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NOW A CIGARET TAX!

Every individual and organization in the country is counting pennies and planning economies today. The Indiana legislature, however, is proposing more taxes. This time it is a cigaret tax. Our lawmakers are about to charge 1 cent for every ten cigars sold in the state.

Apparently they have not heard of the law of diminishing returns. They do not realize that there is a point to which taxation may be pushed that makes it unproductive. Yet they rapidly are approaching that point in this state.

Thrift is the most difficult thing in the world for a politician to learn. He comes to look upon the taxpayer as some distant and mysterious horn of plenty which needs only to be tapped to yield a never-ending golden stream.

Taxpayers are tired of this. They are pointing out forcefully to their elected officials that there is only one way to save and that is by cutting costs.

These are singularly inappropriate times to be talking about taxing cigarettes, which are one of the few luxuries left to the poor man. If the legislators would use the same ingenuity in reducing the operating expenses of government as they have in thinking up new taxes, Indiana would be a whole lot further along on the road back to prosperity.

THE BANK HOLIDAY

The President has acted with his promised speed to protect bank depositors and to conserve the nation's gold supply. That is the significance of his proclamation of a modified banking holiday until Thursday, when congress will meet in special session to pass a protective bank law.

Under the circumstances, the President had no choice. Runs and hoarding were pulling down even strong banks, and the gold raid from abroad threatened to drain the national reserve. State and local moratoria had fed public fear to the point where runs would have been multiplied with the unprotection opening of banks.

By ordering a nation-wide issuance of clearance house certificates under federal reserve regulation, the President has provided a form of temporary currency with which to transact business. That wipes out one of the worst features of the situation during the last few days, in which nothing took the place of frozen money and checks and in which business was being paralyzed for lack of a medium of exchange.

The best evidence that the President and his advisers have not succumbed to panic is that the banking moratorium is modified carefully to permit the government at any time during the next four days to lift any part of the restrictions for any or all banks.

It seems that the major necessity of the moment is to prevent foreign gold withdrawals and to provide temporarily a form of emergency currency for general domestic use, pending bank reform legislation, rather than embark on any extreme currency inflation.

Put in the form of a paradox, the purpose seems to be to go off the gold standard for the moment to strengthen the gold standard for permanent use.

Obviously, it would be unwise for the public to accept the many rumors regarding unlimited printing press money which are being spread as a result of the proclamation.

There is nothing in the declaration or acts of Mr. Roosevelt to date to indicate that he favors extreme inflation. It is a long jump from an embargo on gold exports, such as the President now has laid down, to such inflation.

This is no time for jitters. The important thing is that the government and the nation have passed out of the stage of do-nothing defeatism, that we at last are taking the offensive, that a basic reform plan for our inefficient banking system is being perfected, and that congress has been called in special session to act on it quickly, that the President has decreed a temporary system to protect the patriotic public's money from unpatriotic raiders until the new and stronger system can be put to work.

If you have money in the bank, it is safer today than it was yesterday, because the government has tied it up until the banks are prepared to protect it. Meanwhile, the country can do business as usual, and successfully, on clearing house certificates, just as it has in other emergencies.

THIS IS ACTION

The President's call for a special session of congress to attack the depression is action. That is what the public wants—action.

When in his inaugural address, he declared war on Wall Street domination, he expressed the bitterness of millions who have been sold out by selfish and false leaders.

Not since Woodrow Wilson has there been a man in the White House with sufficient courage and vision to stand up in public and tell the truth about the money power. Instead, during the last twelve years, administration officials and the political hangers-on have taken most of their ideas and policies from Wall Street.

We have had government by money changers. The real government was not in Washington, but in New York.

The new deal, if it means anything, must mean moving the government back to Washington.

Since the bankers' gambling orgy collapsed in 1929, the financial magnates have been suspect. The Insull revelations, leading into Chicago and New York banks, turned public sentiment to positive distrust. With the recent senate expose of the National City bank came public contempt for bankers who have betrayed their trust.

So President Roosevelt, in his pledged crusade to clean up banking, is not a voice crying in the wilderness. If he follows through on this program, he will have a united nation behind him.

Under public pressure, the new congress, when it meets Thursday, will pass any legislation he suggests, give him any power he requests, for the purpose of building out of the wreck a banking system that will work.

During the last month there has been something worse than bank failures and moratoria and unemployment. Worse than what had happened was the

fear of what might happen and the knowledge that nothing was being done about it.

