Opportunity School. There are a quarter million people, I expect, who know her and love her. "Miss Griffith has been a school teacher in Denver all her life. It was what she saw around her when she was teaching in a poor section in 1916, that made her think of such a thing as Opportunity School. She talked the city school superintendent into letting her try it.

The whole thing was in the spirit. Opportunity School is practical education mixed with understanding. It is, in reality, the soul of Emily Griffith. Her heart is soft for adversity.

No Private Office
YOU could use up pages telling how Emily Griffith started and ran Opportunity School. Maybe I can give you a clue in just one sentence. She never bowed to a private office. Her desk always stood in the hall, where everybody passed. More than 100,000 students have gone through her hands since 1918.

Three years ago Emily Griffith bogged down under 17 years of helping other people. She got so other people's miseries were too much for her. She couldn't bear to look at sadness, or hear of trouble.

She had to resign. She came up to this cottage, which she had been building. When she got here, she couldn't sit up longer than half an hour at a time. Now, she can walk four miles over the mountains without stopping.

Today she is living solely on the miserable retirement pay of the Denver schools. Fifty dollars a month. She and her sister come up on \$50 a month—a woman who is recognized even by other educators as being one of the greatest in America.

She Doesn't Squawk
DOES she squawk? You know very well she doesn't. She says it's fun just figuring out how to make \$50 last a month.

A few days after she came here to the cabin, a boy working on the section gang saw her. The next day he and six other boys came around with a big box of candy. They were all her former students.

Every time she goes down to the village postoffice, there are about 40 letters from her boys and girls. She made speaking trips to Portland, Ore., and Portland, Me. (before her breakdown), and in each place her hotel room was banked high with flowers from her "children" who had migrated to those cities.

The same thing happens wherever she goes. On Sundays her cabin is full of ex-students from Denver. Emily Griffith may be poor, but she's rich, too.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

ALBANY, N. Y., Friday.—All day yesterday the sessions of the New York state branch of the National Youth Administration went on in Albany. I listened for two days and became very much more intelligent than I was before on the subject of vocational guidance, apprenticeship, and, finally, the relationship of youth to the economic and social situation as a whole.

Miss Flora Rose, director of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University, said one thing which I will never forget. From her point of view, the two most important things for youth are, economic security—a feeling that they may depend at least on a preparation for life—secondly, emotional security—which, she explains, means that all youth has to feel itself cherished.

I think this particular point is borne in on you most strongly when you visit orphanages and reform schools. I have always had the feeling when I have been to these institutions that I was always sense the desire to belong to some one in the eyes of the children. They want to be necessary to some family or individual, in other words, to be a part of the social order.

Such a conference as this, with its opportunities to talk with different people, leaves you stimulated with new thoughts. When I woke this morning to a beautiful day, I felt like saying: "I have spent two good days." May they bear fruit in thought and action during the coming month.

The weather is so glorious that I decided to have one more day in the open. Mrs. Scheider came up in my car to meet me, and we have cooked our lunch out of doors and are having a free day.

I was not able to listen to the President's speech last night because I was at a meeting. Early this morning while I was eating breakfast, the maid in the hotel, who has been most attentive, came in and reported to me on what he had said and how it sounded over the radio. I thought she was very kind and considerate because she knew I would like to know her impressions.

I have been reading Carl Van Doren's "Three Worlds." I delighted in his appreciation of Eleanor Wiley and I was particularly impressed with the last part of the book.

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Daily New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

FOURTEENTH CENTURY Italy was still influenced by the dissolute court of Queen Joanna; Boccaccio was completing "The Decameron"; and the plague of the Black Death was being speedily forgotten. But out of this period of corruption, the influence of the monastery was growing and attracting many to a new and better life.

This is the background for Lucille Papin Borden's new novel, WHITE HAWTHORN (Macmillan; \$2.50). It is the adventurous story of Florence, a child of the streets. By happy circumstance she is taken from her father's notorious tavern in Florence and placed with the Abbess Bergitta in Rome until she grows to womanhood.

