

(Heywood Brown Is on Vacation.)

MUSSOLINI has brought theory closer to fact in Italy by suppressing parliamentary government. He has abolished the sham pretense that has existed for some years, to the effect that representative government and constitutional guarantees existed in Italy.

One is reminded of the great parliamentary statesmen of Italy, Count Camillo Benso di Cavour, who guided the unification of Italy with great devotion and astuteness. He was a foremost friend of constitutional government and parliamentary institutions. He was a great admirer of the British system of cabinet and representative government. Second only to his joy in contemplating the progress of Italian unification was his satisfaction in feeling that Italy would be a free and liberal political society.

Now all this has been wiped away and the work of Cavour in the liberalization of Italy is a mere memory. Italy has come under a more complete despotism than that of the old Hapsburg monarchy or the autocracy of Bourbons, from which Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour and others labored to free Italy in the nineteenth century.

No Cause for Tears

IN spite of all this, the wiping out of the old form of parliamentary government, based on the representation of geographical districts, need cause no great shedding of tears. This system, based partly on the absurd political theories of Jean Jacques Rousseau and partly on the realities of a simple agricultural civilization, has become a farce even where it is still retained.

A hundred years ago a man might represent the inhabitants of so many square miles of territory, for they would be mostly farmers, herdsmen or tradesmen. Today, in a complicated industrial age, it is grotesque to base representative government on territorial units and gross population. A congressional district may embrace, in addition to the traditional butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, the bankers, industrialists, clerks, workers, intellectuals and a good measure of farmers thrown in from outlying rural districts.

How can a man represent such a conglomeration of diverse and mutually conflicting interests? It is absolutely out of the question. This is one reason for the decline of party and representative government and for the growth of Fascism. It is also a reason why a real, if extra-legal, form of representative government is growing up in the lobbies which do represent interests actually, directly and logically.

In one sense, Mussolini's scheme of representation by corporate groups is a step in advance. In theory, it is much to be preferred to the representation by geographical units which has been abolished. When definite professions, vocations and interests elect their representatives there is a clear-cut realization of what is represented and of how to represent it.

It's Still a Joke

UNFORTUNATELY, Mussolini's corporate "Parliament" is as much of a joke as his old geographical chamber. It has no more actual power than the old Parliament. It is equally a rubber stamp for the dictator and his puppets and stooges. And the most majestic joke of all is the announcement that the new plan, including the new industrial scheme, means the "inauguration of a regime of 'higher social justice' based on the idea that the workers should be considered as collaborators of capital, with equal rights and equal duties." Under Mussolini, the workers "take it and like it" and have nothing to say about it.

Mussolini's parallel announcement of the nationalization of key industries means as yet only a further extension of state regimentation. But it shows what fascism means for industry in the later stages of a Fascist regime. Our reactionary industrialists who are forcing us into fascism, but could not endure the pleasant and helpful controls of the NRA, will do well to study Mussolini's new industrial legislation.

Washington Is Busy Beneath Its Silence

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

WASHINGTON, April 3.—This unwanted quiet on the Potomac is deceptive. It's the pre-election breathing spell, broken only by an occasional despairing Republican sigh, while the Administration keeps its head down, making as little commotion as could be expected from a herd so liberally sprinkled with articulate mustangs.

But the comparative silence is much like that suspicious stillness which sometimes settles over small boys in the house, and which all experienced parents know to be a certain sign that fresh devilment is afoot. There is plenty of subsurface activity here. Part of it relates to the political campaign, such as the energetic search for ammunition on work-relief abuses which the Republicans are making, and the search for dirt by Democrats about Republican presidential candidates and by the Republicans about each other.



Clapper

THERE is also some other inconspicuous activity which is more significant. That which will be all goes well with Roosevelt in November. One instance is the recent order converting the last remnant of NRA's research organization into a new Division of Industrial Economics in the Department of Commerce, with orders to prepare an industrial analysis and report by Dec. 1, a month after election. Every effort was made to make this appear an unimportant routine detail. But the subject was discussed at length at the White House before Mr. Roosevelt left on his fishing trip and there is no uncertainty among those close to the President as to its purpose.