Now that is changed. To that extent at least the new deal is here functioning.

President Roosevelt does not expect the bankers who got us into the mess to get us out. He proposes that the government do that job—almost anything the government does will be an improvement on the old discredited system.

The people know that there is more safety with Roosevelt at the helm than with the discredited bankers. That is why there is more hope in the country today than at any time in recent months, despite the bank holiday.

SHINING EXAMPLE FOR DRY'S

One of the most interesting discussions of the current fight to repeal the eighteenth amendment comes from Stanley High, former editor of the Christian Herald.

Speaking in Brooklyn not long ago, Mr. High warned the drys of the land not to block ratification of the amendment. By concentrating in certain states, he said, they might be able to do it; but the only result would be a thoroughgoing nullification, "which would just as effectively release the country from the provisions of the prohibitory amendment as outright repeal."

But he went on to add that this does not mean that the fight against alcohol should end. On the contrary, he asserted that "this is the moment when the drys, once again, should declare war on liquor and make that declaration too apparent to be overlooked."

This declaration, he added, should involve the drafting of an educational plan aimed not at the nation's legislators, but at its young people.

Then, remarking that "what the dry cause needs is not more pressure in Washington and at the state capitals, but more conversions among the constituencies," he closed with this assertion:

"If such a program comes out of the present situation, then I believe the drys will one day look upon the defeat of prohibition as a victory for temperance."

Here, truly, is anti-liquor agitation of a kind we have not heard for years; and in the long run it is possible that it will prove about the only kind worth having.

It recognizes the importance of reaching the individual and persuading him to do something instead of trying to compel him to do it.

The man who refrains from drinking only because the drinking places have been closed is apt to start again as soon as he meets his first bootlegger. But the man who lays off because of his own resolves is an abstainer of a more trustworthy sort.

Mr. High's call for an educational campaign as to the values of temperance and moderation opens a new field to the organized drys—a field in which they can render extremely useful service.

CAN THIS BE SHAW?

One of the amazing things the present Far East crisis has done is to bring from Bernard Shaw the admission that possibly he has been talking too much.

Touring the Far East, Mr. Shaw was called on to say a few words to Chinese students in Hongkong. He did so, advising the students to "study revolutionary thought"—and gave the authorities there cold shivers.

When he reached Shanghai, the police arrested 100 students who planned to meet him, and it began to appear to Mr. Shaw that his remarks perhaps had not been chosen judiciously. So he said:

"The present situation is far from a joke. I do not desire to embarrass any party. I believe my best course henceforth is to shut up."

A remark of that kind from Bernard Shaw, the irrepressible, is about the last thing any of us ever expected to hear.

Our traditions should be kept in mind in working out international co-operation, says the new secretary of state. Offhand, it might seem that world co-operation has the habit of encountering traditional obstacles.

Remembering that music hath charms to soothe the savage beast, maybe Secretary of the Treasury Woodrow, who is quite a musician, will go ahead and scatter his notes across a grateful nation.

From the pictures we've seen of them, rubber bathing suits are going to have to take a lot of strain—from rubber necks.

Most every one's advocated a tax plan except the baseball umpires. They're probably plotting a prohibitive tax on bottled beverages.

Just Plain Sense

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

ANY student of history can see that the decline of the American man dates from the disappearance of the mustache. With the bristling beard, there departed something aggressive, dominant, cocksure from the masculine makeup that has left the male but a faint shadow of his former glorious self.

For the real old-fashioned American mustache was an awe-inspiring object, far different from the thin, weak, ineffectual specimens we see occasionally today. It is not only protected from public gaze certain facial weaknesses, but it added to the countenance an individuality that gave to each man his own particular claim to attention.

Two mustaches were exactly alike in any community. Some were long, silken, flowing. Others were belligerent, pointed, fierce. There were the luxurious, bushy, opulent and the weary, faded and despondent kinds. Some fell in rich waves over both lips, some went sideways, some drooped languidly like twin falls to the chin, some bristled, some swagged, some were funerally sad.

But there is some health in him. Upon occasion he has stood on his hind legs and behaved with superb courage and great wisdom. He may do the same thing again. It is just as possible to reason

that each fellow could choose the sort best fitted to his face and his ambition. You could guess a man's profession or trade by the sort of trim he affected. Individuals expressed themselves through their mustaches. There was a type for every temperament, a model for every mood.