Highly idealistic, this is a gay and romantic story of historical interest.

THE latest story by R. A. Walling is THE CORPSE WITH THE DIRTY FACE (Morrow; \$2). Mr. Walling's facile pen greps several mysteries a year, his "Corpses in the Green Pajamas" being one of the books that Alexander Woolcott "went quietly mad" about last season.

The present corpse is one Benjamin Broadall, English banker who was found in his office amidst great confusion of torn and scattered papers and an empty safe. That his face was dirty was due to an old disfigurement, but this was enhanced by ink from a heavy ink well which had been hurled as a defensive or offensive weapon.

Mr. Tolefree, that almost painfully efficient detective, was interested in Mary Broadall, the lovely daughter of the corpse; in John Polberry, the worshipful secretary of the day; in Dick Silverbridge, a favorite nephew, and in several others—all of whom seemed to have motives and all of whom had perfect alibis for the time the dirty deed was done.

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WHAT DOES A DOLLAR BUY NOW?

Meat Leads 20 Per Cent Skyrocketing of Prices Since 1933

(Second of a Series)

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

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NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The rise in prices which has been irritating the housewife has not, of course, been the same in all fields of trade.

The rise in prices of all the items included in the cost of living budget since 1933 has been 20 per cent. In that same time, however, the cost of food has increased 40 per cent. Since the beginning of 1933 the cost of foods has increased 10 per cent. Here I am speaking of retail costs, for it is these which affect the consumer.

Clothing has not risen as much as food. It has gone up about 19 per cent since 1933. But since January, 1935, the cost of clothing has actually decreased.

Rents—the cost of housing—have risen about 20 per cent since 1933 and since the beginning of 1935 have advanced about 12 per cent.

Let's apply this to our dollars. Suppose you say your dollar was worth a dollar in 1933; then it is worth 71 cents now when you buy food, 81 cents when you buy clothing, and 80 cents when you pay rent. These figures given here are averages for the whole country. Of course the increase in prices has been different in different places.

What will happen to clothing costs I do not undertake to forecast. But certainly food and rent costs are going to rise still further.

AMONG food prices, meats have been particularly tricky in their upward leaps. Here is an actual set of prices on identical cuts of meats in the same store—a store catering to low-price customers—at four different periods since 1933:

	June, 1933	June, 1934	Oct., 1934	Sept., 1936
Roast beef	17	29	39	32
Sirloin steak	25	39	42	42
Porterhouse steak	29	43	48	48
Leg of lamb	19	29	35	32
Loin of pork	12½	—	25	35
Smoked ham	15	27	27	34

It will be seen that while some articles have gone up 20 to 40 per cent, the price of meats has risen in some cases from 80 to 100 per cent and over.

GETTING actual comparative retail prices on articles of clothing is difficult. One must be sure the prices quoted today are on articles precisely the same in quantity and quality as on the other dates selected. As an example, I asked Paul Hollister, vice president of R. H. Macy & Co. of New York, to make up for me comparative prices on a selected list of articles over a period of four years.

	Before 1933	Oct. 16, 1933	June 12, 1934	Sept. 10, 1936
Sheets 81x103	\$.84	\$1.14	\$1.12	\$1.21
Terry towels	.23	.39	.37	.44
Pinafores, women's	.21	.37	.37	.37
Wool blankets	2.54	5.59	4.98	5.98
Shorts, men's broadcloth	.49	.49	.49	.49
Shirts, men's	14.94	19.94	18.74	18.74
Camel's hair coats, women's	.69	1.19	1.39	1.41
Pajamas, boy's broadcloth	29.50	37.50	36.50	37.50
Suits, men's	.69	.94	.94	.94
Shirts, men's broadcloth	1.24	1.54	1.39	1.39
Vests, women's glaze silk	.84	1.29	.94	.94
Middle, girls'	.69	.89	.89	.94
Stockings, girls' silk	.69	.89	.89	.94

YORK, New Orleans, St. Joseph, Mo., Baltimore, Cincinnati and North Worth, Tex. (to take places widely scattered) rents have not increased at all. In some places as for instance, in Buffalo, they actually have declined. In most places the rises have been moderate. But in still other places they have been heavy—with increases of 100 per cent in some cases.

