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SCRIPPS-HOWARD
Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

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SLASHING EXPENSES

Something queer is happening in Indiana. Instead of handing out bigger pieces of pie to the boys in the political trenches, the McNutt administration is cutting wages and salaries of the "faithful and deserving."

Practically all county and city officials in the state are members of the party which elected the Governor.

They were the boys who sat at the meetings last fall and cheered the references to Jefferson and Jackson and loudly endorsed the "new deal."

They will probably still endorse Jackson and Jefferson, but are probably not so enthusiastic about the new deal, which has hit them where it hurts.

From time immemorial, the custom has been to raise the salaries and fees and perquisites of the office holders.

Very swiftly and without notice, the smooth working legislative machine has recorded the wish of the master and the salaries of office holders in the counties have been cut, saving the taxpayers an estimated million. The city and town officials are next in line.

The cut in these salaries is the only way in which taxes can be reduced. Unfortunately there is something so sacred about interest that neither counties nor cities can trim their expenditures on this item. The only saving that can be made is by reduced salaries.

There is no injustice in this move. The incomes of all citizens have been reduced. The cut still leaves the public employe in an enviable position. He is sure of his job. He has a steady income. His dollar buys more.

What the drastic action may do to the political fortunes of the Governor remains to be seen. It requires courage to cut the wages of your best friends and supporters.

But the people who pay taxes will undoubtedly applaud the action as necessary and wise.

The times demand prompt action if orderly government is to be maintained. The tax delinquencies produce grave problems of meeting public pay rolls.

Putting public affairs on a business basis is necessary. Today private business is forced to wage cuts in order to live. The Governor has applied the same method to public business.

Evidently he believes that the way to reduce taxes is to reduce costs.

OUT OF STEP

Everybody, it seems, is out of step but President Hoover.

Since last October he has been running a temperature over the imports about to flood the United States from countries of depreciated currencies. Once a tariff moderate, he has emerged as a sort of latter day Smoot.

Now he is leading a rather hopeless drive for the Crowther bill to place depreciated currency countries under penalties of higher tariff duties. He ignores the fact that while depreciated foreign currencies have lowered our ad valorem rates, they have hiked our specific duties out of sight.

Although backed by certain near-sighted house Republicans, the President's own official family is cold to the new campaign. Secretary of Treasury Ogden Mills refused to appear before the house committee in support of the bill.

Chairman Robert Lincoln O'Brien of the tariff commission bluntly told the committee that the figures show America is not being flooded by cheap commodities from cheap money lands. Even Secretary of Commerce Chapin avoided putting his name to his report theorizing on the probable dire effects from a world trade one-half of which is carried on with depreciated currency.

As an auto manufacturer, Mr. Chapin doubtless hopes for better methods of restoring world buying power than by adding bricks to our towering tariff wall.

Our total imports last year amounted to only \$1,323,000,000, compared with \$2,000,000,000 in 1931, \$3,060,000,000 in 1930, \$4,400,000,000 in 1929. In the first eleven months of 1932, imports from the United Kingdom dropped from \$126,000,000 in 1931 to \$70,000,000. Even Japan's imports in that time, although increased in volume because of her desire to establish dollar exchange to buy cotton for war purposes, totaled only \$122,000,000, compared with \$187,000,000 in the previous year.

That Secretary Chapin considers the subject is largely academic is shown by the admission in his report that "an examination of the latest available foreign trade statistics does not indicate that we are experiencing what might be termed a flood of imports."

The house Democrats in caucus voted to oppose the Crowther bill. Their vote of 161 to 4 against it about expresses the feeling of the country at large against such ill-considered and ill-timed legislation.

High tariff barriers, as the report of the International Chamber of Commerce just has proved, are a major cause of the world depression.

Even Mr. Hoover's predecessor, McKinley, declared in his last speech before assassination:

"If we will not buy, we can not sell."

BILL BULLITT ABROAD

Bill Bullitt, the cables flash the news, is scooting in and down the Austrian Alps on a pair of skis. This information is doubtless unimportant to you, but it may ease the peace of mind of Indiana's Ku-Klux senator, Arthur Robinson. Robinson fears Bill may be taking tea with one of those tricky European diplomats and perhaps compromising the international purity of these United States.

Bill's surely having a good time, but not as good a time as he'd be having if he knew how hot and bothered about him the Indiana senator has become. It's a good time for Bill when he rings through the high cool air; a good time when he lands on his head in a snow bank.

The most notable adventure of his lively career ended with his head in the snow. That was when, during the peace conference, he came back from Russia with all the inside dope on conditions behind the forbidden frontier, including the earnest desire of the new Soviet government to kiss and make friends with Russia's late allies.

