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It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

THE phrase which has been used constantly to plague the administration of President Roosevelt originally was devised by a bright young newspaper man who is an ardent supporter of the new deal. I think it was James Kieran of the New York times, who originally spoke of "the brains trust."

Later it was found to be simpler to use the singular form, and now when anybody wants to indicate great scorn or contempt for some governmental policy he merely curls his lip and says, "Oh, that brain trust!"

And having said as much the critic feels that he has scored a telling point and that he need not go on to elaborate his argument.

But let us pause a moment. Just why should it be considered a reproach to appoint intelligent men to advisory and administrative posts in Washington? I am aware of the fact that there have been Presidents who undertook to allow no man in the cabinet if it could be proved that he knew any words of more than four letters or had progressed beyond the sixth grade in grammar school. But this has not been the invariable rule. Even President Harding permitted in his presence some few counselors who could both read and write.

To be sure, "the brain trust" is not used quite as a complaint against intelligence. It has more or less narrowed down to constitute a fling against such persons in authority as ever taught in college. When Woodrow Wilson first loomed into national prominence there was much pseudo-merry talk about "the professor in politics." I had hoped that his career had laid forever those never very funny wheezes. You may be for Wilson or bitterly against him, but never have I heard it said by any one that he ranked among the lesser men who have occupied the White House.

They Forget Rapidly

PARAGRAPHERS and editorial writers forget rapidly, and once again the dusty japes from Cain's warehouse are being hauled out to make a puppet parade against the Roosevelt policies. We are asked to crack our ribs with laughter at the idea of any college economist attempting to tell enlightened patent medicine proprietors the way they ought to run their advertising.

My chief complaint against the cackle about "the brain trust" is that it so thoroughly is insincere. I might point out that one of the largest and most successful of New York advertising agencies for several years has employed remuneratively one of the most theoretical of collegiate psychologists as its consultant. John B. Watson is at least as visionary as Rexford G. Tugwell, and yet very solid business men have listened attentively and apparently with profit to his suggestions.

It has been the proud boast of politicians, Rotarians and spokesmen for various Chambers of Commerce that the attendance in American colleges and universities has been on the increase. But if every professor is per se a crack-brained incompetent why should there be such pride in the number of girls and boys who sit at their feet for instruction?

I am far from maintaining that the mere fact of being a faculty member endows any one with the gift of tongues and wisdom not to be questioned. I know better than that. I was once a member of the faculty of Columbia university myself. I'm the man who finished a course of twenty lectures in the first three sessions. I'm the man who lost all the examination papers and marked everybody B minus. In fact, I'm the absent-minded professor who kissed the 7-45 train goodby and caught his wife. There are not many of us.

Professor Warren and Kid Kemmerer

THE tory press and the other tory spokesmen have played both ends against the middle. Whenever a man with former university affiliations has suggested any sort of legislation which seemed to threaten any part of the profits of any private enterprise there has been an immediate cry that here was an impractical professor meddling into matters which he could not possibly understand. And then, to demolish him utterly, some one has been found to write a piece blasting to the sky the validity of his theories. And in almost every case the job of pointing out the folly of "the brain trust" has been turned over to some other professor.

I am not suggesting any special sort of sanctity for the views and opinions of collegiate economists. I merely am asserting that professors should be judged on their merits, just as the public is ready to do in the case of columnists, railroad magnates, nose and throat doctors and mining engineers.

I doubt gravely that all wisdom resides in the house of Morgan and within the confines of Wall Street. I think that a man quite possibly might make a million dollars a year, if you like—in a lucky dier on the long or the short side of steel and still come out of his experience rather less than another John Stuart Mill.

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Fishbein on Health

AS a mother, you might be confused over the varying ideas that have been expressed for feeding infants. Of course, the safest plan is to consult a pediatrician and have confidence in his judgment.

But lately there has been a definite trend toward the feeding of strained vegetables and cereals, and so it might be proper to consider the best method for giving such food to your baby.

The most perplexing problem is the determination of the age at which such feeding should begin, and also the nature of the material to be fed.

