



The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)
Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 West Maryland Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion County, 2 cents a copy; elsewhere, 3 cents—delivered by carrier, 12 cents a week.

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PHONE—Hilley 5551 SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1931
Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way."

At Washington, Ind.

It is significant that in the city in Indiana which bears the name of the Father of His Country, a father is under arrest for refusal to teach his children to salute the flag.

His reasons for this refusal are religious. He belongs to the Amish faith. A part of the credo is to give allegiance only to God.

It may be well to remember on the birthday anniversary of Washington that he is not revered for his statesmanship but for his love of liberty and the fact that he led a successful revolution against tyranny. He is not loved because he saluted the British flag, but because he refused to salute it.

One of the things for which he was ready to die was the right to worship as he pleased. Liberty to him meant freedom of speech, a free press, freedom of worship and a participation in government.

Patriotism is a matter of sentiment and soul and can not be forced by official power. Traitors may salute the flag even as they betray its principles. The true patriot will try to preserve the soul of that nation.

It might be suggested that some organization which really believes in this country should journey to Washington, Ind., and teach those in authority something of American history and a little of American ideals. There seems to be a lack of understanding of just what Washington really did and why his memory is sacred.

The Low Wage Fallacy

Unemployment can be checked by shortening the working day and week, and thus spreading work among more persons. No one disputes this. But some business men argue that working hours can not be cut without a corresponding wage cut.

This fallacy also is put forward by Professor W. I. King of New York university. He says:

"Labor can not lift itself by the bootstraps. It can not divide a product which is not produced. It can not work less and get more wages. A cut of one-third in working hours would cut production and hence weekly wages about one-third. If this is agreeable to the workers, well and good; but they should make the step with this result clearly in mind."

King apparently clings to the old wages-fund theory of classical economics, exploded nearly a century ago. This doctrine was that the price which could be paid to labor was fixed and could not be exceeded without disaster.

Or does King assume that labor is being paid highly enough now? He hardly can do this, as his very able study of income in the United States revealed the miserable annual wage of unskilled laborers.

King holds that the trouble with us is a buyer's strike—that there is plenty of money, but people won't spend it. There may be something to this as applied to the small rich class. But even more important is the fact that most people have too little to be able to spend.

King probably is right in insisting that the overproduction bogey has been overworked, but he says little about the other side of the picture—underconsumption, due in the main to unsteady and inadequate wage payments.

Reduced working hours and maintenance of present wage payments would go far toward relieving both unemployment and underconsumption. King's solution of speeding consumption through interest in luxuries and nonessentials may contribute something.

But it is far less sound and comprehensive than assuring work for everybody at decent wages, even if capital does have to take a temporary loss of interest and dividends to stabilize profits later.

A Progressive Bishop

In the Protestant church there is a decisive drift toward a more open-minded attitude on birth control. The august and authoritative gathering of Anglican bishops in the Lambeth conference gave limited assent to the application of the principle and declared it to be in harmony with Christian morality.

The question remains, however, as to who is to decide just what constitutes Christian morality. The pope holds that Christian morality can not countenance birth control. Bishop Manning seems closer to him than to the Lambeth conference. In predominantly Protestant America, we still keep on the law books barbarous statutes taboos the giving of birth control information even by physicians.

If he is reported correctly in the press, the bishop of Sheffield, England, has gone the whole way and put himself on ground which is as logical and impregnable as it is progressive.

He has had the courage to state that, after all, the question of birth control is a medical rather than a religious issue: "Birth control is more a matter of health than of conscience—a medical rather than a religious question."

If this is a correct report of the bishop's statement, this is by implication one of the most epoch-making ecclesiastical pronouncements since the alleged delegation of St. Peter to found the Church of Christ on earth.

An Unwise Veto

While we admire the President's courage in the situation, and the directness of his attitude as distinct from any purpose to resort to a pocket veto, we regret nevertheless that he considers it his duty to veto the veterans' loan bill.

There is a vast difference between the original proposition to pay in cash the full face value of the bonus certificates and the present bill to liberalize the loan terms.

We joined with the President in fighting against the cash payment bill. It would have meant a three and a half billion dollar bond issue, jeopardizing federal finances and retarding business revival by ruining the bond market.

And it would have destroyed one of the purposes of the bonus certificates, which was to provide funds for the veterans in later life, when they would need them most.

The fight against cash payment is won. For that the country is to be congratulated, and the President is to be praised.

The loan bill is entirely different. No one denies that many veterans are in dire need as a result of unemployment for which they are not responsible. To increase the loan value of their certificates from 22 to 50 per cent and reduce the interest charge

from 6 to 4 1/2 per cent is no more than just—especially since the government can borrow money for less than 4 1/2 per cent.

