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A Famine You Hear About And One That You Didn't

YOU notice what a tremendous sensation is being caused by the famine in Russia. All our newspapers are full of it, and our reactionary newspapers are very busy trying to show that the famine was caused by the inefficiency of the Russian Soviet Government.

The fact, of course, is that the famine was caused by two things:

First, the barbarous, inhuman blockade by the United States, France and England, of Russia, for four years, in which necessary machinery, food and medicines were not permitted to enter Russia, a blockade which starved Germany in two years, and which would have starved England or France in six months.

The other cause of the famine is the drought, which, of course, the reactionary newspapers and statesmen will say the Soviet government produced.

Be that as it may. Have you heard in the newspapers anything about the famine in India three years ago, in which 33,000,000 human beings died? Nobody says that the Russians are dying by the millions. They are just hungry.

But 33,000,000 human beings DIED in India under British rule three years ago. Therefore, how many people in India do you suppose went hungry?

Did you hear anything about it in the newspapers, and do you know what the cause of it was?

Do you know that at the time that these human beings were starving to death and suffering all the agonies of the hunger which produces death, the British government was taking away by force from the people of India 7,000,000 tons of grain which the people of India raised?

Do you know that this 7,000,000 tons of grain would have saved every man, woman and child who died of starvation at that time?

It makes a difference where the starvation is going on, doesn't it?

Well, the people of India have risen in revolt at last. The Indian people, under the leadership of their great man, Ghandi, seized and destroyed all the British goods in the city of Bombay the first week in August. Bombay is the New York of India. The Indian people are boycotting English goods and everything that is English in India. The British government proposes to spend $200,000,000 to keep the American people in darkness and to deceive them concerning the truth in India.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." British imperialism is in the cropper.

* * *

A Tip to Alexander.

KING ALEXANDER of Jugoslavia is in Paris recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

Two reports are afloat concerning him. One is that he does not want to return to Serbia until he has entirely recovered.

The other is that he is perfectly well but does not want to return to his kingdom at all, because he is engaged to marry a good-looking Princess and believes that two loving hearts in a cottage are preferable to a throne.

Far be it from us to attempt to sway him in making his decision. We have troubles of our own, and whether one King more or less makes a blunder does not really concern us. But, were he a member of our family or a distant relative or belonged to our lodge or were even a friend of a friend of ours, we would talk to him thusly:

"Alex," we would say, "take the cottage and let the kingdom go. If it is a good cottage, with good plumbing, a nice garden and a fair-sized mortgage, you will have a lot of fun out of it and no comeback. You will have fresh vegetables, all the delights of rural life and you will sleep like a brick. If you have a loving heart with you—man alive, it will be as near to heaven on earth as you will ever get.

"If you take the kingdom you are borrowing trouble. You will have a parliament, a socialistic opposition, a depleted treasury, a depreciated currency, the League of Nations, labor troubles, Bolshevism, and a host of other evils to deal with every day. For every man you please you will offend two. You'll get no sleep. 'Uneasy lies the head,' you know.

"Take a tip from us, Alex. It is better to have your hired man remark to the letter carrier, 'My boss is having a grand time,' than to have your prime minister lay a wreath upon your casket and say, 'He was a great king.'

"Above all, Alex, stick to the loving heart. Show her a photograph of the cottage and the cows and pigs and chickens and ducks. And then show her the balance sheet of Jugoslavia's treasury. Her decision will come pretty close to bullseye.

"And, incidentally, Alex, you might give her our regards."

* * *

Ford's Railroad Feat.

HERE is what Henry Ford accomplished on a wretched little railroad running headlong into bankruptcy. He accomplished it in a few months. We quote a financial writer from Philadelphia:

"He turned a deficit into a surplus in the hard period of the first six months of 1921, when the private managements of all the other railroads under Wall Street stock gambling control were whining to the Government and receiving hundreds of millions of dollars as undeserved aid.

"He reduced the train schedule two hours; in other words, he increased the service of the road, while the private managements of our roads have been steadily decreasing it.