One Boston specialist, who is conservative, says that children should be fed solid materials at the age of nine months, and a full diet at the age of 1½ to 2 years. Other less conservative specialists say that the full diet may be given at from 5 to 8 months.

In urging this, they emphasize the fact that the solid foods, in the form of strained vegetables, egg yolk, fruits and cereals, contain vitamins; that they are easily handled by the infant's intestinal tract; that they contain iron, which is necessary, and that they are valuable in teaching children to eat early in life.

RECENTLY, 231 babies of different ages were fed with strained cereals, vegetables, egg yolk and strained fruits. One new food was started each day, beginning with one teaspoonful and gradually increasing the amount.

The child was permitted to take as much as it wanted, but never forced to eat. If it refused to take the solid food, it was given orange juice and water until the next feeding time, and sooner or later the hunger of the child caused it to eat.

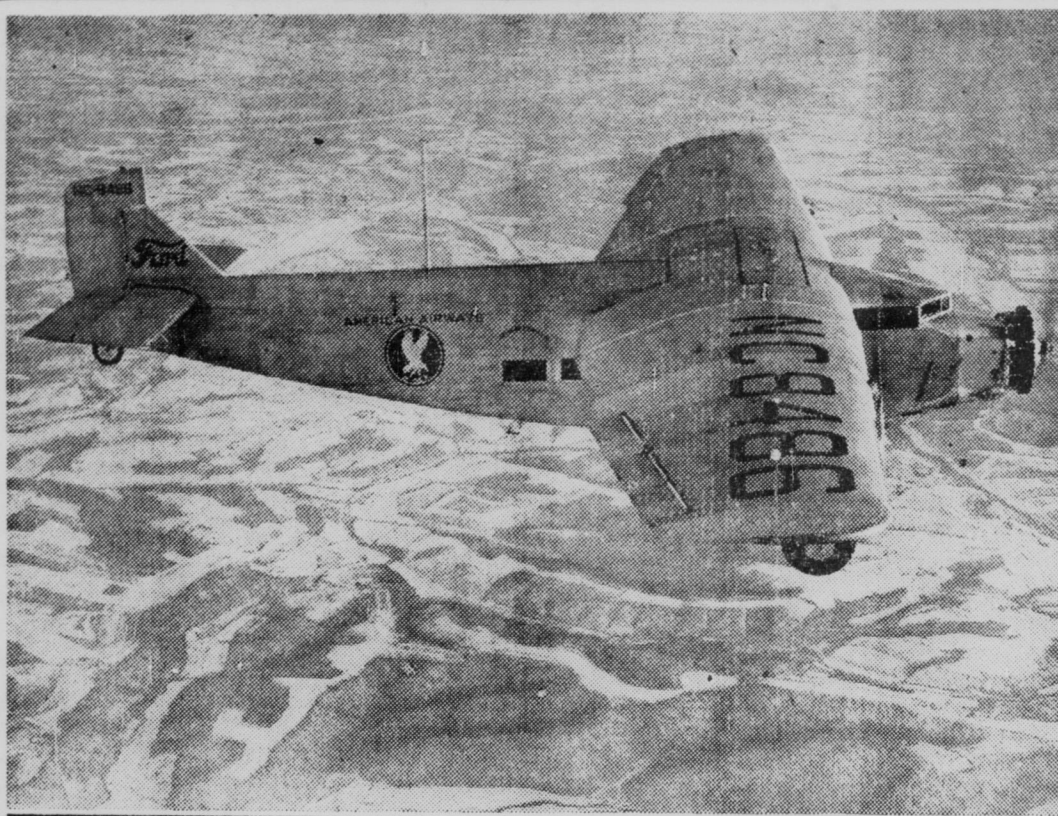
Observations were made to learn the effect of these foods on the nutrition and development of the child, their effect on its bowel action, and on its habits of eating.

The first time the children were given strained vegetables, much of the material seemed to pass through the bowels without much digestion and, as a result, the bowel action was colored according to the nature of the food taken.