The bill merely advances by about six years the original maturing loan value. That is little enough. There is one flaw in the bill. It covers all veterans instead of only those in need. Therefore, some veterans who do not actually need to do so unwisely may go into debt under the temptation of ready cash.

But the loan and interest terms are hardly attractive enough to tempt large numbers of employed veterans to mortgage their future.

At the present rate at which veterans are applying for loans, the bill will not entail the maximum outlay of a billion and a half, but additional financing estimated, by some, as low as \$430,000,000. And this is not a gift but a valid loan against the best of security.

We believe that a bill definitely limited to the unemployed would have been better, and that such bill probably could have been passed had the administration offered such a constructive alternative to the cash payment proposal in the beginning.

But, since that was not done, congress now has passed the general loan bill. As no basic principle is involved, we believe a presidential veto would be a mistake.

After all, congress is the body, under the Constitution, that determines national policy. Overthrowing the will of congress is something a President should undertake only in a crisis so serious that his conscience will not permit him to do otherwise.

The house has voted 9 to 1, and the senate 6 to 1, in favor of the present bill. This far exceeds the two-thirds majority required to pass the bill over a presidential veto.

We do not believe the President should attempt to set himself above the will of such an overwhelming majority, unless the fate of the nation is involved. It is not. The veterans have a right to fairer loan terms.

Radio Echo

Five hundred thousand million years from now the speeches broadcast, the weekly news reviews on the air, Amos and Andy, the popular music of the day, the Pope's address, jokes, mystery thrillers, all the daily hodge-podge radio picture of our civilization will live again in the ether and can be heard again by men if there be men living then on earth.

The radio waves we have started in the years since we have known how to broadcast still are traveling through space, and if Dr. Einstein is right in his belief that space is curved, these waves will return to earth, radio experts tell us, 50,000,000,000 years from now.

So we have won immortality for our voices and our thoughts, an immortality they do not deserve yet.

Not having learned to think of ourselves as integral parts of today's world, and to live accordingly, we have been thrust into the life of the universe, into time and space and an importance we never can know.

None of which will make our radio programs any better, or our muddle-headed gropings in the world of economics and morals and politics and learning. But perhaps it will make us humble. And a humble and eager spirit is the only guide to wisdom.

A scientist says that a man's energy is worth a cent an hour. That's what we thought after we saw our first heavyweight fight.

Pehr Evind Svinhuvud has been elected president of Finland. And there, as the Fins are saying, is a name to conjure with.

The stock of the Boston Braves, champion husky team, is up to \$300. Here's one instance where stocks have been on a "Bear" market.

A writer asks what the scrawls on a telephone pad mean. Probably that the operator is having difficulty getting the number.

More than 1,600 men working on two big liners in New Jersey were laid off. So now the men are at sea.

"Can the spring be far behind?" as the convict wisecracked on the gallows.

REASON BY FREDERICK LANDIS

IT must have been hard for those passengers to be nonchalant the other day when their plane was gliding eastward 2,000 feet above Indiana, and one of the party threw a fit and had to be overpowered.

The fact we've observed some very unanimous fits is one reason why we've never sifted through the clouds.

We've not been willing to trust to everybody's remaining normal until we reached "terra firma" again.

What would happen, for instance, if one of the passengers, too large to be subdued, should suddenly go King's-X mentally and insist on grabbing the running gears of the kite?

Why, only one thing could happen—the obsequies.

BUT the thing we've feared most is that the noodle of the grand marshal might suffer total eclipse, or that he might suddenly develop gall-stones and neglect the mechanical filigree and expose us to the ravages of gravitation.

Now if such a thing should occur in an engine cab you can trust the fireman to engage the exploding engineer in a friendly catch-as-catch-can, but when you're up, touching the hem of altitude, you're in the hands of your pilot.

The fit which most induced our reluctance to cruise the inverted azure bowl was thrown some years ago on a slow train through Iowa by a husky who was subdued only after everybody in two coaches had sat upon him.

WE were journeying through the tall corn to fill a speaking date in Council Bluffs when a ten-story Swede on our starboard side jumped from his seat, shot his great arms toward the roof and screamed: "Oh, my God!"

If there were no cold chills that didn't chase up and down by spine it was because there was no room for them.

It was some time before anybody volunteered to break him to harness, for none of us had been introduced to him, but finally five of us tackled him, synchronizing perfectly, throwing him into the aisle, after which fifteen or twenty others fell on top of us, just to make it binding.

Now if that prima donna had been in a solo flight the details would have been too gruesome for tender ears, and so you are going to see your humble servant remain an active member of the earthbound Brotherhood for some time to come.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

One Would Have More Patience With the Cry for Censorship If So Much of It Obviously Wasn't the Work of Publicity Hounds.