Wilson and Lloyd George disavowed his mission,

to pacify the outraged French, notwithstanding that everybody in Paris knew he had gone to Moscow with the joint blessing of Wilson and Lloyd George. Bill didn't seem to mind that spill, so far as he personally was concerned; he did think the French had made fools of the other allies.

Life hasn't been dull for Bullitt. Born on Abraham's bosom, as they say of those fortunate Philadelphians who first meet the world in Rittenhouse square, he probably has caused more misgivings in that select community than he ever will in Senator Robinson's bailiwick. It was about his own kind of people that he wrote his devastating novel, "It Isn't Done."

Since the war and the peace he has divided his time between the United States and Europe. During the recent campaign he showed up frequently close to Roosevelt's elbow. And now he's skating around Europe, visiting friends, including prime ministers and the like.

He may be doing it in his capacity of journalist, for he always was a good one. Or he may, as Senator Robinson so eagerly fears, be the secret agent of Colonel House or, once removed, the President-elect.

Senator Robinson, trusting soul, shouldn't take the official disavowals on that point too seriously. If the colonel and the President-elect desire to know what Europe's thinking, Bullitt is the boy to find out for them.

And Bill doesn't mind a header into the snow now and then. It's part of the grand fun of skiing.

WHEN RELIEF STOPS

Half-relief for needy families has become a commonplace in this land of plenty. Some American cities and states facing empty treasuries may be interested to know what happens when relief is shut off entirely. This has occurred no less than four times in Philadelphia.

What did its 52,000 destitute families do when the City of Brotherly Love failed them? The Community Council set out to answer this question. It studied the condition of 400 typical forgotten families. It reported:

"People do not starve to death when relief stops; they just starve by the margin with which life persists, maintained by the pity of their neighbors and by a sort of scavenging on the community.

"The families rustled for themselves as much as they could. A common source of supply for one group was the docks, where fruit and vegetables for market are sorted. Children and adults hung around the stalls and snatched at anything that was cast out . . . Street begging occasionally was only resorted to, likewise the petty thieving of milk and groceries from doorsteps.

"Children, it seems, had the habit of going to a store and by pleading hunger inducing the grocer to give them a little food. Children ran errands, watched pushcarts, did anything in exchange for fruit or vegetables. The myriad ways in which a family, its entire attention concentrated on food—just food—succeeded in obtaining it constitutes abundant evidence of the ingenuity and perseverance of these people.

"What meals did they get and of what did these meals consist? About 8 per cent were subsisting on one meal a day . . . Thirty-seven per cent of all families were not getting the normal three meals a day . . . They kept alive from day to day, catch-as-catch-can, reduced for actual subsistence to something of the status of a stray cat prowling for food."

Chairman Miller of the R. F. C. admits that the government's hunger relief loan fund will be exhausted by June. If congress adjourns without replenishing that fund through passage of the Costigan-La Follette and Wagner bills, it will help turn more American families into such as these.

Maybe Willie didn't get those new skates he wanted this winter, but he didn't have to take piano lessons. It's hard to tell which faction makes the bigger commotion—those who shout for Technocracy or those who are "tech" knock-crazy.

They say an automobile can go fifty miles on a gallon of gas with correct streamlining. Maybe the engineers could do something for the dollar.

The fellow who can't make up his mind ought to be a whiz at designing jigsaw puzzles.

It might not work in bridge, but clearing the throat still is a good sign-off bid on a three-party line.

It's probably unnecessary to point out that when senators talk of cutting expenses they don't refer to the \$7,000 annually paid the five senate barbers.

Just Plain Sense

—BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

HERE are two items for today's consideration: "For the first time, a birth control bill is before the senate judiciary committee for vote."

And this: "After four years of cotton picking at Springfield, S. C., the family of Mr. and Mrs. A— is broke. The sixteen are hitch-hiking to Springfield, O., in search of better fortunes. The youngest child is 7 months old."

The juxtaposition of these two bits of news should make further comment unnecessary.

And the birth control bill should be passed. In the first place, although several sections of the United States penal code prohibits traffic in contraceptives or the giving of information concerning them, a very large part of the population disobeys these laws.

It is not to be disputed that millions of Americans do not believe in, but practice, birth control. Keeping the laws on our books, therefore, constitutes stupidity Number One.

Stupidity Number Two: We still have a federal statute passed in 1873 that classifies birth control with obscenity—do we believe that now?

Stupidity Number Three: Physicians who realize the dire necessity of prevention of conception are forced to bootleg supplies and information; although in private practice they may violate the law, they can not do so in endowed hospitals and public dispensaries; thus poor women often are unable to obtain the needed knowledge.

