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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 the nation 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 employee 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. Even 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 protection 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 up 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 zings through the high cool air; a good time when he lands on his back 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 resort to, likewise the petty thieving or milk and groceries from doorsteps."

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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 items 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 this.

It is not to be disputed that millions of Americans not only 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 classes 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 are still 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 pratle foolishly about the sin of birth control, while the wailing of starving babies and the sobs of hopeless mothers are a dirge in this sub-

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

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.

Perhaps it might be held that the nation 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 had 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-American 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 Tolan, the sprint champion, was almost a team in himself.

When I Was an Expert

I N 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 his head." And in those days that was more of an achievement than it has been of late.

Within a month my pick of the puppies 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 speedsters in the world. Well I knew from the start that he had something.

Worship shrinks and freezes within me when it is proclaimed as a duty, whereas it ought to be the joyous outgoing 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.

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.

My soul prays when the stars look down out of their changeless order; when the flowers wait in silence 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 self.

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

O H, yes, McGraw had color, and so did many of the other old-timers, 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 into 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.

It has become possible, through combining the use of sedative drugs and anesthetics, to bring a patient to the operating room somnolent and capable of remaining without sensation during the long period necessary for complicated operations, including, for example, those upon the brain.

Moreover, it is possible to inject anesthetic substances into the spine, and thus block off sensation from portions of the body without interfering with consciousness.

Also is possible to inject various solutions of anesthetic character around the nerves affecting certain portions of the body, and thus to block off single sections.