EL PASO, Tex., Feb. 21.—Lee Duncan of Alpine brings in what mountain men call the biggest mountain lion ever killed in West Texas. He treed it with dogs after a two-weeks chase, and then shot it with a six-gun. It weighed 156 pounds and measured 7 1/2 feet from snout to tail.

Even those opposed to capital punishment must admit that the lion deserved death. It is known to have killed more than 400 sheep, not to eat, but for love of the sport.

Matching the lion story in human interest, if not in heroism and hunting ability, is the latest concerning El Paso's sheik plumber, who claims the world's record in mental adventures, and who now faces what is said to be his fourteenth divorce suit.

Jose is 'In Again'

GENERAL Jose Gonzalo Escobar is on the front page once more. I am getting superstitious about that man. I can't seem to hit El Paso without him being in the spotlight.

Six weeks ago, he was having trouble with his wife. Two years ago, he was messing up things with a revolution. Just now he is being threatened with court-martial by the Mexican government, though he can't be found, much less brought back to attend it.

The custom of trying absentees appears to be growing popular. Recently a chap was tried on more than one occasion, while there were several Russians in this country who have been doomed to prison by the Soviet.

But a California court capped the climax by trying and convicting a woman for murder ten months after she was dead.

Ballyhooing Smut

IN Denver, a select group of "so-called folk" whatever that means, watch a naked youth wriggle through certain contortions which are described as artistic dancing. Reports of the performance convey a distinct impression that the tending to be rather disappointed because the police took no notice.

Notice by the police has come to be looked upon as essential to the more advanced forms of art now being put on the stage.

Also, there is little reason to believe our trouble is temporary. We just have come through a stock market panic, and into a period of serious unemployment and business depression.

We did the same thing following the market crash of 1921. We have been having our so-called up-and-downs for so long now, and so regularly, that economists are able fairly accurately to plot recurrences on the "cycle" theory.

There is good reason to believe the fundamental cause of this is discoverable in bad adjustment of social progress and planning to the scientific progress that is replacing men with machines much more rapidly than men are able to increase their own numbers.

We have made some progress in decreasing working hours and increasing average incomes, but not enough so that in ordinary times there is a great enough luxury margin to employ regularly all whose labor necessary production would be superfluous.

Casual observation is quite convincing as to the truth of this. However, the vagueness of its language must be noted. And for good reason—because adequate statistical data are lacking. Great foundations have been endowed for research into problems scientific and divine, but nobody accurately can say today just how many persons must be employed normally in the United States to provide goods necessary to a given standard of living for all our people, for how many hours a day, and how many

others. We are going to kill a woman next Monday night. As the fatal hour approaches, every one becomes more interested in her emotions and emotions. We may expect a detailed and lurid description of everything that takes place in the execution chamber, but I mention a lot that took place before.

If next Monday night runs true to the law of averages, hundreds of women will die, some of them in far greater agony, and some of them just as much the victims of social injustice, or justice, if you prefer the latter term.

But they will not get their pictures in the papers, or stories of their last moments spread all over the front page.

Maybe that represents another triumph for modern civilization.

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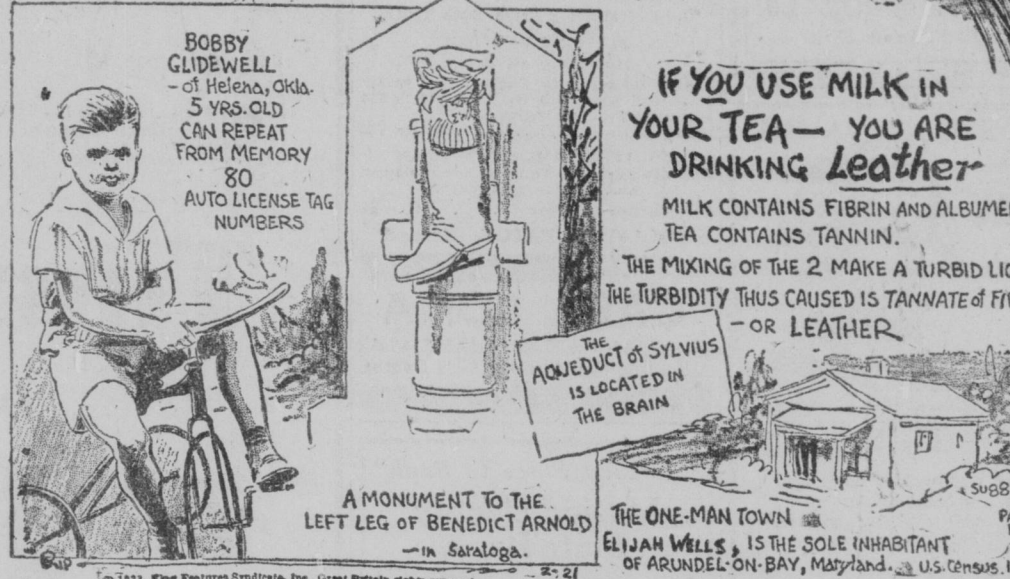
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BELIEVE IT OR NOT

On request, sent with stamped addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will furnish proof of anything depicted by him.