"He took the elaborate, palatial, private cars away from the officials and thus reduced the service cost to the public.

"He increased the maximum number of cars handled in twelve hours to (1,200) twelve hundred The most that the old private managers could do was to handle two hundred cars in twenty-four hours.

"Instead of reducing the pay of the employes, he raised the pay even above the union scale and established better working conditions than even the union demanded."

Now the ordinary reader who has been filled up with and made to believe the propaganda put out by the private managers of the railroads to justify the wretched condition into which they have driven the poor railroads, will consider that this is a marvelous achievement. But it really is not so marvelous as it seems, for the comparison is not made with railroad management which is doing its best, but is made with railroad management which is doing about its worst.

A railroad that is managed for stock gamblers and speculative bankers, as ours are and always will be, until the Government takes them over and operates them, will always be operated under the worst possible conditions for the purpose of graft and speculation.

The high rates which are necessary to retain the wretched private mismanagem t of our railroads are one of the important causes of our business depression.

NEGLECTED

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FOR his own good the gentleman in the picture needs to be rescued from his infatuation.

The tax bill now in the Congress goes part way to bring about an end to the flirtation.

But the real solution is the sales tax.

THEY'RE HUMAN

BY

William Atherton Du Puy

Senator Sam M. Shortridge of California comes to bat with a hot weather story.

He says that out in his State folks get together and discuss the relative temperatures developed by various communities. There is a town down in the San Joaquin valley called Red Bluff that is always an entry. Some one is sure to mention the new oil city of Taft. Sacramento may get a call as being without advocates as a summer resort, while there are those ready to tell how it sizzles at Bakerfield.

On one such occasion a traveling man horned in and entered the town of Yuma, just over the Arizona line, near the mouth of the Colorado river, and likewise near sea level—Yuma with hundreds of miles of desert in every direction.

He was down to Yuma lately, the traveling man opined. Out there on the desert he saw a greyhound chasing a jackrabbit—and they were both walking.

The Department of Labor and the Department of Commerce are comparatively modest and each of them has but one assistant secretary.

The man who holds this job under Mr. Hoover is Claudius H. Huston, a tall, blond, Scotch schoolmaster, who went down to Tennessee twenty-five years ago with a wicker grip and who today owns a score of industries.

Last year he was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee for the Republicans in Tennessee. That State had never contributed more than $1,000 to the national campaign fund in its history. Huston raised $65,000. The State had never gone Republican. Huston carried it.

So they talked of putting him in the Cabinet. There wasn't room, so he became an assistant.

He says that the best way to make people work in a campaign is to induce them to invest money in it. They then have something at stake.

John Goldwyn, the theatrical producer of New York, is the man who put on "Lightnin'," the production which has been played in a Broadway theater for three years, and has broken all records for continuing presentation upon that white light thoroughfare.

Not long ago an acquaintance of Mr. Goldwyn was in his office in New York and was congratulating him most effulgently upon the genius which he must possess to have thus outdone all producers since time began. Mr. Goldwyn declined to take any credit for this remarkable success.

"There are two agents to which all credit is due," he said, "one is luck, and there upon the wall hangs the picture of the other. Mr. Winchel Smith, the author of the play."

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Stars and Stripes

After that recent tennis match it is stated that Mademoiselle Lenglen remarked, "Honi swat qui Molla pense."

The inventor of the "shimmy" must have derived his inspiration after riding on a Pullman sleeper.

The Prohibitionists may be sincere, but there is no use denying that "Dry" is two-thirds "Ry."

An Indiana deacon advocates cash registers instead of the hallowed collection boxes. Which doesn't he trust—himself or the other deacons?

Nothing will cheer up a homely man more than to tell him he has character in his face.

Wood alcohol will cure almost any man of the desire to drink, says an Eastern professor. And he might add that the cure is permanent.

Massachusetts man's mind was a blank for four years and he doesn't know where he has been. Maybe he was in Congress.

There is one date in the calendar all made to order for Disarmament Day—it's April 1.