THE situation, foremost in domestic importance, is this: Despite recovery, the relief load is not decreasing. Federal authorities expect no decrease in it—unless the ratio of employment to production is considerably increased, and unless children and the aged are taken out of employment. About 1,500,000 under 18 are working and 3,000,000 over 60 are working. Administration officials see no excuse for any of those groups having to work while millions in the able-bodied age span can not find jobs. In addition to this shorter hours are regarded as imperative, whether achieved through legislative action or by trade union agreement.

IT is important to bear in mind that the Administration has lost faith in pump priming. Earlier it was believed that if government spending was forced, it would stimulate private recovery which in turn would automatically reabsorb the unemployed. It is now the prevailing belief within the Administration that no probable amount of further recovery will automatically absorb the idle. Hence the preparation for a fresh approach after the election.

THIS is the most difficult domestic situation with which the Administration is in power during the next four years will have to deal. It is infinitely complicated and no formula is at hand ready-made. In addition to the industrial studies now going ahead, the Scripps-Howard newspapers are urging creation of a non-partisan national relief policy board to develop a long-range program. If any of the Republican presidential candidates and platform makers have any ideas it would be a public service to haul them out for public discussion.

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THE FIGHT ON THE DUST DEMON

Hundreds Leave, but Stronger Souls Stay On in Dreary Area

A 1500-mile auto survey of the Dust Bowl of the Southwest by Frank Houston, reporter, and Ennis Helm, cameraman, resulted in this disturbing picture of new devastation to come. This is the second of three stories.

BY FRANK HOUSTON
NEA Service Special Correspondent

GUYNON, Okla., April 3.—Another dust storm was at our heels as the car pulled into the farmyard of the Ray Casaday place near Turpin in the Oklahoma Panhandle.

Here you do not see the spectacular effects of the dust storms so clearly. But appearances are deceitful.

Go away from the houses and farmyards, out where the wheat is grown in the fields, and see the drab, windswept stretches, the leveled furrows, the crops blown out of their seedbeds, or covered with inches of killing sand. Casaday's place is like that. Where there should be green sprouting wheat at this time of the year, there is a layer of powdery gray dust that settled after the Panhandle winds destroyed the plowed furrows.

Come into the Casadays' little house, where they have survived four years of hell in the form of dust and drought.

The wind is starting to blow again as three of the Casadays' seven children greet us. They lead the way to the small, three-room farmhouse.

Mrs. Casaday, sturdy and reliable, is typical of the rugged womanhood which is the only type that survives in this region.

"YOU'D better come inside," she says. "We're going to have another blow directly." The three children, Bessie, 3, Roscoe, 6, and Harold, 18, enter with us. Inside are Julia, Jesse and Vida, ranging from 11 to 16. Nine-year-old Mae is staying late at school, and Casaday himself is out on a WPA road project with his truck.

"It wasn't for WPA, I don't know what we would have done this last year," says Mrs. Casaday. "Mr. Casaday makes \$80 a month with his truck, working 16 days a month, and that keeps us going. Of course, his gasoline, oil and repairs have to come out of that, too."

Last fall, the Casadays got a \$275 wheat allotment check from the AAA. That helped tide them over the winter.

"It's been awfully hard out here the last four years," Mrs. Casaday went on. "We haven't had any wheat all that time. Two years ago we had so little row-crop stuff that our four horses and one cow just starved to death."

"Getting enough to eat now?" we asked.

"Oh, yes, we get enough," she replied grimly. "We aren't starving to death yet."

"But, mama," put in 11-year-old Julia, "don't you remember last summer when we went hungry so much?"

"Hush, child," her mother said, quickly. "You know we're getting along all right now."

THE dust cloud fell like a shroud about the house. Mrs. Casaday hurriedly closed the



Mrs. Ray Casaday with a couple of her seven children in the farmyard of their place near Turpin, Okla. The children have not forgotten hungry days, the pangs of which are burned into their minds. The Casadays are trying once again to "make a crop" this year, despite repeated failures.

doors and windows. But the air of the lamp-lighted rooms began to grow dim with fine dust.