Carrots, beets, tomatoes and string beans were found to be well digested the second time they were eaten, but spinach required four or five attempts before it was digested to any appreciable degree.

PROGRESS TAKES TO THE SKIES

Eight Years Make a Difference, Novice Flier Discovers



Upper Left—This is the tri-motored Ford plane of the American Airways which carried Helen Ranney on her flight from Indianapolis to Washington.
Upper Right—Hostess aboard the airliner is Miss Ada Huckleby.
Lower Left—This is an interior view of the cabin of one of the Condor planes.

BY HELEN RANNEY
Times Special Writer

"SHALL we fly east for New Year's? It will save us time, as long as we're going, and American Airways has a new line from Chicago to Washington."

The question didn't stir me to any terrific enthusiasm. I remember all too clearly my one adventure in the air—a trip across the English channel in 1926. I've never cared to repeat it.

But this time finally I was persuaded. I had seen the new planes, solid, safe-looking affairs of metal, far different from the ramshackle, inflammable thing I had risked my neck in over the channel.

And, too, I had heard a great deal about the precautions that are taken now of the radio systems through which the pilots are constantly in touch with the ground, and know exactly what kind of flying conditions are ahead of them.

So, on the Friday before New Year's we waited at Indianapolis Municipal airport for our plane. I felt a bit unhappy about it all, but I'd said I'd go, and go I would.

When the plane landed—a huge Ford tri-motor—I was a bit impressed by the careful overhauling it was given before we were allowed to take our seats. We got in. Instead of the uncomfortable wicker chairs that I remembered, there were adjustable leather seats.

WE were told to fasten our safety belts for the take-off. That, too, was new to me—my old channel plane had no such device. Out to the end of the landing field we rolled, each of the three 425-horsepower Pratt and Whitney motors getting careful warming up. Then we started.

I clutched the arm of my chair as if I were preparing for my dentist's drill, but before I had a chance to be really scared, we were headed east, and Indianapolis lay before us.

Kingfish Strikes Snag

Nobody Knows What the President Told the Senator from Louisiana; Huey Silent.

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Smoking a big black cigar and swinging an ornate walking stick, Senator Huey P. Long, Louisiana Kingfish, strolled nonchalantly into the White House today for a fifteen minute visit with President Roosevelt.

Unlike former visits, however, the Kingfish declined to say a word to newspapermen. Instead, he reached into an inside overcoat pocket and produced a sheaf of statements which he delivered to all who would take a copy. The statement read:

"If you want to know 'how does it happen' that I am here at the White House, then all I know is what I hear, and somebody told me that Baruch and Morgan and his partners and Woodin and Eugene Meyer and Raskob have gone from this house and wouldn't be back soon. If that's so, then maybe there is room for them to take in a boarder like me."

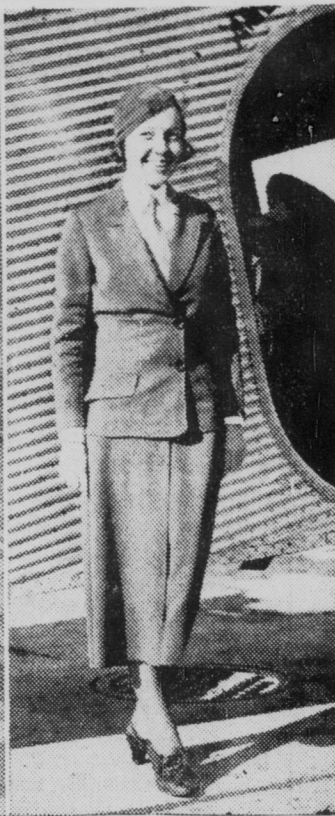
ever since he returned to Washington.

Long used only twelve minutes of his allotted time.

Asked what he had taken up with the President, he was non-committal and pointed to the prepared statement.

"Well," he was asked, "are you going to find room and board here?" The fiery Kingfish instead of replying merely glumly looked ahead. He did not even grin for a battery of photographers.

