

It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

I USED to be a barroom brawler—and not so bad, either—but that was in my younger days. Probably I wasn't good enough, for I have grown up with a hatred and a distrust of violence. Recent events have made it hard to defend this position logically, yet I hope to hang on for at least a while longer—which may be long enough.

But, at any rate, I was never sufficiently illogical to frown on one kind of violence and applaud another, which sometimes goes under the name of maintaining law and order. I have in mind the recent battle at the Waldorf. If a striker so much as boozed outside that august entrance he was set down in the minds of many as a ruffian. But when hotel dicks slug guests for the sin of walking out there are those who applaud the hotel's private strong-arm men as defenders of the Constitution and the bill of rights.

A Double-Barreled Rule

EARLY in the taxi strike, Mayor La Guardia announced that if the drivers got rough he could become rough himself. I am waiting to hear him repeat this admonition to the hotel owners. A hotel is not a little principality where anything goes according to the desire of the management. I think a guest within a lobby should be just as safe as a lone pedestrian late at night upon an unfrequented alley. It is my serious suggestion to the mayor that he place cops in those corridors where the hired thugs have shown themselves more than a bit too free with their blackjacks.

In fact, if I want to walk into any hostelry in town and say in a loud voice, "I think the working conditions here are intolerable," I believe that I will still remain within my legal privileges, and I think I would be justified in asking for a police escort to protect me in my rights, even within the Park Avenue jungles which lie somewhere east of Suez. It may be that under the strictest sort of legal interpretation a young man who starts to make a speech in the dining room is guilty of disorderly conduct. I wouldn't be too sure of that, because I've made a lot of speeches in hotel banquet rooms, and nothing happened except that some of the listeners yawned and departed.

But in addition to law there is such a thing as custom and precedent. On numerous occasions I have seen well-to-do patrons make howling nuisances of themselves and get from the hotel management no more than a playful nod of "Naughty! Naughty!" They were disturbing everybody, but they didn't happen to be touching on economic questions—and so they got by.

The Sins of the Strong

A BODY with the slightest familiarity with a labor wave in America must realize that at least 90 per cent of the violence has been introduced by the employers. If a worker throws a rock a hired guard responds with a machine gun. I still have no belief in violence, but if we are to be rid of it we ought to have mayors and governors and Presidents who are just as quick to restrain the company gunner as the worker with a shotgun.

And there is, in addition, that slow and safe and respectable sort of violence which many employers impose upon many hired hands. I heard a lady from Larchmont once express high indignation because a striker was carrying his small child with him on a picket line. It seemed to her heartless and cruel that the child should be exposed to the elements. But neither the lady from Larchmont nor the employer had the slightest compunction against paying the nonliving wage under which that same child could starve quietly and sedately at home. Most of us are peculiarly calm about the outrages and the suffering which go on beyond our sight. And we take precautions not to see too much.

About Penance Parties

I'M glad I swore off my sense of humor for 1934, because several of the newspapers profess to see something terribly comic in the fact that a group of writing men and women went to a big hotel to protest against the treatment accorded to waiters, bus boys, chefs and kitchen helpers. It was the attitude of the press that somehow or other these people did not fit properly into any such sort of gesture.

I can't see why. Certainly the general public has a large and a vital concern in both the hotel and taxicab strikes. Not only does humanitarianism above the general public but sheer intelligent self-interest as well. After all, the salaries of waiters and of taxi drivers are paid largely by the patrons. The employer is in no sound position to say, "What business is it of yours?"

Writers are spokesmen of the public and have every reason to be heard. It may be charged that some of us have been so slothful and indifferent to public concerns in the past that recent demonstrations fall under the head of penance parties. Well, so be it. If we came late there is even more reason now for all good, pretty good and indifferent writers to come to the aid of the party.

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Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

THE proteins you take in various foods are important for the growth of your body and for keeping it in repair. At one time all proteins were considered nearly alike, but now we know that those found in meat, eggs, milk, fish, and cheese are of the most importance for these purposes. Vegetable proteins are less important.

There are various ways in which your body may receive its protein, but in some parts of the world, little choice exists. For instance, Eskimos live entirely on animal foods. Vegetables and grasses are not available.

The Eskimos get their protein and their fats from the meat of the seal and from the blubber.

Yet Eskimos are healthy and do not seem to develop any special diseases because of their diet of flesh. Incidentally, they do not seem to be bothered by changes in the blood vessels, kidneys or gut to the extent that civilized man develops these disorders.

IN contrast to the diet of the Eskimos is the food of a West African tribe, which lives wholly on flour made from ripe bananas and on fresh bananas.

