

It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

THE Republicans have been looking desperately for some Lochinvar to stride in and capture public opinion. They have backed now a number of champions in sporadic frays against the administration. It must be admitted that, politically speaking, not one of the knights has amounted to very much. Ogden Mills awakened no sleeping beauties in his Topeka speech. In fact, it seems doubtful that its echoes even aroused sleeping senators.

Senators Ney and Borah did their turn on NRA monopoly and the small business man. That wasn't much of a hit because practically all the potentialities of that time have been played before. And, of course, there is always Mark Sullivan to do his dirge of one note upon his strange tribal drum. It sounds like the motif of the Emperor Jones, for all that Mr. Sullivan ever says is "Revolution! Revolution!"

Enter a New White Hope

BUT now a young and authentically popular American has stepped into the lists against Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt. I suppose that there was a time in which Colonel Lindbergh might justly have been identified as the most popular of all Americans. He was certainly during his brief moment the most glamorous. And so the Republican war horses begin to sit up all over again and pay attention.

Here's something new. Lindbergh and the President of the United States are clashing acrimoniously on the issue of aviation. But nobody has ever seriously believed that Mr. Lindbergh was a political economist or a political leader. He was simply a superb pilot.

Even may be that in the city of Washington, D. C., he looms less large than in other parts of the country, for there are still congressmen and commentators in the district who remember the elder Lindbergh as the greater man. Mr. Lindbergh's father was one of the most active and vivid of the early Farmer-Labor groups. His son flew him about the state once when the old gentleman was running for Governor of Minnesota on an extremely radical platform.

Apparently the father's speeches made no great effect on the imagination of the young flier, because Colonel Lindbergh's few political statements have generally consisted of a perfunctory endorsement of Herbert Hoover or some other action of that sort. And now Lindy is in politics again, and again on the wrong side.

Not the Perfect Partisan

THERE can be small doubt that the air mail contracts were canceled with good reason. Mr. Lindbergh himself has been in receipt of high sums as technical adviser. It would be unfair to say that these sums were exorbitant, but there is at least a possibility that not every penny was set down in the books as an expense for technical advice. Some of it may well have gone because of the popularity and prestige which the colonel had with legislators.

That does not necessarily constitute a wrong, but it is a situation in which the colonel may talk himself into an embarrassing position by taking up the cudgels too heavily against the President.

A distant cousin of Franklin D. Roosevelt is supposed to have said once: "Frank has the greatest gift ever possessed by any President. He is the luckiest man alive."

Possibly it isn't all luck. There may be certain shrewdness in forcing the other fellow into a disadvantageous position before the attack comes. However the thing happens, practically all the attacks made upon President Roosevelt come at the wrong time, from a poor quarter, and on extremely bad grounds.

In the Air and on the Earth

WHEN the Lone Eagle came back from France with the ice hardly melted from the wings of his plane, he might have been in democratic America a dangerous rival for any man. The colonel has gone on since that day to establish himself over and over again as a brilliant flier. The science of aviation owes much to him and always will.

But Mr. Lindbergh has no equipment at all to argue such questions as "When does an infant industry come of age?" or "When is a subsidy not a subsidy?" The colonel's economics in the last few years have been the economics of his rich friends and associates. In the air Lindy is still king, but with his feet upon the ground he loses his sense of balance and proportion.

He will not serve as a serious critic of the President of the United States.

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Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

A CHILD'S toy is the champion detective of the universe. Probably every reader, at some time during his youth, possessed a little glass prism which, when held up to the sunlight, split the light of the sun into a tiny rainbow.

A similar glass prism is one of the most useful tools possessed by the scientist. Astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry and even the biological sciences have all benefited by its use. In fact, the technique of its use constitutes a branch of science all by itself, and the experts who practice it are known by the rather formidable name of spectroscopists.

A carefully ground prism, or a series of them, equipped with some auxiliary telescopes constitutes what the scientist calls a spectroscope. The little rainbow formed by it he calls a spectrum.

The science of spectroscopy is the science of spectrum analysis. Like the chap in the song, the spectroscopist is always chasing rainbows. But, unlike the chap in the song, he gets results. Much of our knowledge about the sun is the result of studying the sun's spectrum.

THE innermost secrets of the sun have been unlocked through the study of the sun's spectrum. It is of interest, therefore, to trace the origin and development of spectrum analysis.

It all began with an attempt by Sir Isaac Newton to improve telescopes. Astronomers in his day were bothered by the fact that their telescopes did not give perfectly sharp images. Instead, the images possessed fuzzy boundaries ringed with the colors of the rainbow.