The missing Mae burst through the kitchen door in a swirl of dust, coughing and sneezing, muddy tears running down her cheeks. Mrs. Casaday was obviously relieved. "It makes me worry about the children when these dusts come up," she said apologetically.

"How these children do talk," she reflected, obviously thinking of Julia's remark about hunger. "They remember things pretty clearly, I guess. After 23 years out here, we grownups learn to forget troubles as soon as they are over. We'd have been hungry if it hadn't been for the WPA work."

"We did get some free groceries and clothes last summer. That helped. I imagine we'll get through all right. All we need is just one good crop."

"Just one good crop!" That is the longing, hopeful word you hear throughout the dust bowl. Any they keep trying. In Baca County, Colo., 150,000 acres of wheat planted this year already are all blown away. And future prices in the country's grain markets are beginning to allow for such destruction by tending to go higher.

IT is not only the poor tenant farmers and small owners who have suffered. Listen to R. R. Rutherford, southern Colorado wheat grower:

In 1933, in 1934 and in 1935, the wheat was planted. It was all blown away. This year, on borrowed money, Rutherford planted 3000 acres of wheat on the long chance that he might be lucky. But it looks as though he was going to lose it all again for the fifth consecutive year.

"Quit?"

"No," he said. "I guess I'll stay. I made quite a stack of money out here and now I've put it all back. But I'm sticking."



Up from the horizon comes the blinding, choking cloud of dust. Here is the "duster" that greeted Reporter Houston and Cameraman Helm at Naravisa, N. M. This was regarded by natives as so commonplace as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

THE wheat. A cloudburst hit and the fields washed away. We replanted a third time. The dust storms hit us then and blew the land away. We haven't made a crop since."

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Washington Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Recently Speaker Joe Byrns airily predicted that Congress would adjourn around May 1.

Old-timers promptly crossed their fingers and added another month to this date. They knew it is a well-tried principle on Capitol Hill that when majority leaders begin prognosticating adjournment dates in the middle of a session, it is always wise to add from four to eight weeks to their forecasts.

The rule is a sure bet this year. With the schedule of still uncompleted "must" legislation before it, Congress can not wind up by May 1. June 1 is a more likely guess, and even then the boys will have to break their necks to get through.

THE President of the United States is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, but no President in recent years has been able to control their peace-time political activities.

Hoover had terrific rows with both branches and although it is a strictly guarded secret, Roosevelt also has had difficulties. Latest has been behind-the-scenes sabotage by the Army of the President's new treaty with Panama. The Army is trying to kill it by lobbying with certain key members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

One instance which has puffed the President particularly occurred

with the chief code expert of the War Department. He has charge of putting messages into secret cipher before cabling them abroad.

Roosevelt has a cousin, a Catholic clergyman, who wanted certain information. So the President gave him a personal note to the chief code expert, asking that he make the information available.

The code expert refused. The relative went back to the President, who became considerably irked, and wrote a second note to the code expert. But again the code expert refused to supply the desired information.

"There are some things," he said, "which I can not divulge even to the President."

BECAUSE the President's tax bill does not reach into the pockets of the great mass of taxpayers, it is sure to pass eventually, but it is due for stormy debate and some alteration.

This will take time—not less than six weeks and possibly more. In the House, where gas-rule prevails, the pruning will be limited and relatively light. But in the Senate a hot reception awaits the tax measure.

Already lobbies of the banks, railroads and insurance companies are at work on Senate solons. They are seeking important exemptions. Furthermore, both in the Finance Committee, which

will consider the bill, and among the solons at large, they are finding sympathetic listeners.

It was a coalition of Old Guard Democrats and Republicans in the Finance Committee last year that hatched the President's inheritance tax scheme. The committee is strongly conservative, and the form in which the corporation surplus tax bill will emerge from its hands is any one's guess.

