

## The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)  
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ROY W. HOWARD  
 Give Light and the  
 People Will Find  
 Their Own Way

TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1933.

### THE NEW DECLARATION

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVEN years ago Thomas Jefferson voiced the revolutionary sentiment of colonial America by denouncing George III of England. He indicted England's king in the following fashion:

He has refused to assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

Therefore, Jefferson reasoned: "These United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent states."

While fittingly celebrating the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, we should bear in mind the fact that President Roosevelt has loosed the rhetoric of a far more momentous edict of emancipation.

The American revolution was chiefly a political secession from the British empire. In its economic aspects it was primarily a struggle of rising capitalists against the aristocratic landlords. The economic doctrine of the patriots was that which is today espoused by the economic reactionaries—the notions of laissez-faire, natural rights, and unrestricted individualism which have been invoked by the supreme court to sabotage efforts to bring about a regime of social justice and economic decency.

On March 4, 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt denounced a more sinister tyrant than George III or any other monarch of history—organized cupidity and speculative piracy.

Values have shrunk to fantastic levels; taxes have risen; our ability to pay has fallen; government of all kinds is faced by serious curtailment of income; the means of exchange are frozen in the currents of trade; the withered leaves of industrial enterprise lie on every side; farmers find no market for their produce; the savings of many years in thousands of families are gone. . . . Plenty is at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of the supply. . . .

Primarily, this is because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure and abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men.

Stripped of the lure of profit by which to induce our people to follow their false leadership, they have resorted to extortions, blackmailing, and to a robbery of the savings of the people. They know only the rules of a generation of self-seekers.

They have no vision, and when there is no vision the people perish. The money changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization. We now may restore that temple to the ancient truths. There must be an end to speculation with other people's money.

The grievance of the American people against George III in 1776 was slight compared to those of Americans today against the predatory financial interests which have brought our country to the edge of the abyss. At the most, George III wished to stop smuggling, tax colonists on the basis of their capacity to pay, and reorganize and administer the British empire in North America.

The evils we have suffered at the hands of old-line capitalism are far more serious and devastating. We have a planless and chaotic economy in which some people starve and others burn wheat in the fields; some go unclothed and others plow their cotton under the soil.

Speculative finance has gutted industry, transportation, utilities and mining. The rich have hogged the social income to such degree that the masses can not buy, thus undermining the whole capitalist system.

The small fry have learned the something-for-nothing ethics of our moguls and, applying them in their petty and vulgar ways, give us a crime and racket bill annually amounting to a quarter of our national income. Patriots, collaborating with plutocrats, perpetuate the war system and drain off three-quarters of our national budget to pay for wars—past, present, or future.

Theodore Roosevelt talked much about the "square deal," but it went little farther than words with him. If his illustrious cousin is able to introduce some decency and justice into capitalism, he will have brought about a more fundamental revolution than any historic change of political masters, and his inaugural address will supplant both the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg address as our foremost document of liberation and dedication.

### ABOLISH CHILD LABOR

IT is the best sort of good tidings that the cotton textile code provides for the end of child labor in that industry.

Before we rejoice too much, though, we might look at some statistics.

In the United States more than 660,000 children between the ages of 10 and 15 are listed by the census as "gainfully employed."

Only some 20,000 of these are employed in the textile industry.

This code, excellent as it is, touches only a small fraction of the children who ought to be classed as school pupils instead of wage earners.

Furthermore, all these industrial codes are designed as emergency measures only. We have no guarantee they will be in effect four years from now.

We might as well do the job right and ratify the child labor amendment. That would affect all industries—and it would be permanent.

### THE SPIRIT OF '33

THE first American revolution, born in Philadelphia 157 years ago, was not more significant than the bloodless American revolution now taking place.

The revolution of '76 was fought to secure for the colonists the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Through wars and laws this country has to some degree established for its people the rights of life and liberty. Now it is setting out to make the pursuit of happiness something more than a barren quest for millions of unhappy Americans.

Thomas Jefferson's majestic words were no more prophetic of essential change than Senator Wagner's in describing the object of the new recovery act as one intended "to give every deserving person a permanent opportunity to earn a comfortable living."