Mr. B. Baer

LOBBING AND SOBBING.

EXPERTS figure that Zoozane Lingerie's exhibition against Bjurstedt Mallory makes Zoo Asiatic champion. Zoo resigned from office during match and waltzed off court crying her adenoids out.

HOWEVER, Zoo claims she ain't Asiatic champ. Wants another hairpin stab at Molla. Mme. Lingerie is good tennis leaper in Europe. But cream of European tennis is only whipped cream over on our three-mile side of ocean.

MEZZANINE society thinks that Mme. Lingerie's exhibition against Mme. Mallory was rich in oleomargarine tactics. But Molla was two sets of tennis and three sets of hysterics in lead. Zoo didn't have no more chance than hot house in hail storm.

ZOO'S first mistake was crying to opponent under impression that foe was gentleman. She should save those salty showerbaths for boy tennis players. Possible to squawk yourself into victory when you are so beautiful and he is so young. Cleopatra did it. But did it well.

ZOO asks for recount. Claims she is combing her hair different way and thinks she can knock Molla off bough. Zoo is strangeress within our gates and war tax. She is little sister from sister republic, whose bonds of friendliness were woven in peace and war. But there is no peace in tennis. Statue of Liberty hasn't got tennis racquet in her mitt.

NEXT match between querulous champions will be tossed off at Newport, Southhampton or any place where rent is high. Anybody who thinks he is everybody will be there accompanied by his better half of his expense account.

IF Zoo is real champ, she will get a chance to prove clues. But if she wins or cries, Ghunga Dhin is still better man. What Zoo wants to do next time is use more of her racquet and less of her handkerchief.

MOLLA looks like best player on grass, clay or blotting paper courts. But if Zoo can strangle emotion long enough to serve between sobs, there is chance of her copping first prize of one dozen hankies.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

WEST ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Dear K. C. B.—I'm in a pickle and you can help squeeze me out. I am a young woman, forty-two years old. There is a man firty-four years old who is in love with me and I with him, but I am afraid he is stingy. I don't want to hurt his feelings by telling him direct that he is a piker, but here is what he did last Saturday. He talked about getting a nice turkey and bringing it to me for a Sunday dinner. Well, last Friday night when he was kissing me good-bye he said to me: "I will be out on the 1:15 train and will bring something with me." What do you think he brought? One ham bologna and a liverwurst!

What I want you to do is to write one of your articles about this, for he buys the American every morning. Give it to him good and you will have my best wishes. Thank you so much.

K. J. A.

MY DEAR Kate:
* * *
IT'S BEEN my experience.
* * *
THAT MOST every one.
* * *
I HAVE ever known.
* * *
WHO EATS bologna.
* * *
AND LIVERWURST.
* * *
ONCE IN a while.
* * *
HE TAKES a drink.
* * *
AND MOST every man.
* * *
EXCEPTING A Scotchman.
* * *
WHEN HE gets a drink.
* * *
AND HAPPENS to be.
* * *
A LIVERWURST guy.
* * *
HE'LL THINK of turkey.
* * *
OR A nice broiled lobster.
* * *
OR THINGS like that.
* * *
WHILE THE drink is working.
* * *
AND WHEN it's dead.

HE'LL FORGET the turkey.
* * *
AND BUY liverwurst.
* * *
AND MAYBE he'd been drinking.
* * *
AND, ANYWAY, Kate.
* * *
IF I was a woman.
* * *
AND I had a man.
* * *
WHO BOUGHT liverwurst.
* * *
IN HIS courting days.
* * *
I'D BE very careful.
* * *
BECAUSE I know a man.
* * *
WHO TOOK his girl orchids.
* * *
AND WHEN they were married.
* * *
HE MADE her pick dandelions.
* * *
SO HE could make wine.
* * *
FOR HIMSELF and friends.
* * *
AND WHATEVER you do.
* * *
DON'T MARRY him.
* * *
FOR LESS than a turkey.
* * *
I THANK you.

HAPPY DAY.