HIGH executive of Rex Tugwell's Resettlement Administration is Warren J. Vinton, co-author of the "Economic Consequences of the New Deal." It is one of the most scathing left-wing indictments of the Roosevelt Administration. . . . Numerous requests for copies of its testimony have been received by the Senate Munitions Committee from libraries and colleges. . . . Donald R. Richberg, one-time "Assistant President," is making a confidential study of low-cost housing for the President. . . . The Agriculture Department has sent out warning to farmers throughout the East and Middle West to prepare for an invasion of 17-year locusts this spring. . . . Members of the publicity staff of the Liberty League are telling former newspaper colleagues privately that the mail of the organization "is being opened by the Postoffice Department."

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FINESSES FROM SINGLETON

Today's Contract Problem

South is playing the contract at three no trump. The unusual feature of this hand is that, if declarer plays it in the natural way, West will be able to squeeze him. Can you see the play develop?

10 8 5
A Q J 5
J 4 3
J 10 7
N
W
S
E
Dealer
A 9 8 4
K 7 2
K Q 3
A 10 9 8
K 6 4

None vul. Opener—A 4.

Solution in next issue. 27

Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY W. E. M'KENNEY

Secretary American Bridge League

It generally is not proper to take a finesse when you hold a singleton in a suit and can trump the losers. Sometimes, however, you are faced with an obligatory finesse.

Let us consider today's hand, first from a bidding angle. Many players will fail to support partner's suit simply because they hold two trumps. There are times when you may support partner's suit while holding only a singleton.

South makes an original bid, North makes a one-over-one response in hearts, and now South signs the hand off by bidding two clubs. North then forces by bid-

ding three hearts. He wants to reach game.

If South held sufficient honor strength or a solid club suit, he would bid three no trump. But not having this, and knowing that his partner holds a good heart suit, his proper bid is four hearts.

East's opening spade lead must be won by declarer with the ace. Declarer can see that, if he can not drop the queen of hearts, he will be forced to take the club finesse, but he should not take the club finesse first, because if it fails his contract is defeated immediately. He must play the ace and king of hearts first.

Now, when the heart queen does not fall, he should play the three of clubs and finesse the queen. When the queen holds the trick, the ace of clubs should be cashed and a small spade discarded. Now he simply gives up a spade, a heart, and a diamond trick.

If the heart queen had dropped, the club finesse should not have been taken.

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But many can not hold out. Hundreds have picked up their little possessions and taken the trail that leads away from the dust bowl. Unless unexpected rains come, or the government program is continued and proves effective, large parts of the dust bowl must become bleak desert.

Next—in the front-line trenches around Dalhart, Tex., in the battle against the dust demon.

Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

LONDON, April 3.—This is your correspondent's second visit to England since the turn of the year, and it has been interesting to see the extent to which Adolf Hitler has split British public sentiment by aping the manners of the civilized races in certain outward forms.

Beginning with a great pilgrimage of Nazi football fans to London for an international soccer match three months ago, der Fuehrer has crowded every opportunity for the cheap, superficial appeal to the sentimental weaknesses of the British, and the result by now is a tolerance for a regime of massacre and torture, fraud and conspiracy against the world.

The normal feelings of the British, with their honest courts, free elections and liberty of thought, speech and press, were plainly spoken when Hitler and the Brown Shirt racketeers of his original mob first took over. To the British this naturally was a loathsome state of affairs and revived their old wartime contempt for the character of a people whose only discipline was force, whose only moral law was their own desires.

There was nothing they could do about it, but Hitler obviously suffered from this harsh opinion and yearned for social recognition, so to speak.



Westbrook Pegler

10,000 Imitation Sportsmen

TEN THOUSAND selected Nazis were exported to London for a great politico-sporting demonstration, the soccer match, and although they were put upon their manners before they left and warned to conduct themselves like civilized people, the realm leader overlooked the fact that they had no manners and could act like sportsmen only by conscious imitation.

In their moments of unguarded naturalness they were only Nazis, after all, flaunting their pinwheel flag, banging their heels together, saluting and singing their patriotic songs.