The men toiling in shirt sleeves in Washington this summer do not resemble the ragged Continentals of Valley Forge, yet their work is quite as revolutionary.

These Rooseveltian experts are out to bring order to industry and security to the masses, to free from wage labor 2,000,000 American children, to restore to a decent living 50,000,000 workers of city and farm, to redistribute the vast machine-made wealth by means of higher wages and shorter hours, to fit the wage system into the power age.

Compare to this task, the work of the revolutionary fathers in cutting thirteen colonies free from the old world would seem to be child's play. Yet until it is accomplished men and women can not begin to pursue happiness.

Revolutions become bloody affairs only when stupid rulers deny inalienable rights to their people. This country has its industrial Bourbons, who never learn and never forget anything; its Tories, who are too blind and greedy to accept peaceful change. These can turn the present revolution from orderly paths of law into those of havoc and chaos.

Fortunately, however, they are a minority. If the majority of employers will continue to co-operate with labor and government in the new partnership, this revolution will remain peaceful.

### SAFE, SECURE, FREE

INDEPENDENCE DAY is just another holiday, nowadays—a day on which we go on picnics, or get the car out for a long drive into the country, or trot off to see a ball game, or hop on an excursion train for a little trip to the city.

Children set off firecrackers and grown-ups take advantage of an extra day's idleness. Everybody enjoys the holiday—and hardly any of us stop to remember just what it's all about, or think just what we're celebrating.

And that very fact is, perhaps, as good an omen as the most patriotic hero of '76 could have wished for his descendants.

Years ago, when grandfather was a boy, they took their Fourth of July celebration seriously. The winning of American freedom seemed very real and very recent, then. The country still was relatively small, as nations go. Europeans were still inclined to look down their noses when any one mentioned the United States of America.

In sheer self-defense Americans had to get together once a year, let the eagle scream and retell the splendid old stories of the Revolution.

But a lot of water has run under the bridge since then. Our nation has grown up, and no one denies its right to stand among the leaders. And because of that fact we don't need to celebrate our national birthday as exuberantly as we used to.

We can take our independence, our greatness, our freedom, for granted, in other words. We're used to them. We know they are things which no one can take away from us.

We don't have to make a lot of noise and burn a lot of red fire once every year to remind ourselves of their existence.

So we celebrate the Fourth in a different way. All over the land today there are happy, carefree people taking a holiday in honor of their nation's birth—and forgetting, many of them, just what it is that they are celebrating. In that very forgetfulness is the most solid of all proofs that the nation's birthday is a great occasion. It bespeaks safety, security, and freedom.

### RUSSIAN TRADE AWAITS

SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS of Nebraska issued a little statement on trade with Russia the other day which is worth close attention.

"I have learned, on reliable authority," says the senator, "that the Russian government desires to buy in the American market \$10,000,000 of metal products, 1,000,000 bales of cotton and \$400,000,000 worth of machinery."

She can make payment partly in kind and partly in money, but must have several years in which to complete the transaction.

"She proposes to ship us products of which we import a large proportion of what we use. She proposes to ship these products and apply the proceeds upon her debt."

To a country which for years has been looking frantically for customers, this sounds like important news. If Senator Norris' information is correct, somebody down at Washington ought to see to it that this deal is consummated.

### HIGHER WAGES, HIGHER PROFITS

THE encouraging part about the hearings on the industrial recovery act now under way at Washington is that practically everybody seems to recognize the importance of giving the laboring man a better break.

Those minimum wage scales may sound extremely low, and there is no sense in pretending that they are as high as we would like to see them; but the trend they represent is a healthy one, and the fact that their provisions are being written into law stands for protection of a kind that American working-men have not had before.

What we are doing, in a slow and roundabout manner, is to adopt the viewpoint first popularized by Henry Ford—that industry can prosper only in a direct ratio to the amount of money it pays out in wages.

That proposition always has been exceedingly simple. The more money the working-man earns, the more he can spend on the

things the factories produce—that's self-evident.

Yet its obvious truth has failed, so far, to prevent wage reductions in this country, because there is a little catch in it.

If it is to work, it has to be applied all along the line. No individual employer can afford to follow it unless all his competitors do; and in an unregulated society there is not the slightest chance that all of them will do so.