He turned to Sir Isaac that the difficulty did not occur to the telescope lens, but in the nature of the lens. Sir Isaac, therefore, perfected a telescope which used a mirror instead of a lens. This type of telescope, known as the reflector, is in wide use today, the world's largest telescopes being of this type.

The difficulty with the other type, known as the refractor, was later solved by employing lenses composed of two kinds of glass, but that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story.

Sir Isaac, by means of a glass prism, established definitely that white light was a composition of all the colors of the rainbow, and that what the prism did was to split a beam of white light into its component colors.

THE action of the prism is easily understood if we keep in mind the nature of color. Sounds differ from one another in pitch because they consist of sound waves of different lengths. Long waves constitute the notes of low pitch. Short waves constitute those of high pitch.

In the same way, the color of light depends upon its wave length. Red light is composed of the longest waves. Violet light is composed of the shortest. Of course, light waves are not waves in the air, as are sound waves, but waves in the ether of space. White light is a bundle of waves, including all the wave lengths from red to violet.

Now when light passes through a glass prism it is bent. The technical word for the phenomenon is diffraction. But the amount that a beam of light is bent or diffraction depends upon its wave length. Consequently, when beam of mixed waves goes through a prism, it is sorted out into a band.

'INDIANA'S GIFTS TO GOVERNMENT'

Scholarly Albert J. Beveridge—Born Thirty Years Too Soon

This, the fourth of a series of articles on Hoosier Statesmen, concerns beloved Albert J. Beveridge, statesman and scholar.

BY DANIEL M. KIDNEY

Times Staff Writer

HEADING any list of Indiana's representative men is the name of Albert J. Beveridge, statesman and scholar, whose middle initial stood for Jeremiah.

At the turn of the century, his Jeremiads were being hurled in the senate and had his progressivism been recalled by his party when the country turned from Coolidge conservatism, the G. O. P. might still have been in power.

It took another, newer Roosevelt and the Democratic party to turn the trick.

In the interim the great Senator Beveridge had passed on, leaving behind a record of aristocratic leadership based on character and ability.

His literary fame is enshrined in an American classic, "The Life of John Marshall," which made that great chief justice live even more vividly than when he presided over the United States supreme court and molded the destiny of the nation.

Author Beveridge's second great masterpiece, "The Life of Lincoln," was published posthumously. He died April 7, 1927.

was then that he made an outstanding contribution to American politics through his efforts to get the Republican party to adopt a platform "upon those broad and vital issues which represented the progressive ideals of the nation."

Falling to convince the conservatives, Senator Beveridge withdrew with the first great President Roosevelt and accepted the nomination for Governor of Indiana. He was chairman of the Progressive national convention in Chicago, where the movement for a better day in American political life took on all the fervor of a religious meeting.

In the course of one of his speeches in that campaign, Senator Beveridge, in arraigning the subtle and corrupt influences that so often perverted and stultified the old political parties, coined the phrase concerning the power of "the invisible government."

A rare, descriptive choice of words, the phrase entered the political language and still is heard today.

How true it could become, in a very literal use, was later demonstrated in his own state during the era of Ku-Klux Klan domination of the G. O. P.

An old warrior, he entered the lists against this foe.

FOUR formidable candidates confronted him in the senatorial election of 1899, and the politicians freely predicted that the young man with his gift of oratory had little chance.

But, as sometimes happens, the politicians were wrong.

Not only was the popular, young orator elected to the United States senate, but his splendid record there gave him the re-election in 1900.

Climax of his early political career came in the year 1912. It

Tracts for the times early drew his attention and in them he dealt with such subjects as "The Young Man and the World, 1905; The Bible as Good Reading, 1908; The Meaning of the Times, 1908; Work and Habits, 1908, and Americans of Today and Tomorrow, 1909.

Back in 1912, he delivered a speech, which later was published



Orator and statesman, historian and scholar were the titles worn with ease by the late great Senator Albert J. Beveridge. A man ahead of his time, many of the progressive ideas advanced by him a quarter of a century ago now are coming to be common principles of our modern democracy.

far and wide, with the 1934 title "Pass Prosperity Around."

Years of patient research were spent by the former senator in gathering material for his monumental two-volume work on Justice Marshall.

He immediately won fame as a competent historian and was a prominent figure at historical gatherings throughout the nation.

He was in the midst of his second volume on Lincoln when he died at his Indianapolis home, following a short illness.

Political, social and literary leaders bowed in grief at his grave. His shining example still beacons to bright young men who read his books and that of his friend, Claude Bowers.