Nevertheless, by rigid discipline and the threat of the concentration camp on their return to Germany, they were able to effect a certain pretense which the British, through their newspapers, were glad to exploit as a marvelous paradox. To them it had been an amusing spectacle, like that of a stage baboon in a dress suit using a knife and fork.

Moreover, the British have an optimistic illusion that the Nazi is a human being under his scales, and their tolerance is not an acceptance of the brute so much as a hope that by encouragement and an appeal to his better nature he may one day be humanized. And, finally, they wish to avoid war and enjoy their freedom even at the cost of bending a few treaties.

Civility From Strange Folk

THE British, of course, know all about the fury of the domestic regime in Germany, having read a thousand details or seen the terror themselves. They know, too, that Hitler's book calls France an enemy who must be destroyed, and they are aware that the Fuehrer keeps thousands of conspirators at work undermining the governments of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria, Rumania and even Switzerland, while he offers peace.

On the other hand, the British are impressed by acts of civility, which come so strangely from the Nazis. Thus, at the present moment, they are not even amused by the absurdity of the Hitler election—so far as it is a contest.

But they do feel a faint stir of friendship against their better judgment, and the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American send courteous greetings to the skipper of their own Queen Mary, who answered them in kind. They realize that Hitler's plans contemplate torpedoing the Queen Mary in the natural course of events, but his greetings said nothing about that and they did sound so nice.

The New Zeppelin

BY SCIENCE SERVICE

THE new Zeppelin, Hindenburg, now on its premier transatlantic flight, is reported to be so luxurious and comfortable that it can be called the "first flying hotel."

Fifty passengers can be accommodated in state-rooms which have running hot and cold water. Shower baths are provided. Berths are placed in railroad style, with the upper one folding out of sight for daytime use of the stateroom. The first aerial grand piano—made of aluminum—will be carried.

Chairs and tables of the lounge rooms are of the "Swiss cheese" type with perforations to decrease weight. Four hundred square meters of deck space is provided for passengers, compared with only 100 square meters of space on the Graf Zeppelin.

The Zeppelin galley has an electric range and electric refrigeration with power supplied from the craft's motors.

The freight compartment will carry 12 tons of paying dead freight. A passenger, if he wishes, take his automobile or small airplane along for use at his destination.

PILOT and navigator gondolas are situated outboard and forward and separated from the passenger quarters which are amidships. Above the navigating gondola is the wireless room, linked to the navigator's bridge by a compressed air chute for messages. Telephones run throughout the craft.

The Hindenburg's home base, the Rhine-Main Airport near Frankfurt, is the site of the world's largest airship hangar, more than 900 feet long, 170 feet wide and 167 feet high. Gas for inflating the airship's gas bags is manufactured in a neighboring city and piped to the hangar.

With the regular runs of the Hindenburg to South America and possibly North America, the Rhine-Main Airport is believed destined to be one of the most important air bases of Germany. German airplane lines, railroads, busses and suburban electric lines will make the Zeppelin airport one of their terminal points.

Times Books

THERE'S a grim, slightly callous humor to "Dove Creek Rodeo," by Alden Stevens (Morrow; \$2), which puts this novel of the cow country in a class by itself. When you read it, you may wind up by hoping that the class never gets any larger, but you'll at least admit that the book is different.

The ordinary cowboy novel has a heroine who is almost eccentrically virtuous, and a hero who is Galahad and Bayard minus the tin vest. In this book the heroine (if you can call her that) is complaisant beyond the dreams of wayward man; and the hero is a liar, a lecher, a rogue, and a general, all-round trouble-maker.

With that understood, we can get on with the story.

THE dreary little town of Dove Creek is holding a rodeo. On to the scene comes the Utah Kid, who says he is just a cowpuncher trying to get along, and who acts as a catalytic agent to precipitate all the stored-up trouble which the little town contains. He gets out of it, in the end, with a whole skin, and goes his way looking for more worlds to conquer; and somehow, his adventures are described with a certain humor which—if you don't mind humor that is rather brutal—makes the book definitely amusing. (By Bruce Catton.)

BENNY



By J. Carver Pusey