Stupidity Number Four: Commercial agencies masquerading under misleading names exploit the needs of these poor women.

Stupidity Number Five: Although medical organizations favor amending these laws, the politicians still are afraid to substitute scientific knowledge for superstition.

And 15,000 women die each year from criminal operations in the United States. Does not this constitute a form of legal murder that at least matches the crime of birth prevention?

We who use the forces of nature and life to suit our most ignoble ends, who torture men with machines and starve them in depressions and murder them in wars—still prattle foolishly about the sin of birth control, while the wailing of starving babies and the sobs of hopeless mothers are a dirge in our ears.

Waiting for Their Ship to Come In



It Seems to Me . . . by Heywood Broun

I WENT to the dinner of the Baseball Writers' Association recently and made a suggestion which met with no overwhelming roar of approval. But it is still a good suggestion.

Possibly it might be held that the notion which I introduced was not relevant to the proceedings of the evening. The sports reviewers were gathered together to honor John J. McGraw as one who graced the game for many years and added to its picturesqueness.

As a former paid hireling of the press box, I could subscribe to that. Once upon a time I made a training trip with the Giants. It was a team of constant surprises. You never could tell when McGraw would show up with an elephant, an eleven-thousand-dollar beauty, an Indian, a half wit or a college graduate.

When I Was an Expert

IN 1915 in Marlin, Tex., I fancied myself as a judge of recruits in the raw. It was my custom to stand behind the screen whenever any of the new pitchers were showing their stuff, and I would not sagely and express my opinions freely.

There was one young man in the troupe who caught my eye. "The lad will go far," I said. "He has a world of stuff. That's the best fast ball I've seen in a season. Only let him acquire a curve and he will stand the National League on its head." And in those days that was more of an achievement than it has been of late.

Within a month my pick of the puppets had been farmed out, and within six months he never was heard of again in organized baseball. His name was Lieutenant Williams, and he has become one of the greatest speed fliers in the world. Well I knew from the start that he had something.

But to be back to McGraw and my excellent and coolly received suggestion. Every speaker mentioned the fact that McGraw had color. He certainly did. He was a man who could grow passionate about practice games. He could even fight about fungoes.

I have few more exciting memories of the world of sport than the picture of McGraw advancing menacingly upon an umpire. It was even dramatic when he advanced slowly away from the umpire, after sentence of banishment had been passed.

Color in Baseball

OH, yes, McGraw had color, and did many of the other old-timers, not forgetting some of the men who are still in active service. But if the big league magnates want color why don't they seek it among the semi-professional Negro teams of New York, Chicago, and the other large cities of America? I can see no reason why Negroes should not come in to the National and American leagues.

I have heard that some members of the race possess a high talent for the game. As things stand, I believe there is no set rule barring Negroes from the ball clubs. It merely is a tacit agreement, or possibly custom.

My spirit soars in the presence of a man whose integrity is quiet and whose courage is conspicuous.

When religion woos me, I will follow it to the death; when it tries to make me afraid, I will have none of it. To me religion is a wonder and a mystery, at once the romance of life and its reason for being; it is poetry believed in, and no one can tell what it will do next.

My soul prays when the stars look down out of their changeless order; when the flowers waft incense of praise to the Eternal Beauty; when the lovely, heroic figure of Jesus passes by, walking His high, pitiful way, to the Cross—He takes the joy out of selfish living.

MY heart kneels in communion with the literature which gives immortal meanings to these mortal years, and in fellowship with the saints of all sects who give me vision for today and hope for tomorrow.

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I am informed that in the distant past a few Negroes did play in organized baseball. Of course, even in recent years some have been bootlegged into the charmed circle, but they were called Portuguese or Mexican or Hawaiian. I have even suspected one or two of the Indians.

Why, in the name of fair play and gate receipts, should professional baseball be so exclusive? If a Paul Robeson is good enough to play football for Rutgers and win a place on the mythical All-America eleven I can't be convinced that no Negro is fit to be utility outfielder for the Boston Red Sox.

There were a number of superb Negro athletes on the American Olympic track team. Indeed, Eddie Tolson, the sprint champion, was almost a team in himself.

The Olympic Standard

If Negroes are called upon to bear the brunt of competition when America meets the world in

Every Day Religion

—BY DR. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

FOR my part, I never feel religious when a preacher tells me I must feel religious. I have no desire to pray as long as I am told I must pray. To me religion is a celebration of life, not a gadfly which merely stings me into doing what I prefer not to do.

Worship shrinks and freezes within me when it is proclaimed as a duty, whereas it ought to be the joyous outpouring of the soul to the mighty Soul of all things.