He may be too shrewd to place any confidence in the gratitude or the intelligence of the voters. It was the voters who didn't send him back to congress and the voters didn't elect Walker and O'Brien. I do not think a man of Mr. La Guardia's experience would be likely to entertain any sentimental ideas about the voters.

Most likely, bold, truculent and self-confident as he is, Florello isn't bothering about his future. He always can make a living, anyway, and from the look of him in his black suit and black hat, which might be his one and only black suit and hat, you would gather that he is a man who can get along on very little.

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He saves time too. They were discussing some bill the other day and there seemed to be no dissenting voice so Mr. La Guardia suggested a vote. But then one man said he wanted to discuss a certain phase, which is a weakness of statesmen everywhere.

"Are you for it or against it?" Mr. La Guardia asked.

"I am for it," said the statesman, "but—"

"But nothing," said Florello. "If we are all for it, let's pass it and not waste time talking."

Bob Miner, the Communist, came in with a delegation of three Negroes and another white man to complain that a police captain punched him twice in the center during the row around the Austrian consulate. Mr. Minor is getting along in years and he can't take them down there any more. He wanted his rights so he had called around to take up the time of a good man who is just as warm a pal of the workingman as he is and a lot more effective, to enter one of those complaints.

Well, Mr. La Guardia told him he would have somebody look into it and Mr. Minor went away still upset and still sore around his center and still determined to kick up all possible nuisance in a city which has troubles of its own over something which happened to the Socialists in Vienna.

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ROUNDING ROUND THEATERS WITH WALTER D. HICKMAN

HILLIE" is a lot of fun and excitement regardless of whether

The day is to come when the newspaper reporter and his editors are accurately portrayed upon the talking screen.

"Hi-Nellie" is not realism of the city room on a great city paper. It is melodrama and mighty good theater at that.

Nellie is the name of the sob sister who writes the daily answers to the heartbroken of the large city. Nellie goes stale and her editors know it.

Paul Muni is cast as the managing editor of the sheet. It is on the up and up and has faith in his precocious youth. He was a man accused of causing a great bank to close with a tremendous shortage.

For that reason, Muni plays the story down and his boss, the editor, calls him and tells him he is a fool to muffle such a story.

Of Local Interest

BUNI is canned, but maintains that he has a \$15,000 a year contract and he will stick. The boss consults his lawyers and finds that Muni must stay on, but he can assign him to any job from the studio to the kitchen.

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It is his overacting that keeps "Hi-Nellie" in high gear all the time.

Now on the screen at the Indiana.

NOTED DRAMATIST DIES

Sewell Collins Passes Suddenly, But Shows On.

By United Press

LONDON, Feb. 16.—Sewell Collins, 58, American theatrical producer, dramatist and newspaper man, died suddenly at luncheon yesterday.

His wife, Margaret Moffat, true to tradition, played last night her usual role in the comedy "The Wind and The Rain" without revealing her death either to the audience or to the cast.

Mr. Collins, native of Denver and student at Notre Dame university and West Point, was first a cartoonist on the Chicago Tribune, then dramatic critic of the New York Journal. Later he was a war correspondent and magazine writer.

A DISTINGUISHED visitor to the islands in the very near future will be Mrs. Roosevelt, who is taking a lot of people with her.

My guess is that Oscar Chapman, assistant secretary of the interior, and Harry Hopkins, federal ad-

ministrator, may be of the party. President Roosevelt is planning to go, but no date for his visit has been set.

Charles Taussig is the brain trust, and his very charming wife, are going on the same boat with me. It's going down to handle the rum industry for Uncle Sam and generally turn things topsy turvy.

I wired Charles and asked him where his stateroom was going to be on the Georgie. He wired back "I'll let you know as soon as I know myself." He hasn't let me know yet, so my guess is that he's dodging me. But I'll probably corner him in the bar sampling Jamaican or Cuban rum.

Some diplomats are also sailing on the Georgie. So far, I only know of the financial counselor of the Rumanian legation and Mme. George Boncesco, but there may be others. Mine, Boncesco is bringing her monocle on the cruise, and George plans to study Rumania's internal condition—unless a rough wave or so should render internal conditions on the boat too disconcerting.

When I bought my ticket to St. Thomas, the girl who sold it remarked:

"So you are going, too. You are about the tenth person so far who's bound for the Virgin islands. That man in the gray suit who just went out is a St. Thomas passenger also."

"Who is he?" I asked.

Some one said he was a detective.

Just when things will work out in this itinerary, it's hard to tell. But it should be interesting writing about the people, politics, sunshine, scenery and so on.

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