This one fruit gives them every requisite, and if the bananas are quite ripe they contain sufficient aminoacids to give the proteins good value for growth and repair.

Incidentally, babies in both the Eskimo and in the West African tribe are nursed by their mothers. Artificial feeding is not practical for these people.

"With the exception of this banana diet," says one authority, "no other vegetarian diet provides proteins of good enough biological value." To every other vegetarian diet, milk and eggs must be added.

IN other savage groups, growth and full vigor can be maintained on milk. The Masai live on milk and blood and their warriors develop good size and strength.

In general the biological values of proteins are in the following order: First milk and then meat. Among the meats kidney is first, then liver, and then muscle.

The cereal products are useful but, of course, not in the same order as milk and meat. Cereals, therefore, must be supplemented with milk or meat.

From the point of view of costs, milk is cheaper for the protein it provides than meat. Cheese especially is cheaper.

'WE MAKE YOUR NEWSPAPER'

Jack Howard—Who Loves to Argue—He Bars No Subject

This is the twenty-eighth article of The Indianapolis Times popular series of articles about the members of its editorial staff. Today's article is about Jack Howard.

BY NORMAN E. ISAACS
Times News Editor

"THERE'S a swell argument going on over in the corner," said one of the boys as he passed the copy desk.

Up popped Jack Howard's head with a jerk. His eyes were wide and round.

"Argument," he repeated softly, "Ah."

You could almost see him smack his lips. And off to the corner he marched, there to join in whatever argument was going on. And it will always be that way because Jack Howard loves to argue—calmly and sincerely—about any subject under the sun.

Jack—a sturdy young gentleman—has decided ideas about life and doesn't pull his punches. He is a confirmed wise-cracker, but he detects puns and punsters. Naturally slightly lazy, according to his own testimony, he works hard because he likes newspaper work and his proudest boast is that he acts according to his pleasures.

He is a pipe addict and collects pipes by the dozens.

He is the office's most widely traveled man and only last year returned from a period of working in the far east, right in the thick of battling Chinese and Japanese.

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Opposed to Superstition

ANOTHER fact, not generally appreciated about

Mather, is that he urged inoculation for smallpox in 1712. The Smithsonian authorities say of him that "he was an earnest seeker after truth, and had little patience with the purely superstitious or fanciful."

His book shows that he had a relatively accurate idea of the immensities of the universe.

After stating that "he learned Huygens has a suspicion that every star may be a sun to other worlds in their several vortices," he goes on to say that "the distance of the nearest fixed stars is at least 2,404,520,928,000 miles; which is so great that a cannon ball, going all the way with the same velocity it has when it parts from the mouth of the gun, would scarce arrive there in 700,000 years. Great God, what is Thy immensity."

Do not know where Mather got his figure for the distance to the nearest stars. The figure is specific to an extent that leads one to believe that it was the result of some rather involved calculation. But the interesting thing about it is that it is of the right order of magnitude, being a figure in the trillions. It is, however, more than ten times too small, the distance to the nearest star being approximately twenty-five trillion miles.

But let us not forget that the distance to the nearest star was not measured until the beginning of the nineteenth century—in 1839 to be exact—and that a true appreciation of the size of the galaxy did not come until the beginning of the present century.

First Reference to Sun Spots

MATHER'S book contains the first reference in the literature of the new world to sun spots. His description, the Smithsonian scientists say, are remarkably accurate and he appears to have been on the verge of recognizing something like sun spot cycles.

"Upon the convexity of the sun" he wrote, "there are observed black spots which are movable and changeable. These move regularly toward the west and finish their revolution in about five and twenty days; and so testify unto us that the sun turns on the right order of magnitude, being a figure in the trillions. It is, however, more than ten times too small, the distance to the nearest star being approximately twenty-five trillion miles."

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M. E. Tracy Says—

A TRUCK DRIVER was shot to death in New York the other day. He had a load of cigarettes valued at \$22,000. When a gang of thugs beat him to the ground, he put up a fight. I have heard at least a dozen people say that this was foolish. He didn't have a dog's chance, in their opinion, and should have known better than to throw away his life.

Possibly he would have come to the same conclusion had he been given time enough to psychoanalyze himself. As it was, he had to act on impulse.

Impulse is largely a matter of emotional training. In one way or another, this truck driver had acquired the belief that it was his duty to look after whatever was put up his charge. Such a belief was quite popular with our fathers and grandfathers. Quite a few of them went down with their ships for no better reason than to set the right kind of example.