FRIENDS of the administration reported that Long "has been trying to see the President



be safe but the airline takes no chances. Again the plane was inspected carefully. We picked up another passenger.

Our pilot and co-pilot left us there, and a new pilot and co-pilot came aboard to take us to Washington.

I felt quite blasé now about the take-off. There was none of my fright of the hour before. As we climbed slowly up to five thousand feet altitude necessary to clear the first of the mountains, our hostess appeared with lunch, a tray for each person.

There were sandwiches, pickles, coffee, fruit, cookies and candy, and every one seemed to be hungry.

We were climbing rapidly now to get out of what a layman might call "a bumpy stretch of air," and it was rather like playing a game to see whether the sandwich hit your mouth or your nose. In a few minutes, however, the bumping stopped and we finished our lunch in comfort, smoked our cigarettes and then began to look for Charleston.

We were in Washington, less than five hours from the time we had left Indianapolis!

It didn't seem possible. We averted our eyes, and I had been seven years ago in England, but rested and fresh.

It was an amazing experience for me, though it is a very usual one to thousands of Americans now. I'm hoping that it will become more and more usual to me, too.

You see, I've forgotten all about the English channel now.

Mae West Vogue Will Last Year, Says Harlan

Movie Star Is Driven to Bed by Rain; Started His Stage Career at Age of 7.

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN
Times Dramatic Critic

Kenneth Harlan, movie star and at present sharing headline honors with Effie Shannon in "The Pursuit of Happiness" at English's, was driven to bed yesterday afternoon by the rainy weather.

It was in bed that I found Mr. Harlan when I called at the Lincoln to see him. He said he went to bed because he had nothing to do.

This in-the-bed interview was rather appropriate because the big comedy scene of "The Pursuit of Happiness" is the "bundling" scene and a bed is needed.

Between puffs of smoke, he at his cigarette and me doing very well with a cigar, we discussed about everything from nudism to how long the Mae West vogue will last. He thinks the Mae West vogue will last "a year."

Here Many Times

"I asked him if he thought the movies had ruined the legitimate stage and he said, 'We all know the answer to that.'"

Mr. Harlan has been in Indianapolis several times. The last, prior to this visit, he was in vaudeville.

At the age of 7, Mr. Harlan played with Julia Arthur in "More Than Queen." He next was identified with the Castle Square stock company and others for four years.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"Don't let them know I'm here. I have work to do."

Fair Enough

By
Westbrook Pegler

IT is hard to remember, amid the sounds and excitements of the new deal in Washington these days, that less than one year ago there was a great cry for economy in the government and bitter complaint about the profusion of jobs. One of the more offensive examples of the waste of the taxpayers' money at that time was a deficit of about \$5,000 a year on the senate restaurant, which is a low-grade lunch room. The deficit was supposed to be due, in some part, to the habit of some of the senators of lunching on the cuff, but there never was any disclosure as to that. The boys seemed somewhat self-conscious about the deficit which meant, in effect, that the citizens were paying a bill of about \$1,000 a week to feed them when they picked up the tab signed by the nonpaying members of the most exclusive gentlemen's club in the world.

The figures were hidden snugly away in a fat, confusing volume of accounts which was not made easily available to unauthorized persons, and old Senator Porter H. Dale, who was a nice old senator, threw up his hands one afternoon and said he wouldn't dare explain the details of the restaurant account because the other senators would give him hell.

Those Expensive Thirsts

IT did seem a little raw, at that, for the members of the most exclusive gentlemen's club in the world to ask the citizens to pay for any part of their eating and there was some derisive complaint, too, about the fastidious and expensive thirst, which had been developed by a lot of old-time pump-water drinkers from out in the country.

The statesmen had established a custom a long time back of drinking bottled mineral water at the taxpayers' expense and every now and again in this volume of accounts there would occur in item of so-and-so many crates of mineral water, also how much a crate.

They also were treating themselves to shaves and haircuts and having themselves squirted over with lillac water at the cost of the citizens and, although the total cost of all these little frivolities did not come to much, still it looked bad for them to be doing this way in such a time.