For myself, God grows dim when His name is invoked and thundered, and I have no sacred sense of the Bible when it is held over me as a club or a clout. Jesus is a stranger to all my sympathies when I am commanded to believe in Him, because I know that is not His spirit.

He woos like a lover. He does not drive like a despot. The wonder of His life is that He trusted to win by the power of Love, and Love alone.

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M. E. Tracy Says:

DEPRESSION REMEDIES WRONG



TRACY

IN normal times, it is perfectly proper to hold debtors responsible. If they have gone beyond their depth, it is their own fault. When a disaster occurs, however, and the common good requires concert of action, rules designed to maintain a system based on personal accountability must be set aside.

We are in the midst of such a disaster right now. The task confronting us is not to preserve a system, but to salvage a nation.

We no longer can proceed on the theory that it is wise to let one class of individuals grow rich at the expense of another for the sake of business integrity. Business itself is in too great danger.

The load under which it labors must be redistributed if a general breakdown is to be prevented. Remedies which ordinarily work have proved utterly inadequate.

We Only Make Matters Worse

FOR three years we have tried to cure this depression with orthodox medicine, but have succeeded only in making matters worse. Remedies have increased unemployment, while higher taxes have destroyed private income, without producing the needed revenue.

The unusual expansion of credit facilities has resulted in little more than the shifting of debt. Of the billions of dollars which the federal government has tried to mobilize for the stimulation of work and industry, very few have served that purpose.

Right now we are considering economies which will necessitate the discharge of thousands of public employes, but what we save will be more than offset by relief appropriations.

As a general proposition every increase of an old tax or the application of a new one leads to such a shrinkage in the line of business or source of revenue on which it was levied as makes it futile.

Last spring we were supposed to have balanced the federal budget by certain economies on the one hand and certain new or increased taxes on the other, but without success. Still the talk is of higher income taxes, just as though they would not lower incomes and of relief through reduction or cancellation of war debts, just as though European nations had been paying us large sums of money.

Fail to Grasp Measure of Disaster

ALSO, we are talking about temporary delays in the payment of mortgages on a slight reduction of interest, just as though such action would represent an effective easing of the burden.

No one can review the various measures we have taken during the last three years, especially in the light of their almost uniform failure, without coming to the conclusion that those who framed them and who still appear to have confidence in them lack anything like a comprehensive understanding of the calamity which confronts us, or of the heroic action required to prevent it from becoming far worse.

We are not dealing with a money panic or a business slump in the ordinary sense of the word, but are up against an economic disaster which involves the whole civilized world and which has played havoc with every known standard of value.

We have been able to founder along thus far, not because of any superior intelligence, but because of a great surplus of wealth. Overproduction, which many look upon as our great source of trouble, really has saved us from actual distress.

SCIENCE

Land Policy Needed

—BY DAVID DIETZ

America today stands in need of a scientific land policy, a wise government policy backed by public opinion. So says Dr. A. F. Woods, director of scientific work for the United States department of agriculture.

His reasons for believing this serve also to point out the necessity of continuing intense scientific study in the realm of agriculture.

"The starting point in agriculture is soil," Dr. Woods points out. "If the soil is good and adapted to the crops grown, we have the foundation of good agriculture. If the soil is not good or not adapted to the crops, we have the beginning of failure."

"We have no scientific land policy in America. We have cut down the forest and plowed up the prairie and put the land into corn, wheat, and cotton, cattle, pigs, and poultry, with no regard to soil or market requirements or competing areas."

"We have built up one community only to have it pushed to the verge of bankruptcy by developing new areas. Millions of acres of land adapted only for forests or range have been sold for general farming purposes."

"There is no present need for these lands in general crop production, but there is a real need for them in forest or pasture, in which they will give good economic return in the production of wood and other needed forest products or in the production of grass."

Untold Wealth Wasted

THE situation is particularly bad in the case of our forests, according to Dr. Woods.

"We are using our timber resources four times as fast as they are being reproduced," he says. "Unwise removal of forest and grass cover is causing rapid runoff of rainfall, causing erosion and land destruction, the filling of stream beds with resulting floods, etc."

By so doing we are opening Pandora's Box for our children, if not for ourselves, and wasting billions of dollars of wealth each year.

The United States department of agriculture and the land grant colleges long have stood for a wise, scientific land policy and are doing everything in their power to bring it about, Dr. Woods says.

"They have been making soil surveys and soil studies for many years," he says. "They have done much toward pointing out areas and soil types that should be devoted to state and national forests and those adapted to staple crops."

They have aided in formulating legislation to protect and promote the policy, but progress is very