He, too, wears a bewildered expression as he moodily paces his narrow compartment or sits, head cupped in hand, on the edge of his hard, prison cot. He has not slept much since his arrest. Sometimes he converses in low tones with Edward (Foggy) Dean, charged with taking part in the killing of Sergeant Lester Jones.

Four Negroes, Herbert Johnson, Thomas Outlaw, Robert Coffey and Harvey Highbaugh, all of Indianapolis, are charged by the police with violating the injunction, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Still conscience-stricken former Sergeant Otis Edge of Ft. Harrison, reads in his cell or walks up and down like the other prisoners. He confessed, police say, on Dec. 6, that he murdered his wife, in Lawrence, one year ago. The sergeant, a square-jawed soldier, returned to Indianapolis from Brown county to give himself up and confess to the crime which the coroner believed a suicide.

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The Russians, for instance, do not measure the seriousness of sabotage by the value of what was destroyed. It is the principle that worries them.

It was the principle that worried our forefathers with reference to the stamp act or tax on tea. They could have paid, but what would the theory have cost had they not resisted it?

This truck driver stood for something around which it is possible to create healthy social conditions. The gangsters who assailed him did not.

Live cowards never have made politics honest, government sound, law strong or conscience important.

It is the wrong theory.

IT is more rational, perhaps, to let thugs and thieves take what they want, but America never could have been settled, or the United States established, on that theory.

Nor can the question be decided by trying to figure out whether a truck load of cigarettes is worth a man's life.

There are principles which it is impossible to appraise in terms of money, or explain by any known mathematical formula. They exercise a profound influence on society's ability to maintain peace and order.

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It is intriguing to dream that we have nothing to worry about, as far as crime is concerned, after we have hired so many cops and elected so many sheriffs. But unhappily it doesn't work out that way. You just can't make a government so strong that the ordinary citizen doesn't have to do his bit, or that the crowd can stand back and laugh while policemen do the fighting.



Jack Howard, seated at his desk in The Times office, may be wondering about some new angles for an argument. A globe trotter, he is the office's most widely traveled man.

tain train left. And of the whole group, the gentleman peasant selected as a Russian was the only one not a fluent speaker of Russian.

After his graduation from Yale, Jack journeyed westward, pausing in Hawaii, and then going to Tokio, where he spent three months working for the Japan Advertiser. From there he went to Shanghai, where he worked four months on the Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury before packing his bags again and going north to Peiping, via Manchuria.

After returning to Peiping, Mr. Howard found himself at the fringe of an excellent war between Chinese and Japanese. Jack received an offer to go back to Harbin for the United Press.

Jack flew back to that hotbed at the time the Soviet-Manchurian

kuo fracas over the Chinese Eastern Railway was at its height. From Harbin, Jack headed back to Peiping, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, up to Paris, and then back to the good old U.S.A.

Jack is very fond of dogs and he is a fishing and hunting devotee. He likes anything connected with the sea. He likes Wagner, little else in the way of classical music.

His favorite authors are Conrad, Somerset Maugham, John Galsworthy, J. B. Priestley, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Tolstoi, Faulkner and Voltaire.

He likes the theater, but goes to few movies.

And he confesses to two ambitions. He wants to see some kid carrying a bass fiddle to a music lesson, and he would like to see something like chop suey in China.

P. S.—He's engaged and he gets a letter a day. It keeps him in good humor.

Next—S. J. Doss.

Sights and Silence

Largest Number of Slayer Suspects in Years Are Confined in Marion County Jail.

THE machine gunner on guard in the steel cage of the Marion county jail is a grim fellow. All day he squints through a port-hole in his little fort across "murderer's row," where sights, and the steady pacing of prisoners are almost the only sounds.

In the heavily-barred cells are confined more persons accused of murder than Marion county has seen in many a year.

Mrs. Neoma Saunders, her steaky brown and gray hair disheveled, and her eyes red from weeping, is in a cell between two women, also accused of murder. They are Mattie Ritter, Negro, of 731 Darnell street, who is a poor cellmate because she groans constantly.

In the other cell Irma May Harding, slight and rather pretty, patiently awaits trial for the slaying of an aged salesman in a hotel in East Washington street, said to have been identified by Wolf, and Joseph Horger, 35, of 130 West Merrill street, and Jessie Acres, 30, of 1704 East Tenth street.

Irma May is not a bad cellmate at all. She has become resigned to her confinement, according to prison attaches, and spends most of the day wistfully contemplating the sunlight in the little courtyard, over which the machine-gunner presides so grimly.