But the whole spirit and atmosphere of the capitol were different then. The talk then was of saving money and people used to walk down Pennsylvania avenue, where all the new government buildings were going up, and almost shudder their clothes off as they counted the enormous cost of all this luxurious construction.

Even so, the budgeting would be held up every now and again by a strike of carpenters or iron workers who were getting \$11 a day and climbed down off the scaffolds and quit every time the contractors tried to reduce them to \$8.

Just Hanging On

THE city did not have any inkling of the new deal at that time. Mr. Hoover still was in the White House and he never had been a very good hand at going to the people to tell them how things were. In his press conferences he always used to mumble and look down the row of buttons on his double-breasted blue serge coat and toward the end of his time as President he was more mysterious than ever and, if you care to think so, a little bit hurt at the people for blaming everything on him.

The people had been greedy and careless and frivolous themselves and their present condition was to some extent a just come-uppance for their own sins. Still it wouldn't do any good to tell them so and the only thing to do was to try to hold the country together with courtplaster and string until Mr. Roosevelt took over.

There was a strange, frightened sensation in town the night before the inauguration because up to that time nobody ever had had the originality to propose that you could come out of debt by spending more money. This didn't seem to make very good sense because the primitive understanding of the citizens could not go beyond the old fireproof formula that the more you spent the less you would have.

For that matter, there seems to be no understanding of the new scheme now but just a happy resignation. Washington never was struck very hard by the panic, but since Mr. Roosevelt took over, almost everybody in town has some sort of job and the population is spending well and the hotels and restaurants are crowded and prices are up. It may be that some day there will have to be another panic worse than the other one to pay for the spending and the prosperity of the capital at the moment, but a man who feels better after a serious illness isn't likely to paw himself over for new pains and tell himself that he is going to have a terrible relapse tomorrow.

Very tactless to dwell on economy in government in Washington at this time. Strict economy would mean that one's best friends would be unemployed. As it is everybody is on one pay roll or another, happy days are here again. Tomorrow is another day and nobody cares how much the senators eat on the capitol.

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Dietz on Science

MILLIONS of giant and super-giant stars, some of them 10,000 times brighter than our own sun, exist in the Large Magellanic Cloud, the Milky Way's nearest neighbor in space. These stars were described by Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard observatory, in the course of an address in Boston upon "The Anatomy of a Disordered Universe."

The occasion was the lecture given by Dr. Shapley of the Rumford medal "for distinguished research" by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at a joint meeting of that organization and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The title sounded as though Dr. Shapley had intended to discuss world conditions. But an astronomer never confuses the earth with the universe. From his viewpoint, the earth is just a platform, and a rather wobbly and unsatisfactory one at that, on which to rest a telescope.

Dr. Shapley devoted most of his time to discussing the Large Magellanic Cloud "because it is the nearest of the external galaxies and thus in a way is the key with which to unlock some of the mysteries in the cosmic spaces outside our own Milky Way system."

The two Magellanic Clouds got their name from the fact that they were first observed by the explorer Magellan on his famous trip around the world. They are visible only in southern latitudes and look like luminous patches of light which had broken loose from the nearby Milky Way. Modern telescopes reveal that, like the Milky Way, they are composed of stars.

Within recent years, largely due to the work of Dr. Shapley, it has been recognized that the Magellanic Clouds are not parts of our own Milky Way galaxy, but are themselves separate galaxies. The Large Magellanic Cloud, Dr. Shapley said, is our galaxy's nearest neighbor in space.

Our own galaxy, the Large Magellanic Cloud, the Small Magellanic Cloud, and the two nearest spiral nebulae, form a system, a super-galaxy, Dr. Shapley said. While space in general is believed to be expanding, it is not expanding within the region of this super-galaxy and from the viewpoint of the universe at large, this super-galaxy behaves as a unit, he said.

Recent studies made at the southern stations of the Lick and Harvard observatories indicate that the Large Magellanic Cloud is 90,000 light years away. A light year is six trillion miles. These studies also show that the cloud is about twice as large as previously imagined, having a diameter of about 20,000 light years.