The measures that are being taken now do not, as some suppose, restrict the freedom of the industrialist in any very genuine sense.

They are intended to provide for him a fairly rigid basic code of the wages he must pay and the hours he must operate; but beyond that they actually set him free in a way that he never has been set free before.

He is made free, that is, to reap the advantage of this simple and important little equation of Mr. Ford's—that higher wages, in the long run, equal higher profits.

He is freed from the competition of the sweatshop, the fly-by-night operator, the industrial pirate.

The economic enfranchisement of the worker is going to mean a brighter day for the workman's boss.

### THE BREAD TAX

A NEW and extraordinary tax is to be levied, starting July 9, a tax unique in its purpose. On that day and thereafter, until the secretary of agriculture proclaims otherwise, the federal government will collect 30 cents on the milling of each bushel of wheat.

The United States treasury pools other tax money—revenue from the income tax, from the nuisance and stamp taxes—and spends it for a hundred different purposes, providing national defense, law enforcement, salaries for congress and the judiciary, work for the jobless, regulation of transportation, and all the rest.

But the treasury is only a collection agency for this new tax. It collects the 30 cents on the processing of each bushel of wheat and pays it over to the wheat farmers. If as many as 500,000,000 bushels of wheat are milled in the coming year, the treasury will collect \$150,000,000, the sum the agriculture department expects to pay the growers.

For this money the growers must contract to reduce their wheat acreage next year and year after.

This is all part of the Roosevelt farm relief experiment. The test is whether, by levying upon the city man's bread and planning the wheat farmer's production, farm prosperity will return. No one knows whether it will; everybody hopes it will.

This experiment alone will cost consumers of wheat products about \$150,000,000, a considerable tax bill from any source, but all will be glad to pay if it means better times in the country.

We don't know how that newspaper debate over "Should Honeybees Be Abolished?" is going to end up, but it is with breathless anxiety that we await the vote of the Niagara Falls hotel keepers.

Primo Carnera, the new heavyweight champ, has considerable difficulty in trying to speak English. Jack Sharkey discovered, however, that Primo has no trouble in talking with his hands.

"Governor's gas tank drained," says a dispatch from Colorado. Does that mean the Lieutenant-Governor will now have to make the speeches for a while?

A minister of Mansfield, O., recently set a new record by playing 150 holes of golf in a single day. Apparently an attempt to show that the game could be made more holy.

### M. E. Tracy Says:

THE figure one, followed by fifteen million zeros, represents the number of telephone lines in the human brain, according to the latest scientific estimate. You can get a vague idea of what that means by remembering that the figure two, followed by only seven zeros, represents the number of telephone lines in the United States.

We think we have a very elaborate and complex telephone system. We have had more than fifty years developing it and hundreds of thousands of people are required to keep it going. It bears about the same relation to the brain's telephone system, however, that a speck of dust bears to the earth.

The brain's telephone system develops automatically from a minute germ cell in a few years. We do not know how or why and we probably never will.

Those laws which govern individual growth and development are far too complicated and exact for us to understand, except in a fragmentary way. About all we have learned, after 10,000 years of study, is that they work.

The mechanical contraptions we have devised seem hopelessly simple when compared to that of the human body, much less the human mind.

WITH all our skill, we can not produce an exact model of the brain, let alone a single brain cell, but whenever a baby is born, we know that, under favorable conditions, the whole structure soon will appear complete.

Our absolute inability to understand the whys and wherefores of this common phenomenon makes speculation with regard to the universe, creation, or even humanity, seem rather futile, especially in the sense that we ever shall be able to control them.

It is our obvious destiny to go on learning, but the purpose should be to get in step with natural law, not to alter it.

Whether one approaches life through the telescope or microscope, it appears to be governed by immutable principles.

We have been able to discover a few of those principles in the field of physical force, but only a few. In the field of conscious or psychological force, we still are hopelessly bewildered.

WE find it very difficult to separate intelligence from training, the power to think and imagine from the power to imitate.

We do not know what faculty issues orders for the brain's telephone system, or how far it is wise to suppress that faculty through broad-casting of stereotyped rules and information.

Rules and information are necessary to give each generation a better start in life, but they can not be employed profitably unless the power to think and imagine is encouraged.