And in those days, the men were something to look at. As a small girl, living in a land where both men and mustaches were wild, I used to stand entranced, gazing at the mustache stroking which was then developed into a fine art.

It lent an air of majestic power to the least important man. The cups, made especially to keep these lovely hirsute decorations from drowning in the coffee, fascinated me. They were much larger than the ordinary cups from which the ladies sipped.

About them lingered some of the power, the expansiveness, the vast self-assurance that made the male of that day so incontrovertibly right.

Yes, I mourn the downfall of man and deplore bitterly the passing of the magnificent American mustache.

During the last month there has been something worse than bank failures and moratoria and unemployment. Worse than what had happened was the

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

The Girl He Left Behind Him!



It Seems to Me by Heywood Broun

O course," said the young man, "there will be another world war. It will begin within three years."

Over in the corner some of the elders were indulging in the discussion, much heard of late, that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the last President to be elected in the United States.

And in the other little groups in various parts of the city, equally dogmatic assertions were being made as to the coming of complete chaos, of Fascism, of savagery and bloody terror.

Some of the prophets are sure to turn out wrong. Nor do I believe that there is any golden book in which the precise state of the world for the year 1936 is written down in all detail.

One of the favorite phrases of the dogmatists is "History shows." Beginning with that, they are able to quote precedents proving that the theories which they voice are inevitable.

Has Its Surprises

BUT history is less than an exact science, or, rather, it becomes precise only when one of the innumerable factors which enter into its fabric has been considered. And the human mind is not quite subtle enough to do that.

As things stand, the lessons of history are in many instances ambiguous. And for that matter, history is not made wholly by the winds and the tides and the currents of the earth.

It is not even largely molded by little men on large white horses. You and I are the history makers. Naturally, I am including in "you" the many millions.

Most curious of all is the fact that many predict with great certainty the very things which they must deplore. I mean, you will find radicals saying with great confidence, "Of course, we are going to get Fascism before we reach our co-operative state."

Part of the explanation for Hitler's accession to power lies in this calm acceptance of his inevitability by people who didn't see it coming.

That seems to me a very silly state of mind. There is no point in being overoptimistic and trying to prevent certain social and economic catastrophes by calmly announcing that they can not possibly happen.

I think the future lies ahead of us like a new sheet of paper in a typewriter, and that there will be set down there precisely what resolution or inertia dictated.

It is even enough to point out that man in the main seldom has got to his place in the universe as a rational and reasoning creature.

He has done those things which he ought not to have done and left undone those things which he ought to have done.

But there is some health in him. Upon occasion he has stood on his hind legs and behaved with superb courage and great wisdom. He may do the same thing again.

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stairs three steps at a time. We don't have to inch along.

To me the danger of going too slowly is far greater than the risk of running at top speed.

When the timbers of a house reach a certain stage of decay it is a mere waste of time to say, "Well put in the sound new ribs of wood one at a time." It is better than to build from the ground up.

All too often they suddenly have found one in their laps. It is certainly too little for a group or an individual to say, "I'm against wars," and then settle back as if that simple declaration had solved the problem.

Wars will be abolished only when their roots and causes have been identified clearly and extirpated. Even so, I think the man who does no more than register dissent is serving humanity a little better than the person who is convinced so enormously of the coming of the next conflict.

The progression of mankind from darkness to a degree of civilization has been less orderly than the building of a staircase. Every now and then a nation has managed to skip a phase. It isn't impossible to inspire mankind so profoundly that we may go up

in one of my favorite words is consideration—I love it for its sound as well as its sense. Some are lovely, others ugly. All words are poems originally, but some have become proverbs by overwork.

We meet a man named Smith, but if we have eyes we see, somewhere in the past, a sturdy, hearty, happy smithy. A furnace glows, and we hear the ring of the hammer on the anvil as the sparks fly. Some man loved his work so well that he took his name from it.

And I have heard a lot about the inevitable. But it seems to me that no one has a right to say of any future contingency that it is inevitable until we have tried the simple experiment of giving it a good, sound swat in the jaw.

And if this supposed invincible giant begins to totter, then we can give him another. Only in a world of pushovers is the worst thing which is bound to occur.

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SCIENCE

Insects War on Man

BY DAVID DIETZ

TWO legs against six legs. That, in a phrase, is the story of the biggest war in the history of the world. It is the war, now in progress, which man is waging against the six-legged creatures, the insects, for possession of the world.