By Registered U. S. Patent Office

RIPLEY



Let Industry Rise to End 'Depressions'

BY ROBERT P. SCRIPPS

IN the United States, as in other greatly civilized and industrialized countries, it is obvious the economic situation has gone decidedly sour.

Also, there is little reason to believe our trouble is temporary. We just have come through a stock market panic, and into a period of serious unemployment and business depression.

We did the same thing following the market crash of 1921. We have been having our so-called up-and-downs for so long now, and so regularly, that economists are able fairly accurately to plot recurrences on the "cycle" theory.

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fixing of hours of labor by statute, and what have you?

And Communism, Fascism, or some other sort of socialism or dictatorship will have won a large part of its campaign without a battle.

For, once the facts are determined, somebody, somehow, is going to have to do something about them. That employment, even in times of plenty, is as precarious as it has been in this country during the last thirty years, is as unscientific and out of date as a horse car in a subway.

And those who will function in the doing, or who at least will have the jump on the job, will be those who do the preliminary fact finding.

IF industrial, financial, journalistic and other independent forces want to see our world remade under auspices of men who make acceptable candidates for congress, all they need do is sit still and wait for developments.

However, if they want to direct the business themselves, and preserve some of the democracy and the adventurous possibilities of American life that have made their present positions possible, their cue must be to take counsel with each other, and act in the interests of the vast body of their co-workers, who quite naturally place importance upon continuity of employment, of family life, and social position.

You may say all you like about the unworldliness of weeds replacing vines. Of course the weed contention is that they are as good as, if not better than, the vines.

This is unprovable. The one consequence, however, which seems from long observation inevitable, is that weeds will replace vines unless the latter are looked after properly.

And as a prerequisite to action, an adequate "institute" of employment and other economic statistics is in order. At least some definition should be arrived at for terms like "luxury" and "necessity" and some comparative figures dug out of the past to show progress or retrogression.

Having made this proposition, one waits only for some one to cry out for a new government department. They always do.

BUT—why a government department? Can not our industrial and financial leadership paddle its own canoe in this respect? If it does not do so, the next step will be a new governmental regulating agency, government unemployment insurance supported by taxation, the

other beverages which Mexico had to offer.

I wondered what other explorers had said when they first discovered Mexico.

Angry Cowboy IT was not possible to recapture the first fine, careless rapture, but I grew interested in a dice game just to my left, in which four cowboys were participating.

They cursed and quarreled and I took care to mark the nearest exit for an emergency.

Suddenly the lie was passed. "You mean to call me a liar?" shouted the biggest cowboy.

"You never throwed what you said you throwed," repeated the aggressor. They eyed each other for a second, and then the man with the dice said: "No use having a rum-pus; I'll throw over again."

Loud as a pistol shot an illusion cracked. It will not return, I fear. I do not want to be forever provincial, and still it is less a good thing to sentimentalize about the underworld, but I must state the honest opinion that the average Broadway mad man could devour a dozen cowboys before breakfast any morning.

The toughest dive in Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, is but the Martha Washington when contrasted with our own Club Abbey.

It should not have come to me with such surprising and such shocking force. On the previous day I received a piece of evidence which should have prepared my mind for just this revelation.

It was my privilege to watch an amateur rodeo at a school where my son was high scorer in the potato polo tournament and second in the equipment race.

After the boys had done their stuff, some cowboys of the neighborhood performed a few stunts with a high degree of skill and much vocal volume of yipping. For the moment they seemed truly the wild horsemen of the screen and novel.

A little later we met in the office of the headmaster, Curley and Slim were chatting over their sarsaparilla seemingly arranging some expedition for the morrow.

And did not know whether they were about to start off for mountain lion or spend a morning busting bronchos. It was only the tag which came to my ears all too clearly.

"All right," said Slim. "You pick me up at 10. I'll shoot one round and no more. My game's gone cock-eyed. I just can't get rid of my slice."

(Copyright, 1931, by The Times)

How is Iowa pronounced? It is pronounced "I-o-wa." Accent the first syllable and sound the a as in final.

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