Men have not climbed out of the jungle merely learning what their fathers knew. If each generation had not added a little something to its own account, the human race would be right where it was at the beginning.

The desire to add a little something is, therefore, an all-important factor of human progress. Nothing that we possess, nothing that we have accomplished, nothing that we believe, can be compared to the importance of that desire as a basis of future advancement.

### This Idea of Codes in Business Can Be Extended—



### :: The Message Center ::

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire

#### Such a Smell!

By G. T. R.  
 IN visiting the fair city of Indianapolis, I came into the city by way of West Washington street. There should be a detour sign at the east end of White river bridge for about four city blocks east. The odor that greets your nostrils

from the packing house of a packing company surely would nauseate any healthy person. The natives of this street may stand this odor O. K., but it surely is tough on the newcomer. Go out and get a whiff of this and see if you like it. If you do, take a clothespin with you for your own protection.

### Questions and Answers

Q—How many more Democrats than Republicans are there in the United States house of representatives?

A—There are 312 Democrats, 117 Republicans and five Farmer-Labor.

Q—Name the Governor of the state of Washington and state his political affiliation.

A—Clarence D. Martin, Democrat.

Q—Name the ruler of Afghanistan.

A—King Mohammed Nadir Khan.

Q—How many beauty and barber shops are there in the United States?

A—About 100,000 barber shops and about 65,000 beauty shops.

Q—Which country has the largest air force?

A—France has the largest fighting air force and the United States leads in commercial aviation.

Q—Are mushrooms raised from seeds? Is the edible part of the plant the fruit?

A—They develop from stores, which are equivalent to seeds of the higher plants. The mushroom is the fruiting body.

Q—Name the second leader of the United States Marine band.

A—Arthur S. Witcomb.

Q—Where are the streets called "Unter den Linden" and "Bois de Boulogne"?

A—The first is in Berlin, Germany, and the second is in Paris, France.

Q—How many adjusted service certificates have been issued by the veterans bureau and what is their total value?

A—As of March 1, 1933, the United States veterans' bureau had issued 3,707,64 adjusted service certificates with a face value of \$3,666,343.099.

Q—For whom was William and Mary college in Virginia named?

A—King William and Queen Mary of Great Britain, from whom its charter was obtained in 1693, by the Rev. James Blair, the first president of the college.

### Simple Cause May Make Child Nervous

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association of Hygiene, the Health Magazine.

The mental habits of the child may reflect the attitude of the parents. Parents who have children who constantly cry are not infrequently parents who can not tolerate the crying of children. In such instances, the child finds in its crying opportunity to develop extraordinary interest on the part of its parents.

Again, Dr. Cameron points out, parents who have children at school and who constantly receive letters from the child saying that it is unhappy and asking to be taken out of school, are parents who are themselves made unhappy and miserable by the receipt of such letters, and who have not succeeded in hiding this fact from the child.

Try to build up the reputation of the child in the qualities that you desire him to possess. If you would have him be strong, take delight in his growing strength.

### :: A Woman's Viewpoint ::

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

He is not likely to be either educated or happy.

Between parents and the educational systems, it's a wonder our youngsters have any ordinary sense. Certainly it should not surprise us that so few have distinctive personalities, and so many settle down into the rut of mediocrity. For only the strongest ever can survive the strenuous and often foolish educational processes we drag them through.

Their growing years are spent in resisting some form of cramming. And, unfortunately, A students, those who never resist, are likely to reach obscurity first. It is the rebel, the being who fights standardization with his whole being, who becomes the outstanding man.

The boy who conforms to his mama and his teacher from kindergarten to college is doomed to be ordinary, because he will emerge molded into the mental shape currently popular.

And it seems such a waste, the time we use filling our children's heads with stuff, most of which they will forget or discard by the time they are 30.

It smacks of cruelty—that their glorious youth should be spent with geometry problems and the conjugations of Latin verbs.

Therefore, I do not despair of the sometimes disobedient child. I sympathize with him. After all so far as we know, we have but one life on earth.

Why, then, must we always be doing something we despise and so seldom be permitted to interest ourselves in what we like best?

## It Seems to Me

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, July 4.—I'm glad I'm not a prizefighter. I would not like the buffets of the ring, but I would fear still more the machine guns of the sporting writers.