The price of coal is very little different from what it was in 1933 and is lower than in 1934, while the price of gas and electricity have gone down about 6 per cent as a whole.

But prices, after all, are relative. We have seen what has happened to the size of our dollar. But what has happened to the number of dollars we are getting? And what is playing all these tricks with our money?

Next—Wages.



"Suppose you say your dollar was worth a dollar in 1933; then it is worth 71 cents now when you buy food..."

It is worthwhile noting that in 1934 as result of the NRA prices went up; that in 1935 they tended to decline again.

While food prices in different places are different the rate of increase is not so equal throughout the country.

BUT rent prices have been marked by great differences. For instance in New Haven, New

York, New Orleans, St. Joseph, Mo., Baltimore, Cincinnati and North Worth, Tex. (to take places widely scattered) rents have not increased at all. In some places as for instance, in Buffalo, they actually have declined. In most places the rises have been moderate. But in still other places they have been heavy—with increases of 100 per cent in some cases.

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POLITICS AS CLAPPER SEES IT

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

THOMAS, W. Va., Oct. 3.—You can best see how Mr. Roosevelt campaigns through a small incident which occurred at Syracuse the other night, after he had repudiated Communist support.

Perhaps you read about it in the news dispatches. President Roosevelt and Gov. Lehman were riding back from the armory to the railroad station in an open automobile. As they arrived at the station, the driveway was blocked by a uniformed men's chorus of the American Legion, which sang several songs. The last one was the President's favorite, "Home on the Range." The White House warbler, Secretary McIntyre, joined in, but the rendition would have been superb without Mac's assistance.

"That's fine," said the President. "I think I'll have some pictures taken."

So he and Gov. Lehman got out of the car and took their stance in the front line of the chorus. Legions hats were placed on their heads. Cameras lined up and the chorus began singing the old war-time favorites, "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." Mr. Roosevelt sang with them, and at the end, he threw his head over his shoulder and sang to him and close to his mouth down in a barber-shop baritone finish.

TRIVIAL incident to you and me because it was all done so simply and naturally just as you might act at the end of a good party. Yet imagine Hoover doing it, or Coolidge, or Wilson. And I don't think Gov. Lehman sings either; at least his Republican friends insist that he is not a radio crooner. Mr. Roosevelt had reason to be tired. He might have been bored at being delayed in reaching his train where rest and isolation awaited. There also was his dignity to consider. Presidents just don't sing in public. He might have politely thanked the Legion chorus for its efforts and gone on.

You say it was good politics for him to do what he did. It was. But the reason he is a good politician is that such things come naturally and instinctively to him. You say a duck swims well, but that is because swimming comes naturally to a duck. It doesn't have to take lessons.

The distinguishing thing about Mr. Roosevelt as a politician is his acute sixth sense. He needs less prompting, less coaching, less bunting by idea men than the average candidate. His best speeches are not the ones prepared for him but the ones he writes himself, when he dispenses with tiresome facts and swings out gayly with satirical references to angry old gentlemen who have lost their silk hats. He liked that touch in his Syracuse speech.

Those who emerge burst into tears as they meet friends whom they had not seen since the civil war started.

In the streets, deeply covered with powdery dust from explosions, gangs are cleaning up human and animal debris, carrying away bodies of cats, rats, horses, mules and gathering into piles red-stained uniforms and bullet-punctured caps.

Hard-boiled foreign legionnaires and Moors throng the sidewalks while roaring trucks with supplies raise dust clouds. Smoke still curls from burning buildings, and the stench of bodies in the piles of refuse is noticeable.