We really are a most contented people
And there aren't many things we really need,
But when they yank the Stillmans from the headlines
It will be a happy, happy day, indeed.

The Sort of Morality the World Wants

SOME time ago, when Ambassador Herrick, of the United States, presented his credentials to the President of the French Republic, the usual speeches were made, but in his remarks Mr. Herrick gave his diagnosis of the ailment of the world just now.

He said that the gravest danger seemed to him to be in the attempted "breaking down of moral precepts" and "the tendency to depart from the traditional ideas of family, customs and laws, human and divine."

A newspaper editorial, commenting on this, says:

"Religion is good for the mass of mankind; moral precepts are indispensable to the common well being; customs and laws that have the sanction of long successful usage can not be lightly abandoned without inviting serious disaster, or, if abandoned, something equally good must be substituted for them."

Both Mr. Herrick and the editor who wrote the above words are right in saying that what mankind needs is more morality, that is, more conscience, ethical sensitiveness and feeling of responsibility.

But they fall into an old and common error when they assume that to get these results we must strengthen the power of tradition and custom.

Tradition, or the moral momentum of the race, undoubtedly does some good, and has a certain value in maintaining order and preserving the decencies.

But traditions and customs are wrong, stupid and injurious quite as often as they are good, and in time many good customs grow evil.

And to rely for our salvation and moral progress merely, or mostly, upon a sheep-like following of the past, is not to advance, but to build upon the power of immense ancient frauds.

Kings and their crimes, wars and the system that made them, caste and class, all sorts of special privilege, hidebound methods of education, slaveries whether of alien races or of women, alcohol consumption, all these owe their noxious powers to tradition.

What we need is not a blind following of the past, but such development of the moral faculties as will enable us to grow from it a better future.

We should respect the past enough to keep our roots firmly planted in it and not revert to barbarism by impatience, and we should suspect it enough to discard it when it is plainly unjust.

That morality which consists in a mere keeping to the old paths is fruitful in tyranny, superstition and ignorance; but it is the morality which is courageous enough to leave the past when it was wrong or rotten, it is the morality which is a training of our intelligence and of our spiritual nature, it is this sort of morality the world needs.

Abolish the Tax-Free Bond

THE fact that some spokesmen of the investing public are beginning to denounce the issuance of tax-exempt securities is encouraging, affording as it does evidence of growing appreciation of the harm done to investing interests by the increasing output of securities of this class.

There is reason for everyone interested in national prosperity to take notice when a capitalist like Otto H. Kahn says, as he did recently before the Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production, that:

"Our investment market has become crippled. The possessors of incomes of considerable size are more and more withdrawing from it, and placing their money into tax-exempt securities to the extent that it is possible for them to do so."

The enormous volume of securities of this character necessarily increases the burden of taxation upon the ordinary citizen. A certain amount of revenue must be raised to meet fiscal needs—national, State or municipal. If the possessors of great incomes, by their ability to buy tax-exempt securities, are freed of any share in this burden, it will rest all the heavier upon the masses. That is axiomatic.

But more hurtful to the general welfare than its direct effect upon the burden of taxation is the crippling effect of the existence of a great volume of tax-exempt securities upon business enterprise.

If you want to build a railroad or a great new factory, if you want to develop some invention or improvement of the greatest value to agriculture or other industry, you are not helped in your endeavors to raise capital by the power to promise investors that their investments will be free from taxation. But if a board of aldermen, or other political unit having power to issue tax-free securities, wants to undertake some extravagant and perhaps needless public improvement, they are able to get their capital by promising immunity from taxation to investors.

The tax-free securities of politics come into direct competition with the taxed securities of industry, and the latter suffer, necessarily.

Two bills for the checking of this evil in future—though nothing can be done with the vast flood, billions of dollars, of such securities now in existence—are now before the Senate, sponsored by Senator Smoot and Senator Kenyon. The chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency is said to have a third in contemplation. Now that general attention has been called to the evil, it may be expected that Congress will move forward fast from these starting points.