Nothing has made me feel quite so ancient and Victorian as a perusal of the newspaper accounts of the bout between Jack Sharkey and Carnera. In my day we wrote or tried to write in the tradition of Alexandre Dumas. In our stories the men were musketeers and heroes—every one. Football teams held on the five-yard line like the Spartans in the past, and Matty was Galahad plus a change of pace.

I belonged to the school of the "Ah, look!" reviewers, and they have given way to the academicians of the "Oh, hell!" manner. In the days when Runyon and Rice were very young, I did my best to imitate their technique, and so it may be that all three of us were on occasion rather silly and ridiculously sentimental.

### All the Sad Young Men

AND yet I hate to see the working press section entirely filled by young Faulkners and dour Dreisers. It may be that the much advertised revolution is closer than most of us assume, for the American temper is mirrored more accurately in the sporting pages than in the work of any of the novelists or political commentators.

I am inclined to suspect that the so-called carry over the depression blues into the fight and news stories, and that Jack Sharkey becomes vicariously a whipping boy for J. P. Morgan, Otto Kahn and all the taxless crew.

But even if the tumbrels are waiting just around the corner, I must say that Sharkey did his very gallant damndest in defense not only of his title, but of all the old Olympic tradition. If the beanstalk bites Jack, that constitutes not only news, but very thrilling drama.

I was stirred by my toes by the encounter between Carnera and Sharkey, or, if you must have it in the modern and more simple manner, the meeting of the voluminous Venetian and the lethargic Lithuanian.

Sharkey, with his poor, puny 200 pounds stood up to Everest and seemed almost to be shouting "Bring on your avalanches." If there were sophisticated and intellectuals present, they should have risen in their seats to cheer and shout for the brave try of human aspiration against elemental forces. I never happened to see Sharkey plain, but somehow Jack Sharkey reminded me of the poet most distinctly.

### Aspiration Counted Out

TO be sure, human aspiration took a sock on the chin, which appears to be the way to bet, and yet they do pay off for place in battles of this sort, and the resin of the ring at times may be carpeted thickly with laurels. Apollo has been always seemed to me more impressive than Vulcan with his gloved fist held in token of the victory.

Poor Carnera won nothing but a title, while the old rose fancier from Chestnut Hill can go home to look his flowers in the face and say, "I was still coming in when he caught."

One of my sport page friends hinted broadly that the whole thing seemed to him suspicious, and another remarked that he didn't want to pass judgment, but he never saw the punch which cut down the champion. In that case he and Sharkey were the only ones who failed to take that march of doom as it came up like thunder.

Still, it wasn't what you would call a fast punch. There was no snap in it. Only demolition. Primo Carnera pulled it up from the floor, and it seemed almost to have had its origin in the primeval ooze. An Ichthyosaurus was permitted to come out from extinction long enough to take a severe swipe at Mr. Darwin's well-ordered theory about the survival of the fittest.

Arthur Brisbane once dismissed a famous prize fight with the terse comment, "a gorilla could lick them both." But now he may have to revise that adage. I'm not saying that maybe the gorilla couldn't out-box Carnera at long range, but in close Primo would tear him to pieces.

### Beyond Realms of Art

I HEAR that some of the wise guys around the ring felt that Sharkey might have risen before the count of ten. If Jack was not completely out of time and space and rolling in the snows of yesterday, they wasted a great talent upon the mental art of boxing. If the involuntary muscle twitch which ran along his spine at the toll of eight was a piece of acting, then all the Barrymores should be set to digging ditches.

And yet Sharkey was defeated not so much by Primo's promethean sledge as by a fine punch of his own. Late in the first round Jack swung his right and gave it every thing he had. He leaped from the floor to get it up to Carnera's jaw, and there he hung it.

The vast Venetian did not even lean so much as Pisa's tower. Sharkey was carrying lucifers to Vesuvius. He must have realized then that he had no proper smooth stones for his sling, and yet he went on wading in and throwing punches.

I raise my glass high. Here's to you, Jack Sharkey! I hope you have luck with your tulips.

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### Elusive

BY AUSTIN JAMES

A gorgeous thought once came to me:

It popped into my brain.

I recall that it was musical.