In the Santa Cruz Museum, partly in ruins, few of the old masters have escaped bullet holes or the slashes of bayonets or knives. Galleries are a confused mass of Roman statues pock-marked with bullets and paintings with 50 to 100 bullet marks. Several paintings of Christ on the cross have been slashed by a knife.

Gen. Jose Varela, who commanded the attack on Toledo, told me that among the art objects missing from the cathedral was the priceless cloak of the Virgin of Cuervos, with its thousands of pearls and diamonds. From one ornamental masterpiece of a cross weighing four pounds, made of the first gold Columbus brought from America.

He said also that Toledo's most famous painting, the burial of the Count of Orgaz by El Greco, was missing along with most other Grecoes.

Spanish President Sure of Victory
BY United Press
MADRID, Oct. 3.—The government will win the civil war and will give Spain not Socialism or Communism, but real political liberty, President Manuel Azana said here in a forceful interview.

He asserted that if the Nationalist insurgents had not received aid from foreign governments the war would have been over long ago. The President mentioned only a declaration that Italy had helped the rebels. But the government already has disclosed its protests to Germany and Portugal in addition to Italy, against their alleged direct aid to the insurgents.

Azana paced the floor of his magnificent office in the national palace, smoked one cigarette after another and looked occasionally out toward the mountains where, as he talked, loyalist troops were holding off the rebels north of the capital.

"Our government," the President exclaimed in answer to a question, "Absurd! This talk about 'Reds' is silly. The government is fighting for political liberty. We are not fighting for Communism or Socialism."

"I maintain the opinion I have had from the very beginning—the government will triumph. The people are fighting enthusiastically, with a fervor that is marvelous."

"This war would have been over long ago, if the rebels had not received foreign aid. It is a proved fact that they have received it."

"I repeat that we will win. What will come after the victory? That will be up to Parliament. I do not make predictions. The normal thing would have been to avoid all bloodshed. But that, it is the past."

Survivors of Grim Alcazar Still Unable to Face Sunlight

By WEBB MILLER

(Copyright, 1936, by United Press)

TOLEDO, Oct. 3.—Still dazed after 10 weeks in semi-darkness, most of the survivors of the Alcazar still wandered around the tortuous cell passages today unable to face the sunlight above, their hair still matted, uniforms begrimed and yellow faces etched with lines of strain.

Those who emerge burst into tears as they meet friends whom they had not seen since the civil war started.

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Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

EPHRAIM ENSAW, a boy brought here by Dr. Samuel G. Mitchell in 1820, was the first Negro in Indianapolis. The second to arrive was a woman, Chaney Lively, who kept house for Alexander Ralston, the bachelor surveyor credited with thinking up the ingenious plan of Indianapolis.

Mr. Ralston built a brick house on W. Maryland-st., a half-square west of Capitol-av and there lived until his death in 1827. "Aunt Chaney," as she was called, lived at least 20 years longer, and after Mr. Ralston's death had her home at the northwest corner of Meridian and Maryland-sts.

The third Negro to arrive was David Mallory, a barber—our first barber, by the way—who planted his shop opposite George Smith's orchard, which stretched along what is now known as W. Georgia-st.

A year later (1822), Mr. Smith set up a printing press opposite Mr. Mallory's barber shop and started publishing the first Indianapolis newspaper. Everybody thought Mr. Smith's choice of location just about the slickest way of keeping down the overhead of a newspaper ever heard of.

David Mallory prospered until, one day, an itinerant preacher got into his chair. Dave gave him the whole works, then asked him whether he preferred witch hazel or bay rum. The preacher rose in mighty wrath, whipped out a gun and shot Barber Mallory through the heart. Squire John Maxwell, when apprised of this incident, observed that "barbers talk too much."

Negroes Start Church

WITH such a beginning, Indianapolis had 59 Negroes in 1827; 73 in 1835. It was enough to start a church, because that's exactly what happened the next year. The meetings were held in private homes until 1841 when a little frame building, called Bethel Church, was erected on the north side of Georgia-st—near the Canal. There wasn't a sign of a house or a fence between it and the river at the time.

In 1857, when the first Episcopal Church on the Circle was removed to make way for the present Christ Church, it was bought by the Bethel Church and brought, stick by stick, to the Georgia-st site. It was destroyed by fire five years later. Almost immediately, another wooden church was built to replace it. It was occupied until after the Civil War. Up to this time Bethel Church was the only Negro church in Indianapolis.

Second Church Built

THE second Negro church, the Allen Mission in Broadway, was built in 1868; the third, Simpson Chapel, in 1875. Today, Indianapolis has 20 such churches and 44,000 Negroes. The Negro churches around here were mighty fortunate in their leaders. For example, the Rev. Paul Quinn of Baltimore, who preached at the first church for a number of years after its completion. He was a man of singular gifts and as highly esteemed as any of his white colleagues. Later on, he was made a bishop of the Colored Methodist Church.

And the Rev. W. R. Revels, brother of the U. S. Senator from Mississippi, who was pastor of Bethel Church from 1861 to 1865.

Which reminds me—although it is a little off the record—that it was a Negro who was responsible for changing the name of Mississippi to Senate-av. His name was John Puryear and he represented the old Fourth Ward in the City Council for six years (circa 1890). Mr. Puryear said he "hated the name of Mississippi."

Hoosier Yesterdays

OCTOBER 3

EARLY in October, 1790, Gen. Josiah Harmar set out from Fort Steuben (now Steubenville, O.) on an expedition against Miami Indian villages in Indiana.

Harmar had an army of about 1450 regulars and militia, the militia poorly equipped. He reached Kekionga, now Fort Wayne, but found it deserted by the Indians. However, he discovered some 20,000 bushels of corn which, with other property, he destroyed.

The militia proved unamenable to discipline. Expeditions Harmar sent out to find and fight Indians were ambushed and slain. Harmar destroyed another village at Chillicothe on his way back.

The famous Little Turtle led the Indian bands which harassed Harmar's forces. Jealousy among officers under him was a contributing reason for Harmar's defeat and retreat. He had succeeded in accomplishing nothing but elating the Indians and increasing their depredations.—By J. H. T.

Watch Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHEEN

Editor, Amer. Medical Assn. Journal

FREQUENTLY small children will push beans, pieces of chalk, buttons, pencils, erasers or other materials into their noses. Sometimes they will put small toys, coins and similar objects into their mouths and inadvertently swallow or inhale these objects.

Occasionally, too, a child will shove some foreign materials into its ears. Usually the mother becomes greatly disturbed and, in some instances, with plenty of reason.

A foreign substance in the nose is not immediately serious. More harm may be done by attempting to dislodge the foreign substance with improper instruments than by letting it alone until competent advice can be had.

If blowing the nose in the ordinary manner will not rid it of the foreign body, sneezing may cause it to be forcibly ejected. Sneezing, of course, is induced quickly by the use of snuff, tobacco or some similar irritating powder.

If a child swallows a sharp pointed object, such as a piece of glass or a pin, first consideration should be given to the danger involved.

Small objects will usually pass through the stomach and intestines if the child will eat something like mashed potatoes or some bread, thoroughly chewed. Such a mass will aid passage of the foreign substance down the gullet into the stomach.

It is best then to have prompt medical advice. By use of the X-ray, the doctor will locate the foreign substance and will then make his decision as to the best method of removal.

All sorts of ingenious operations have been devised for the removal of open safety pins and similar dangerous materials. Through tubes which may be passed down the throat into the stomach, the foreign substance may be grasped and withdrawn.

Occasionally the object will work its way into the lower end of the stomach. In such cases it may be necessary to open the abdominal cavity and move the object upward, without opening the stomach, so that it can be grasped by an instrument inserted through the throat.